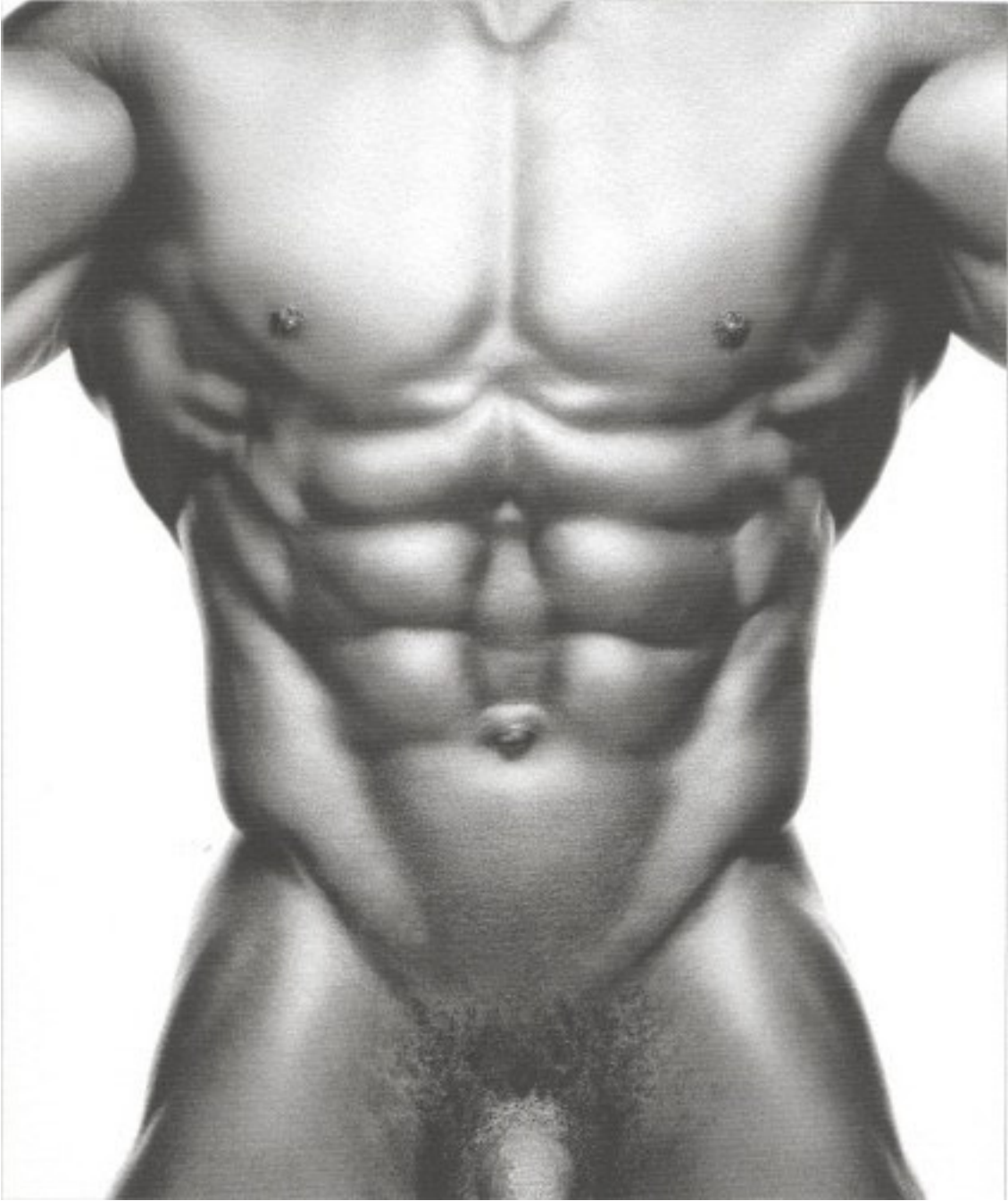


# Transform



The sequel to Superman

# 1

Containing a secret is a hard thing to do. And the bigger the secret is, the harder it is to keep. No one was finding the truth of this more than those few men in charge at the Institute for Genetic Enhancement.

In the weeks since the original nine men, known around the site where the supposed laboratory was built as The Team, settled in and began to bring others into the fold, they'd had to make more than a few changes regarding the tale they told newcomers and the method of keeping things contained.

For one thing, some unexpected things started to happen once new men began receiving the change. Rather, expected things started not happening, which was probably a worse turn of events as far as the guys were concerned. Mainly, the expected rate of continued development as they introduced new blood to the serum failed to happen. Secondly, the most amazing changes that they realized in varying degrees – being a secondary male appendage of an equal size, sensitivity and capability of the original augmented tool, the saturating pheromonal scent, the presto-change-o body manipulations and, most unbelievable of all, the ability to harness the winds to appear to float free of Earthly bonds – didn't occur at all. The men coming into the fold were gaining in size and strength, that was certain. And Carlos and Michael worked together to create an introductory sample of the transforming super fluid that severely limited its initial effects but still whetted the appetite of any man granted the use of it with enough readily apparent physical changes to make him realize that the images of the men on the video tapes that accompanied the sample were not mere illusion.

But incase those men chose not to follow through; the changes could conceivably be explained away with some made-up tale of a hearty workout session. Every time they issued an invitation, there was trepidation that their secret would get out. So they were very careful to screen the applicants as much as possible (it's amazing what you can find out about someone with very little digging and a lot of money to throw around) for some particular personality traits common to those most likely to want what they had to give more than they wanted anything else.

Seeing Todd, Chuck, Carlos and the others – particularly Michael - as perfectly beautiful and as powerfully muscular as men could seem to be, was evidence enough for any man arriving who may have still had doubts about their decision to come to IGE in the first place to realize that their dreams could be fulfilled here. Not just their dreams, but their fantasies as well.

The rampant and freely available fucking that seemed to be going on non-stop was another strong enticement, especially when coupled with the fact that seemingly every man at the camp was, to be frank, gorgeous and oversexed. Hung studs with bulging muscles smiling at each other with their perfect mouths, eyeing each other with their

sparkling eyes, stoking and grabbing and caressing each other's smoothly powerful bodies as they strode by with silken smoothness and athletic grace. It was a walking, talking sex farm 24 hours a day. And every man you saw was more beautiful than the last.

Blake, were he to consider his own place in this seemingly impossible setting of awesome male fantasy made flesh, could have placed himself as a slightly better than average example of the very much better than average examples of utter masculinity wandering the grounds with huge, swinging dicks and huge, hard muscles. He noticed a distinct difference between one group of men and another, as if some had managed to develop into mere bodybuilders, while the others were nearly gods walking the Earth, their forms overwhelmingly beautiful and powerful, their faces and features honed to a physical beauty almost too breathtaking to look at directly.

And he recognized himself among their number. Fuck, he'd as much as fallen in love with his own reflection as he watched himself change two weeks ago, and it had taken the days between to start growing accustomed to seeing his new appearance every time he looked at a mirror.

He'd received the shining, black box and its simple contents with doubt bordering on disbelief. Even in the face of the exhibitions of absolute male perfection he'd seen on the video tape, and the image of the man he knew as Leo – but clearly much more and greater than the Leo he had been familiar with – made his heart race and his groin throb with need and desire. The man who called himself Chuck on the IGE tape was something out of a comic book fuck fantasy, the ideal of what a man could be. Impossibly tall, improbably broad, every inch packed with bulging power, and he was endowed with something like a snake down below, if the glimpse Blake caught of the beast was any indication of its true size. Then Leo, that supreme horndog, waltzed onto the screen and removed any doubt about what he was now gifted with.

Watching his occasional fuck buddy stroke his mammoth tool to throbbing hardness as his deep, sexy voice promised that Blake could have all that and more, the young man started pumping out hot cum by the pint then and there, all over the carpet and the TV screen.

So, he'd accepted the invitation and opened the vials of what they called Transform. One was clear, the other milky white. The moment the tiny droplet of the first touched his tongue, a salty tang filled his mouth and his senses were overcome with an incredibly deep sensation of masculinity, like he tasted male essence. He felt dizzy and hot and wondered if he'd made a mistake. At the same time, some desire he could not name but which felt like lust and passion and erotic need made him drizzle the droplet from the second vial on his tongue and he doubled over in pain as a heat so intense was suddenly filling him up inside, pouring down his throat like lava and exploding in his belly like a nuclear bomb.

The heat swelled and spread, a white hot ball of energy and power shooting through him lightning fast until his whole body was buzzing, throbbing, feeling like he would explode from the inside out.

Then he was growing.

Bent over, grabbing his gut, he could feel his belly grow suddenly hard, as if he'd tensed his abs so tight that they were rigid as steel. He could feel his muscles in bands against his forearms, the cables of power pressing outward, then separating into distinct, bulging masses. At the same time, a tingling of sexual pleasure was licking his dick and balls, a feather-light brushing of something along the length of his cock and digging inside his groin, a pleasure he could feel all the way through to his ass. He looked down through his pinched eyes as the pain of heat suddenly altered into a depth of pleasure that was just as filling, and almost unbearably good. The growth that was infusing his abdominals rose into his chest and sank onto his thighs and, as he watched, thick cords spread across his chest with a sudden, brawny urgency. The same smooth growth of muscular power reached down his legs, and as he slowly straightened, they just kept swelling.

He dropped his arms to his sides and looked at the mirror in front of him, watching a body swelling into power that he could hardly believe was real. He could feel his arms being pushed outward as his chest just kept growing, joined now by two muscled wings unfurling from his back. He was growing heavy, a weight of profound strength swelling outward everywhere. Lats appeared that were so thick and huge that they threatened to overwhelm his body, but it wouldn't be beaten so easily.

His belly solidified and swelled thicker, another pair of muscles turning his six-pack into an eight-pack and he realized he was growing not just wider, but taller as well.

In only two minutes, he felt twice as big as he'd been. Muscle was growing everywhere, and suddenly he felt a heavy tugging at his loins as his cock seemed to bloom all at once, the shaft swelling as the head drooped, his whole tool suddenly hot and lusciously heavy. He could see it grow, watch the veins suffuse the shaft and branch out to feed the beast. His balls were also enlarging, growing and developing, swelling like ripening fruit, pushing against his hugely muscled thighs that, themselves, were refusing to give in to the growth everywhere else.

He found himself smiling, and looked into his face to see that it, too, was changing. Subtly at first, then with growing speed, as his face seemed to perfect his features to one that would make a man cum just to look at it. His muddy-azure gaze turned bright, clear green. His unremarkable brown hair seemed to be glowing like sunlight, a copper cascade with golden highlights. His chin jutted forward, his cheeks rising, his brow becoming utterly masculine and powerful. His smile was now making his knees weak. Was the man looking back at him really Blake?

"Yes," he said, and his emerald eyes registered the surprise he felt at the sound of that deep, bass rumble. His hand, his huge hand, reached up to touch his throat. He felt the

muscle there expanding under his touch. The cords of power lengthening and multiplying beneath his fingers. He watched in the mirror as his forearm swelled with new power, he could see his bicep bulge with brawn. He started smiling again and the white gleam of his teeth on his tanned features drew his attention back to the face in the mirror.

“Hello, Blake,” he said, feeling his own voice in his ears like an invitation to sex. And as he felt that drive, he looked down to watch his huge prick begin to throb and stiffen, rising between his legs like some majestic beast. “Good god,” he intoned.

He was still growing, the rate unslowing, his shoulders stretching wider and thicker, out of his peripheral vision, smooth round boulders splitting and splitting again to allow for more and more and more power. His chest was so huge that it looked like he was grasping boulders to his torso. Hair sprouted in curling glory across its expanse, a soft forest of dark silk like some luxuriant carpet. His nipples were little dark, round gems on his burnished bronze skin. Hard ruby peaks that stretched wide and round on his mammoth musculature. He felt a tightening from behind and turned to display his ass, two beautiful and round hemispheres of perfection, rising to full moons in the mirror. And he was still gaining height as well as size, his form expanding beyond the boundaries of the “full-length” mirror.

But his focus reaffixed on all that weight hanging between his legs, his still developing cock getting longer, thicker, fatter and harder. His balls felt like they were filled with some magical, electrified elixir, warm and throbbing from inside. A glistening ball of pre-cum erupted from the eye of his heavy tool and started to drizzle the length of him, and his whole prick was tingling as if he were already stroking himself to eruption.

His body was pulsing with power. He could feel himself getting huge, his muscles bulging with still-increasing brawn and he ran his finger along the length of his dick, a silver shock of pleasure digging itself deeply into his core.

He slowly pleased himself, then, even as he continued to develop, all from two tiny drops of whatever they’d put in that box until he was pumping out load after load of hot, white cream that puddled the floor under his huge feet. His orgasm was like a tide of bliss, a minutes-long swim through a thick haze of sexual release.

It didn’t take much more convincing to get the now 295-pound, 7-foot 6-inch man to go to IGE after that. But before he continued his development, he wanted to see how much fun he could have out in his world with his new, fantastic body. He’d grown a full foot and a half taller and probably three feet wider or more. What was it like parading this perfect vision of male pulchritude around the streets of San Francisco?

Clothes, of course, were an issue. He’d been built before, gifted with a metabolism that allowed him to add muscle seemingly faster than the other guys at the gym, and a lot faster than other guys his age, even before the onset of puberty. He looked 18 when he was 14, getting away with things out in the adult world he probably shouldn’t have. This was the summer before his first year at SF State, and his 18-year-young body was now

built like a brick shithouse and hung like butcher's window. This stuff seemed to have hyper-accelerated his development beyond even his imagination. His deep, booming voice, the soft patches of hair erupting in dark shadows where it counted, he was looking much older than he was.

And his libido was kicked into overdrive as well. He was horny as Satan and ready to erupt.

He spent a week just fucking everything in sight. He appeared in his bike shorts, the only pants stretchy enough to envelope his muscled contours and huge basket, and T shirts that clung to his rippled belly and tore wide as they went up, the sleeves opening to reveal the masses of muscle on his upper body. He was literally bursting out of his clothes, all thick tanned muscle and smooth, sleek skin. In short order, he gave up the shirts altogether.

The men all wanted him, acted really weird when he was around like they couldn't control themselves, like he was some sexual magnet to the whole gay community's lustful desires. He expected eyes to turn his way, but it was as if he had some scent they could sense, and it didn't matter what anyone was into, they were all into him.

What he didn't know was that this insane thought wasn't too far from the truth, and also that he was gifting the men he fucked with something a little extra of his own, passing on a small part of the full potential of his own change so that they began to realize, in a much diminished but still noticeable fashion, faster muscle gains when working out and heightened sex drives nearly all the time. They were literally better men for having known him.

But after only a week, he started to realize that he wasn't being satisfied, that his dick was big enough to feed a platoon but nothing the guys gave him was filling his own growing needs. He realized that what he heeded was more of what he had.

He needed other augmented guys, like the ones in the video. And he wanted more of what IGE promised to give him.

Once he arrived at IGE, what was weird to Blake was what wasn't being asked – or answered. Probably, if he were more prudent and less curious, nothing would have happened. But there's only so much perfection one can put up with before one gets bored and starts to wonder, well, what's next?

Usually, all it took was a visit from Michael to keep any man quiet and content. Every man at IGE was an exceptional example of masculine beauty. Every man who came to IGE had already realized a degree of the muscular and physical enhancements that could be realized using their seemingly magical formula known as Transform.

With only a small amount of the fluid, given as a teaser of sorts in a rather elaborately conceived pre-acceptance process, any invited applicant would see, in a matter of

moments, visible muscle development to such an extent that nothing short of magic could possibly explain it. Any man's biceps would bulge, his chest swell with cabled strength, his legs balloon with brawn. Like Blake, he'd find that his stomach would tighten, shrink then bubble with cobblestones, a defined six-pack of power. Even more surprising, and perhaps more remarkable, his cock would lengthen, thicken, grow into a heavy, substantial bulk of super sensitive man meat hanging impressively between his more powerful thighs and above a set of quickly swelling balls – balls filling with a hot fountain of cream that would hold off erupting until it was almost too much to bear, only then delivering an orgasmic rush of such depth and pleasure that swooning was a definite possibility.

If the droplet delivered in the teaser package could have such immediate and obvious effect on a man's body, how could it be any more surprising to see what men could become given a full dosage of the formula?

Blake had been at IGE for three days. His new body, already super-enhanced by the first hint of Transform that had arrived in his invitation package, had been unclothed since he'd stepped off the boat and onto the dock. He'd been asked to strip for what he had assumed was some physical, but no physical had taken place and he never saw his clothes again. The boat's pilot, a gorgeous muscular hunk with an ass to die for, gave a hint at what awaited his senses when he reached the compound, and the two men who greeted him on the dock were a shock at first, but the sort of shock any gay man could get used to very quickly.

Two naked men, very tall and very muscular, one a Mediterranean looking guy with a long cascade of blue-black hair, the other a freckled man with very pale skin with what looked to be silver-flecked red hair so closely cropped on his head that it looked like he had a halo, were nearly uniformly beautiful. They almost looked like walking sculptures from one of Michelangelo's better wet dreams. Their skin literally glowed under the bright, hot sun. Any idea he had that they weren't real was immediately dashed on the bleached wood of the dock when the shaven one said, "Hi, Blake. My name's Reggie. Leo said to send you this." Then he reached his hand behind Blake's neck, bent his lips down and gifted the surprised young man with a deeply passionate kiss. The other man laughed slightly, his toothy grin wiped across his dark features like moonlight on a midnight lake. "Let the guy take a breath for Chrissakes, Reg. He just got here and you're already trying to be his best friend."

"I'm just welcoming him, Justin." The huge man gazed down with his silver-blue eyes and said, "You feel welcome, don't you Blake?"

"Judging by the bulge in his jeans, I'd say the answer is yes."

Blake was still catching his breath – the man who'd kissed him had a cologne around him like spice and sweat, a thick, masculine scent that seeped through Blake's skin like a heady aphrodisiac. Reggie's tongue felt as thick and long as the prick hanging so full and

heavy from his groin. For that matter, the other man, Justin, was as gifted in that department, his uncut monster swinging like a pendulum as he approached and laid his thick, huge arm across Blake's shoulders. "I'd apologize for my friend, but you'll soon find out that his forward behavior is hardly out of character for the guys around IGE." He reached down and tickled Blake's nipple through the white T-shirt he still wore, teasing it to hardness. "I'm Justin. And welcome to the compound. Now, if you'll please disrobe we can introduce you to The Team."

And if Blake thought he was hot shit, he was nothing when compared to the Team.

Seeing those giants walking naked among the others, lounging on the lawns, lying together, loving each other with obvious passion and lust, seeing their marvelous bodies glowing with strength and power was a shock. Todd and Chuck were 10 feet tall, Todd a golden haired God, Chuck an always-horny swarthy brute with a cooked smile and a horse cock. There was Carlos, the Latin heart-throb and his oddly stilted way of talking, as if his brain was on overdrive. Jeremy and Jeff, the couple who were always together, even when there were a few other men thrown into the orgy. The guy with the golden cock, an average muscle stud (by comparison) named Sam gifted with the largest prick in relation to his size, the shortest of The Team at "only" seven feet. David defined muscle, a man of such overwhelming size and strength that it sometimes seemed impossible that a single human body could contain that much hard-packed power. Huge everywhere, but still inhumanly flexible and lithe, which he was happy to demonstrate to – or with – anyone. Then the tallest of The Team, Steven, a hirsute gentle giant, often quiet and unassuming even at 12 feet high, or possibly more. Still overloaded with muscle, but his bulging frame was also carpeted with a thick forest of fine, dark hair. And then there was Michael.

What the other members of The Team possessed, Michael was another magnitude beyond them. You could literally feel him enter a room. Your enhanced prick would pulse and swell, your balls would churn, your skin would tingle. Hearing him speak was like hearing your lover speak your name. The sound would enter your head and grab hold of your brain, sending it due south. It was music and thunder, power and beauty. Every word digging deeper inside. If your eye caught his, it really was electricity. Those blue, blue orbs would meet yours and you'd feel your knees go weak. If he smiled, you were his, hook line and tight little ass. When he arrived, Blake shook Michael's hand and something like sex passed through him. It was as if touching the man was like touching erotic bliss, as if he was coated in the essence of sex. He figured later that it was just lust that he was feeling, his senses overwhelmed by the man's incredible beauty and an abundance of natural charm and charisma. How could it possibly be some physical manifestation?

Still, he ached to feel that touch again.



## 2

Frankly, the nudity didn't bother him in the least. No one at IGE, as far as he could tell, ever wore clothing. And so much obvious and overt male beauty on display all the time sent his libido into overdrive. And luckily, the serum seemed happy to help him keep going like the Energizer bunny, taking part in what was essentially a non-stop orgy aided by his cock's sudden capability to produce an abundance of a slick pre-cum that he came to realize was another by-product of Transform, since every guy he "met" seemed to have the same thing happening. Sometimes all he did was look at a guy, and before they'd exchanged names he found himself hard and pumping a fresh supply that coated his ever-hungry cock in a clear honey that his new-found friend was more than happy to lick off.

It was sure easy to tell those who'd had the full treatment as opposed to those like him who were on the waiting list. He was much larger already than any of the other guys waiting their turn, but he knew he wasn't nearly as big as he could become. He wasn't sure where the list was, or when his number would be coming up, but they were certainly keeping him occupied in the mean time.

The guys who, like him, were in stage one all looked like your average, every day Playgirl male model stud muffin. Tight bodies, rippling abs, bulging pecs. He just seemed to have taken an extra dose or something, since he was noticeably bigger. They might not be bodybuilders, but their forms swelled with muscle that they all agreed, just like Blake, hadn't been there days before. They were beautiful, he was beautiful, none of them had a lot to complain about if they stayed just the way they were. Still, his jealousy of the men who'd been fully enhanced kept growing with each passing day.

Besides The Team of nine, there seemed to be another twenty-five or so men around, but sometimes it was confusing. He might be grabbed by Chuck, the horniest guy Blake had ever encountered, and they'd go at it and someone else might join in. Chuck liked it every which way, sometimes topping, sometimes taking it with eager hunger. Chuck was huge and beautiful, if a little dumb, not that it mattered. But sometimes Blake would be into the action hot and heavy, then he'd feel himself so suddenly aroused and dazed by lust that he'd forget who was doing who. Then he'd find that he was with another man entirely, one who was as big and horny and dumb as Chuck, but who was obviously someone else entirely. And how had the guy taken Chuck's place so easily? Chuck would be plowing Blake's ass, Blake would start cumming, he'd feel that heavy sedation of passionate bliss and then another guy was pumping him, a guy as huge and beautiful as Chuck was, but this guy was clean-shaven and had red hair and his skin was almost porcelain white instead of dark-skinned, dark-haired Chuck.

And Chuck could fuck and fuck and fuck – but he never seemed to cum.

It only happened a few times, but it began to worry him. Was the serum doing something to his brain, too? He could appreciate the fact that his orgasms were more powerful, and

that his body seemed to be able to give and take pleasure constantly, but hallucinating was not something he particularly cared for.

But, in those spare moments when someone was available for conversation, they usually just looked at him funny and laughed. “The sun must be getting to you, junior,” Chuck said. But he did smile a lot bigger for some reason.

The friend of his who’d turned him onto IGE, Leo, was always around. Leo had undergone the full process and was something to see. Blake remembered Leo from the Fulton Street fair a year ago, where the guy had taken a 17-year-old Blake against a wall behind a pool hall. Leo was a cocky leather stud, wandering the street party in chaps with his dick and balls in plain site. And why not, they were a really impressive set.

But they were nothing compared with what Leo owned now. The guy had swelled to almost nine feet in height and his shoulders looked almost that wide. He still sported a huge mustache and a clean-shaven head, but almost everything else about him had changed. He’d had some body hair before, but now he was a walking forest. His broad chest was a dark map of fur, broken only by two huge, dangling nipples. His treasure trail had blossomed into a full-blown highway of curls across the rippled expanse of his belly. His ass was hairy, his legs were hairy, and his crotch was so thickly furred that it looked like the guy’s newly grown prick was emerging from a dark cave. Still, his low-hanging balls managed to make their presence known behind that new tool he so proudly shared.

Leo shouting his name, “Blake!” in a deep baritone was almost the first thing he’d heard after leaving the dock. And Leo’s swollen prick, inflating in record time as he bent his huge frame to lip-lock Blake, was the first one that spread his ass since arriving.

He’d lost count since how many other cocks had been sucked and fucked since, all beautiful and huge and owned by men capable of sensual pleasures he’d ever thought physically possible before arriving here.

But now here he was, and he had questions.

Like, what was this transform stuff, anyway? How did it do what it did? And what, exactly, was it doing? And what about that money he was expecting to pay? They said it would cost \$25,000 to get here, but so far no one had asked for so much as a credit card. And if this stuff was so effective – and it obviously was, Leo was proof of that – why was it such a secret?

He hoped that once the final transformation took place, he’d get his answers.

Finally, right in the middle of a sweaty fuckfest under the shade of a grove, the incredible sample of male beauty known as Carlos summoned him and asked him to follow that incredible ass to one of the largest buildings on the campus.

“I see you’ve been enjoying yourself,” said the dark-skinned man, his voice dripping with sensual eroticism even if his words were anything but. “I must apologize for the delay in getting you fully into the fold, so to speak, but you’ll see in a moment that there was a very good reason.”

“I was sort of wondering about that,” Blake answered. “I noticed that a couple of guys who got here after me managed to pass me in line.”

“Yes, and again our apologies.” He turned slightly. The man had golden eyes that glowed like embers. “But if you’ll hold your questions for just a few more minutes, we’ll be able to provide... oh, hello, Todd.”

“Hi, Carlos.” Blake felt his knees weaken as the blonde God approached. His form seemed to glow, his burnished bronzed skin moving across his impressive expanse of cabled muscular power like liquid metal. He was the very model of perfection, looking almost like some comic book superhero made flesh – assuming he was a gay, stark naked, well-hung superhero with a golden mane of hair that wafted in the cool breeze like a pennant. “Hello, Blake.”

“Huh... hello, Todd.”

The other man smiled and Blake felt a tingle shock his system all the way to his toes. God, such beauty should be illegal. Of course in several states, it already was. “Looks like it’s finally time for you to get the full treatment, as we like to call it.”

“Yes.”

They walked through a set of doors into a brightly lit room. One entire wall was a giant mirror, wall-to-wall, floor to ceiling. In the center of the room stood the only man (besides possibly the two accompanying him) that could make him cum just looking at him. Michael stood calmly with his hands clasped behind his back. Blake seemed to feel the man’s strength and utter masculine power all the way from across the room. It was like heat on his skin, like the caress of a calloused hand, a warm wet tongue in your ear, a mouth sucking on your hard, thick cock. Michael’s presence had a palpable sense to it, like smoke in the room or the sun on your flesh.

Blake tried to prepare himself to hear the man’s voice again. He’d experienced it twice, now. Once on the videotape that announced his invitation to this very exclusive club, then again that time he’d been officially welcomed. The first time, he was already jerking off and the deep passionate tones of Michael’s voice seemed to embrace him, lick him, fuck him hard and deep. The second time, hearing him unfiltered by any media, his could feel himself get hard, then harder still. He could feel his breathing grow shallow, his skin prickle with need, his balls tingle and churn to be emptied. He would never have believed it was true no matter who had told him that such a man existed, a man so tall and broad and thickly muscled that he seemed the deepest, truest incarnation of masculine power and beauty. A man whose voice could cause such a deep physical reaction that you

thought you were already getting fucked. A man who's merest touch would make you think your whole body was a prick, and he was bringing you to sudden orgasm with a single gentle stroke.

"Welcome, Blake."

The sound shot through him like quicksilver, entering his body and boiling his blood. "Thank you." He swallowed hard. His voice broke like teenager entering puberty, which he was barely beyond at the ripe old age of 19.

Michael smiled a knowing smile. "It may come as something of a comfort – or perhaps a disappointment to know that you will not experience quite so dramatic a reaction to me once you've been fully transformed." Blake vaguely heard the words. His senses were overcome by the sounds. His whole body shook with passionate ecstasy. "Carlos, perhaps you should continue."

"Blake... Blake?" He felt a hand on his shoulder and he looked over, then up at the golden-eyed man. "Blake, part of this process will be that you learn what's happened to you, how that's happened, and what will happen next." Blake nodded. He was still reverberating from Michael's voice, he could still feel the man's presence soaking through him, Michael's heat coating his exposed flesh. "You, specifically, will also learn why we had to wait before completing this process on you."

Blake turned, catching a glimpse of the high, round, beautiful asses of Todd and Carlos in the mirror, and the amazing V of each man's torso. It was very hard to concentrate in this room. "Can you tell me that last part first?"

Carlos's eyes narrowed slightly. "I'm afraid that it would make less sense unless we preface it with what's come before."

Todd laughed slightly, laying his hand on the Latin beauty's broad, round shoulder. "And I'm here as an illustration and also to try to mediate Carlos's sometimes scientific way with words." He approached Blake and ran his hand down his torso, his touch like warm silk. "Although I saw by your bio that you're plenty smart enough that my duties will probably be limited to the demo portion." He winked at Carlos, "unlike some names we could mention."

"Chuck?"

Todd laughed aloud. "You are a smart man, aren't you?"

It was Blake's turn to smile. "What he lacks upstairs, he more than makes up for in other areas."

"No argument there."

“If I may continue?” Carlos managed to look slightly impatient, and Todd merely waved a hand. Blake watched his bicep jump and bulge as he performed the seemingly unconscious gesture. “Blake, Todd was the first man to undergo this treatment, and I was the scientist who invented it.”

A chill passed through Blake when Michael added, “I added a little something, don’t forget.”

Carlos smiled, and Blake saw in it that something existed between them more than friendship. “Yes. At any rate, the original formula was simply a collection of enzymes, proteins and connecting agents, designed to augment the masculine properties and enable the subject to achieve increased physical capabilities.”

“The subject in question being me,” added Todd.

“As I said.”

“I was merely personifying your tale.”

“You always do this.”

Todd shrugged. “And you love me for it.”

Carlos grinned. “Blake, the effects were quite staggering. What you see now in Todd, as well as myself and Michael, Jeremy and Jeff and Chuck, and...”

“The Team,” interrupted Blake, anxious to get on with this.

“Yes, as we are now called. What you see in us now has been further augmented as each man took part in the process. The original formula has mutated several times over, and we no longer rely on it alone to achieve these results.”

“Then, there’s a new formula?”

“In a sense. The formula changes a man’s essential genetic make-up. His DNA. It fused so entirely with Todd’s physical self that he began producing a version of the serum from his own body.” He let that sink in before he continued. “One of the... strangest side-effects of the formula is that it changes a man’s semen.”

“It does what?”

Todd spoke up. “I was actually the only man ever to take the original formula. Every man since then has been transformed by super spunk.”

“What?”

Todd scratched his head and shoved his wealth of gold behind his shoulder. “Yeah, I know this sounds insane, but the fact is that Chuck was the second guy transformed, and

he received his transforming formula in the form of me stroking my meat to orgasm and coating him in my cum.”

“What?”

“This never gets any easier,” Todd laughed. “But we’ve yet to figure out a way to break it to someone in a way that sounds conceivable.”

“You cum on someone, and they…”

“We’ve since changed the method, but Transform is, essentially, augmented human sperm.” Carlos still maintained his scientific air.

“If it’s any consolation, you could also suck my dick and swallow my cum and it would have the same effect.”

“However,” added Carlos, “the observable effects are not the only benefits of Transform.”

“You mean the ability to fuck and cum almost continually and the weird lube junk and that pheromonal effect that some of you seem to have in addition to the muscles and the height and the awesome physical beauty?”

“Someone’s been paying attention,” said Todd.

“Those effects, yes, which are more strongly manifested as you transform fully.”

“It gets better?”

“Whoa ho ho ho, yeah, does it ever.”

“Todd.”

“Sorry, Doc.”

“There are additional benefits, yes, but before I get into them, I should explain why you haven’t seen them yet.”

“I was sort of wondering.”

“After each of the first nine men were transformed, each successive man brought some new benefit. Sometimes it was merely greater size and strength.”

“Merely. Yeah.” Todd bent his arm to display the merely greater size of his muscles, his bicep swelling huge and round with cabled brawn.

“And the hope was that if we kept adding men to the formula, we’d all continue realizing added benefits.”

“But after my inclusion, something happened.” Blake turned toward Michael, trying to restrain his burgeoning lust.

“Michael had already been altered genetically. His father planned on augmenting his masculinity before he was ever born, and he continued to experiment and improve some of his unique properties until he chanced on our experiment.”

“And what did Michael bring to the mix?” Blake thought he already knew the answer, but he’d soon find out how wrong he was.

“Actually, my effect on people, and men in particular, was already in place before the formula. And what Carlos created had a very strong pheromone part to it that was pretty intense on its own. It enhanced what I already had – which is now nearly irresistibly strong even to other members of The Team if I turned on the juice.”

“But, luckily for us, he can turn it all the way off like the rest of us can.”

“Everyone has that? That sex scent?”

“To a degree. But as Michael pointed out, since his transformation the advances have stopped, and some men don’t realize all the benefits.”

“And those would be?”

“This, for one.” Michael’s downward glance drew Blake’s attention to his huge and perfect cock, hanging straight and thick and capped with a huge bud wrapped in a tight foreskin. But as Blake watched, Michael grew a second prick, an exact twin of his original, that blossomed to an equal length and fullness in seconds.

Blake’s mouth hung open. “A retractable cock?”

Michael laughed. “Not exactly. Todd, you wanna demonstrate?”

“I thought you’d never ask.”

Then Blake’s world turned upside-down, but he also got a few of the answers he was searching for as Todd, too, developed a second meaty shaft, a proud prick that crawled down Todd’s leg to meet up with its brother, then they both seemed to start swelling, growing thickly veined and fat with sexual energy. Then Todd added to the amazing display by physically altering his appearance before the disbelieving young man’s eyes.

Todd’s incredible form began to swell with even more muscle. His chest expanded out and down, thickening with hard cables of brawn. The twin globes of raw power grew

thick, heavy, round and full. They were inflating with might, thick snakes of muscle crawled under the skin as the man simply stood there, getting bigger.

His waist seemed to narrow, or maybe it only looked like it was because his lats were unfolding like wings. Thick, meaty wedges that spread wider by the second, forcing Todd's arms away from his body – because those were growing as well, the biceps and triceps pumping themselves up.

His legs joined in, growing thicker, broader, and impossibly huge. Finger-thick veins branched along the quickly developing contours. His smooth, golden skin began to darken, and a soft shadow of fur erupted between the heavy hemispheres of his still growing chest muscles. The auburn curls above his cocks darkened to jet black, thickening and spreading across his loins. Another shadow appeared on his high cheeks and square jaw. His bright mane darkened to a familiar blue-black, and suddenly where Todd had been, there stood a man of equal height who looked almost exactly like...

“Chuck!”

“No, Todd.”

“But... how...?”

The now dark and hairy beauty stroked a cock with each hand. “Added benefit,” he said simply.

“You can change appearance? At will?”

Todd nodded. “But that's not all!” Blake watched the huge mountain of hard muscle lift one leg into the air, then he lifted the other and seemed to be standing two feet above the floor.

“But that's...”

“Impossible,” finished Todd before he lifted his arms and rose higher and higher into the room, floating above the amazed young man below.

“Impossible,” whispered Blake.

“Evidence would indicate otherwise, I think you have to agree.”

Blake looked over and saw that the other two men were also floating or flying or doing something clearly beyond the laws of nature. “Holy shit!”

“But, like the addition between the legs, this little trick doesn't seem to be entirely transferable.”

“I think I would have noticed if it was,” agreed Blake.



“Yeah, the sky would be filled with beautiful muscle men fucking each other’s brains out.”

“You’ve done it?” Blake’s head was spinning.

“Oh, hell yes. It was like the first thing we tried.”

“And is it great?”

“Hello? Duh. Come on, Blake, you’re not stupid. Floating above the ground, free of gravity’s pull, gifted with twin cocks and a body that’ll do pretty much whatever you want it to? Yeah, it’s pretty great.”

Blake felt really dumb, suddenly. And really, really horny. “But why didn’t anyone say anything?”

“Simple. Not everyone knows.”

“You don’t put on this demonstration for...?”

“As I said, when we came here to start IGE, the plan was that every man we added would add something back. We thought that, literally, the sky wasn’t the limit.”

“But it didn’t turn out that way.”

“I doubt that any man here would say he was disappointed with the results achieved, but the advancements have stopped. Some men experience a certain heightening of the pheromone, but no control over it as we possess. Some men have an amount of the body control, although I don’t believe they realize it. It simply wouldn’t occur to them to try.”

“Well, not if you aren’t putting on this little show. Jesus, why would it occur to anyone to try to fly?”

“Because,” Todd explained, “it isn’t just the capabilities that manifest. We are aware of them. We know what we can do. We are tied together body and mind too entirely not to be aware of our own capabilities. If the power is in you – you simply know. You think it,” he added, lifting himself from the floor again, changing his form back to the golden God Blake had grown familiar with, “and it’s so.”

Carlos spoke. “So Michael and I have been trying to discover why, by trying to discover what was setting them off in the first place.”

“And what’s the verdict?”

Michael settled back to Earth again. “We’re still not sure.”

“But we had to delay your transformation for a reason.”

Blake felt a chill run through him. “And what’s that?”

Todd came up behind Blake and wrapped his body up in his arms. His arms felt iron hard, warm and comforting. Blake could feel the huge man’s soft fur on his back, and something was rubbing itself wantingly between the round hemispheres of his ass. Todd reached one hand down and down the younger man’s smoothly muscled form, digging his shining, sharp fingernails into Blake’s soft pubic curls, scratching his loins before sliding his grip along his suddenly firm cock, pulsing proudly to hardness. He could feel Todd’s hot, wet breath against his ears when he spoke. “Because, my friend,” he answered, licking Blake’s lobe. “You are a remarkable freak of nature.”

# 3

“That’s not funny.”

“It’s a compliment, Blake.” Todd’s embrace wrapped him in the man’s scent as well, an overpowering masculine musk that seeped into his pores. Todd smelled of sex and power and lustful abandon. Blake could feel the man’s twin monsters leaking a slick trail of precum down his legs. He could swear that the pricks were working his lags apart, opening his ass for entry. He could feel his own wealth of lube wanting release, growing anxious and thick in his balls. His prick was pulsing with each heartbeat, swelling to hugeness. “We think you may have what it takes.”

“What do you mean?”

Michael approached him, towering above Blake. His scent mingled with Todd’s, making Blake feel as if he was in some sauna, sweating sex. “You have some unique genetic properties.” Michael was so near. Blake could reach out to touch his perfected body, to feel that electric shock of erotic power fill him up.

“Wait a second.”

“We want you to become a member of the Team.” It was Todd speaking again, his soft voice next to Blake’s ear, his strong arms enveloping the teen.

Carlos spoke next, “I think we need to back off for a moment and allow this young man to catch his breath. He looks a little worse for wear.”

Todd gazed down to where Blake’s prick was hard, red and hungry. “He looks fine to me.”

“The smell of you,” he said, “I can smell you.”

Michael looked at Todd and then at Blake. “But we aren’t pumping anything out. We’re clean, Blake.”

“No, I can smell you. I can smell it.”

Carlos arched a thin brow. “Side effect.”

Todd’s arms opened and he stepped away, saying, “Sorry, Bud, I thought you were enjoying it.”

“I... I was... but I wasn’t... it wasn’t.”

“Steady, Blake,” added Michael, who was now a few steps from the young man. “You could feel it? What could you feel?”

“You, Michael. Your heat, your power. Since I came in, as strong as the first time. And Todd. It was like a fog of sex. A strong, spicy scent. Filling my lungs, my head...”

“Sensitized to us.”

“Because of..?”

“I would assume so,” answered Carlos.

“I don’t understand.” Blake was sweating. His cock was still hard.

“What do you know about genetics, Blake?”

“Like cloning and that shit?”

“Not exactly. Just the basics. Chromosomes and so forth.”

“Um, well, there’s the egg and the sperm. And women always provide an X, but men could provide an X or a Y.”

“And XX means feminine, XY means masculine.”

“Yeah.”

“Well, you’re one step ahead of us on that scale.”

“I’m what?”

Carlos gestured to himself and the others. “We are all XY. The masculine properties have been enhanced, so you could say we are all XY+Y, although that isn’t scientifically true.”

“But in your case,” finished Todd, “it is.”

“What’s that mean?”

“You, my lucky young friend, are gifted with extra chromosomes.”

“Extra... how’s that possible?”

Todd shrugged. Carlos said, “It may be that you did not possess them until taking Transform. Perhaps they were there and lying dormant. But your physique has had a heightened and rather impressive reaction. Much greater than anyone we’ve seen changed so far.”

“The sample you sent?”

“We don’t send a full dosage, or even a 100th part of a dose in that intro pack, Blake. We’ve chemically altered the initial sample so that men we invite would certainly see immediate gains in strength, weight, height...”

“But nothing that accounts for your changes,” interrupted Todd, folding his arms across his gargantuan chest.

“How much do you estimate you’ve grown?”

“I was about six foot even before, weighed about 190.”

“And with the dosage prepared for you, we would expect you would now be about 6-4 and around 220, 225 -- max.”

“But look at you,” smiled Todd, standing aside so that Blake could see his reflection. “You’re pretty fucking awesome by anyone’s standards.”

“Some of the guys were wondering if you’d already received the full treatment,” said Michael softly, his words enveloping Blake in a sensual embrace.

“And now...?” Blake’s heart was beating fast and hard.

“Now it’s time to see how big Blake can be.”

Blake started grinning. “Cool.”

“I need to tell you that none of us know exactly what will happen.”

“With the other men,” said Michael, slowly coming toward where the young man stood, “we could estimate how they’d grow, how big they’d get. We knew we were the upper limits of the transformation.”

“But you’re a whole new ballgame.”

Blake lifted his hand to scratch his chiseled jaw and noticed his augmented bicep bulge. He paused, looking at the muscle, the tight round ball of raw brawn on his arm. He tensed it, feeling the surging strength contained there, watching the fibers twist and bulge, the head of the thing split and develop to a perfect mountain on his upper arm. He ran his fingers across its hard, smooth surface, feeling the silk of his skin covering the iron-hard muscle like a warm soft whisper. He caressed the huge globes of his chest, digging his fingertips into the wealth of dark curls deep in the crevasse between his muscular globes.

His middle finger brushed the cap of his perfect, round nipple and a shock of sensual bliss erupted through him at that touch, his heightened sensuality swallowing that merest of sensations like a drug. He breathed in the sex scent of these gods around him, feeling himself energized, sensualized, eroticized. So hard and powerful and beautiful. He turned to look at Todd, then Carlos, and finally at the ultimate perfection that was Michael, a man so powerful and beautiful that his presence in a room was enough to edge him close to coming.

“When do we get started?”

“Before we go anywhere, we need to let you in on a few more side effects of this change. This is the standard stuff we tell everyone, and some of it won’t be very surprising, but full disclosure avoids any disappointments later.”

“Disappointments?”

“First, and most importantly, if you’re thinking about kids, after this, forget it. Your sperm is altered into something that can’t make babies. It makes, well, men. But no babies.”

Blake shrugged. “Next?”

“This, I assume, isn’t an issue, but you’re gonna be pretty much gay afterwards.”

“Pretty much gay before.”

Todd nodded. “I assumed as much. Your technique is pretty, uh, advanced for someone unaccustomed to butt fucking.”

“And blowing cock, sure.”

“Which, according to Chuck, would be your specialty.”

“We all do best what we enjoy most.”

“Okay, and next up is that we don’t know what, if anything, will happen given time.”

“Meaning?”

Carlos spoke up. “To be perfectly honest, we aren’t exactly experts about this change. I may have invented the original serum, but it has evolved very rapidly beyond anything I ever planned or even imagined. What happened to Todd and Chuck and I and the rest all happened in the space of a single day. Each step of development followed the other usually within hours, sometimes within minutes of each other. The gains became more and more pronounced, culminating, apparently, with Michael’s transformation, some of which is unique to him.”

Blake looked at the quiet giant with the penetrating blue eyes. "I just assumed you had what everyone else had, just more of it."

Michael smiled. Blake's cock tingled with desire. "To an extent, that's true. But I have a couple of rather unique assets that haven't been passed on."

"Yet," added Blake. "You mean the touch?"

The man nodded. A sleek lock of his dark hair slid forward across his face. He brushed it back with a gentle gesture that reminded Blake of sex. Everything about Michael reminded Blake of sex. "And a more personal sort of change."

Blake's eyebrow rose. "Better than the touch?"

Michael let out a soft laugh that reached into Blake's ear and licked his libido. "A sort of mirror effect. You've experienced the sensation I transfer when we meet. Carlos likens it to feeling as if his whole body is a prick and I'm caressing him to sudden waves of pleasure."

"Though I am not so poetic," Carlos added.

"That's pretty much how I'd put it, but I'd probably say something like feeling you on my skin is like having my whole body fucking and getting fucked and sucking and getting sucked. You make me hard just thinking about you, and I want to cum buckets when you walk in the room."

"Now who's the poet," asked Todd. He took Blake's hand and shook it. "Thank god there're still a few of us left."

"Us?"

Todd gripped Blake's shoulder in his huge grasp. "Gutter-minded vulgarians. The world needs more of them – especially this place."

Blake's mouth quirked into a smirk. "You obviously haven't been spending enough time with Chuck, lately."

"You could be right, but don't tell him I said that."

"Too late, asshole," answered a loud voice, and the dark giant himself strode into the room. As he approached, he allows his second prick loose, and Blake had to marvel all over again at the site of the muscular giant's two huge cocks swinging and twisting around each other as he walked. By the time he was standing next to Michael, both veined beasts were hanging thick and juicy between his legs. He reached over and grabbed some of Michael's perfect ass, and his cocks suddenly inflated to attention as a

shock of sexual energy shot through his arm from the not-so-gentle caress. "Good fuck, but it feels good to let the twin out for some air. He gets all mean and nasty when I keep him cooped up too long."

A question regarding the how of that statement occurred to Blake, and where did that other dick go when it wasn't hanging free and loose anyway? But Chuck continued dominating the conversation before he had a chance to ask it.

"Hey Mike, how they hangin'? Carlos, you're looking puckered as usual. And Todd, my man, Blake here is right. We need to get together more often." He approached Blake, wrapped his arms around him, bent his lips down to the teen's opening mouth and plunged his tongue inside. This was Chuck's usual greeting and Blake was ready for it. He reached down to Chuck's twin monsters, already lubed with an ample supply of pre-cum, and gave each a good, firm stroke as he wrestled Chuck's tongue with his own. Then his slick hands moved up the other man's torso until they found his erect nipples, and he pinched and twisted them harder than usual.

Chuck's hand reached into Blake's curls and grabbed a fist-full, pulling the young man's head back with a firm tug. "You are one talented little fucker," he said, kissing him roughly once more before moving away. "So," he announced, clapping his giant hands together, "is my man Blake finally joining the club? We letting him in on all our secrets?" He suddenly lifted off the floor, his great muscled arms pulling him toward the ceiling. "Can't wait to get you up here, Blake. Wait'll you feel what weightless fucking is like. Mmmmm, man, there is nothing else like it." He started stroking himself as if anticipating the event. Both pricks answered his touch by inflating to impossible dimensions.

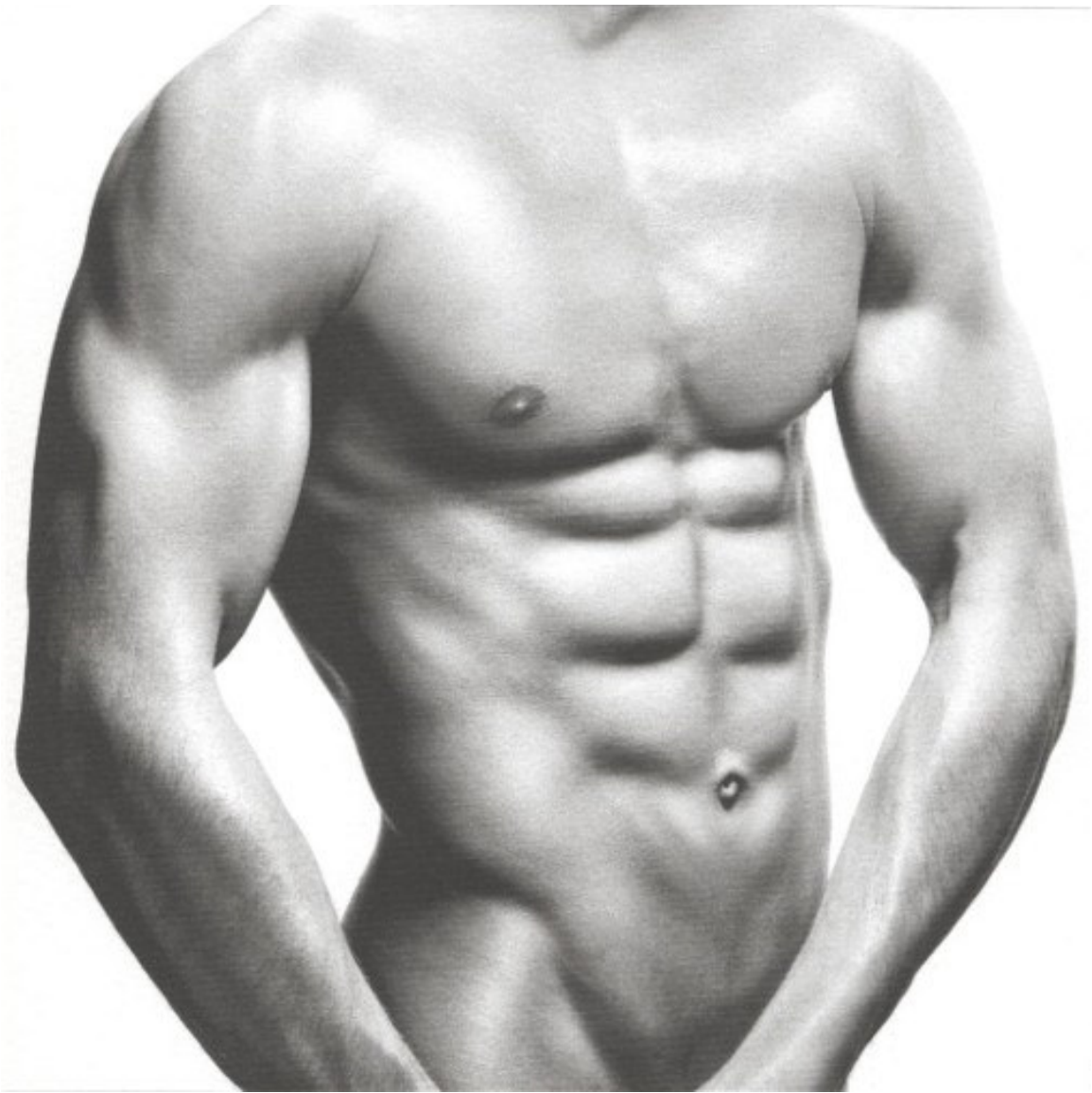
"He has a lot of fun, doesn't he?"

"Chuck is an orgy unto himself," answered Todd.

Carlos looked like his patience was being tested. "We were just going through the rules." He looked at Blake. "I believe you were asking about Michael?"

Blake turned, and Michael was next to him. "What do you want to know?" he whispered, his lips brushing Blake's ear. Then Michael laid his arm across the teen's shoulders, sending a cascade of erotic bliss through his body like a waterfall. Blake was overcome with desire, his cock inflating to hard readiness as Michael's mouth found his and Blake succumbed to sexual ecstasy.





## 4

One word that could never be used to describe Blake was “inexperienced.” He’d known he was attracted to men since he was 12, and his unusually quick development, perhaps explained by this collection of extra male chromosomes, allowed him to find men older than himself by the time he was 15 who could teach him things that guys his own age, who he’d been diddling with in basements and bedrooms almost as soon as his first erection, would have to learn on their own.

He’d been fucked five ways to sunset, on beds, on tables, on floors, up against the walls, in showers, in locker rooms, in bathrooms, on the beach, in the desert, in the rain, tied up,

tied down, lubed, oiled, creamed, hot and cold, high and low, front and back. He knew where things were supposed to go, and how to get them there. He could suck a man to heaven and swallow pump after pump no matter how big the load. He could top and bottom, showing his partner or partners he could be master, then servant. Even before coming to this haven of constant arousal and almost constant sex, for a guy his age he'd seen more action than any ten guys he knew.

Pleasure was not a stranger to Blake.

Michael's attention was more than sex. Much, much more.

Blake immediately realized that sensation of extreme gratification as Michael's hands touched his skin. He could feel the thunderous roar of erotic bliss filling him up, like his whole body was a thick, hard prick pumped full to bursting, leaking precum like a hose, throbbing with sexual power.

The kiss was a lesson in passion and lust, a hot, wet fuck rolling through his mouth. It was like sucking on a pliable, firm dick that wanted to thrust itself down your throat. Then the man's scent wound around them, sucking the air from his lungs and replacing it with the hard, sweaty essence of man.

Being with Michael went beyond the sensual pleasures of sex. Blake was drowning in bliss, overwhelmed by it, overcome with it. He was fucking and being fucked, loving and being loved, but Michael's touch, the true power of it, was something beyond that.

Blake never felt so powerfully male in his life.

Muscle and flesh, pulsing with power, thick and hot and hard. He felt his might magnified, felt his firm, tight ass in all its round, muscular glory. His chest, the two massive hanging slabs of brawn, the soft, musky fur that carpeted it, the round, ruby nipples tingling for touch. He felt energized, larger-than-life, heroic. He was glowing, his power ready to burst from his skin.

He could feel Michael's magical caresses across his skin like electricity. The man passed a sexual potency through him so deep, so wide, so thick and beautiful that he could hardly stand it.

Was he being fucked? Was his ass open wide, filled up, was he cumming buckets, quarts, was the sun on his skin hot and slick and smooth, was he swimming naked through unending tides of sexual ecstasy? Did heaven feel like this? Could he stand another minute, another second, another heartbeat of this pleasure filling him up, pouring over his body, leaking out of him like honey?

And this perfect man, was he real? That smile that seemed to drill through him like lightning and shock his dick to hardness. The blue, so blue eyes that smiled in the same way, eager, wanting, loving. His skin, like silk, smooth and flawless and so soft, painted across his muscles, all those muscles in perfect symmetry, all that raw carnal power, there

for him, open to his explorations, his worship, his desire. Blake felt beautiful, strong, tall and huge. Had he been cumming through Michael's attentions? He felt energized and powerful. His muscles burned with fierce energy, he felt strong beyond anything he'd ever felt before, large beyond the hardest pump, buzzing with tightly contained capacity.

"Oh, fuck," he whispered. "Oh, fuck."

He could hear Chuck's voice. "Mmmm, yeah, baby. Oh, oh yeah." It was a feral growl of potent pleasure. An echo of the overwhelming sexual bliss flooding him. Then another voice, or a moan, maybe it was Todd. He could feel hands all over him, he felt hot and slick and swollen, gorged on sex and passion and thick, hard, fat, powerful muscle. It was everywhere. It was all around him.

And then he was growing.

He could feel it. He could feel it everywhere.

It was like his whole body was a dick, swelling thicker and larger, pumping fuller, longer, bigger, fatter. His lungs filled up with the scent of sex and men from everywhere. Someone was releasing their pheromones in thick waves. Maybe they all were. How many men were pleasuring him? How many dicks coating him in hot, transforming cream? He felt their power, intense and overpowering, and he could feel his own growing stronger inside and out.

"Oh, fuck," he said again. His tone was saturated with sex, a deep rolling thunder swollen with erotic energy. To his own ears, the voice that came from his throat reverberated and invited, made him feel even more anxious, harder and hotter. "Fuck me," he commanded.

They did. They all did. He could feel their arms surrounding him, sliding across his growing contours, muscle against muscle, skin on skin.

His chest ballooned, growing heavy with corded vibrant glory. Thick poles of strength swelling and splitting and multiplying. Bigger and bigger.

He felt his arms expanding. He could feel his might growing there, filling up from the inside, growing with unbound capacity, fat and hard. The bellies of his biceps were swelling outward, inflating with brawn. His arms lengthening to contain his burgeoning strength, his hands growing larger, even his fingers extending.

And his cock. His giant prick was welling with size and thickness and potency. He felt the heavy, glorious burden of erotic pleasure building with pressure toward release. But he wouldn't release it yet. He wanted to hold the pleasure inside, allow it to grow white hot, huge and hard and beyond control. He could feel the urgency of his need growing, pushing outward, longer and fatter and harder.

His ass was filled. Two cocks, three, four. How many could he take? Someone was sucking him, someone else was licking him, someone else was sliding his rough, hard hand along his length. Both lengths.

Two pricks. He had two pricks.

He could feel them both growing. Like he was growing. Stronger and stronger. Unstoppable.

It hadn't been planned. It never happened like this.

When a man was transformed fully, a man was brought here to this room and told almost everything that Blake had been told.

That he was now more than a man.

That he would become larger still, more powerful, and strong almost beyond measure.

Then he would be Transformed, and he would grow. His muscles would expand, growing thicker and thicker, swelling with power. His cock would grow, lengthen, swell fat and ripe with veins until it started to get bigger than the man's leg. A huge, hot, hard erection bulging with potency towering over his head, fountaining a stream of hot cum that would finally turn the man into his ultimate form, huge and beautiful, a perfected version of the man he was.

Everything he ever wanted.

But less than he could be, lacking the most amazing capacities of the original nine members. And neither Carlos nor Michael could account for it.

It didn't seem to matter how the final transformation was... applied. They'd fuck a man silly, he'd grow as they fucked him (Chuck particularly enjoyed this method since he'd always been a butt man and watching a man's ass perfect itself while you fucked him was a pretty interesting experience), they'd cum all over themselves and... that was it.

The guy could suck them and they'd pump a super load of transforming cream into their gut. They'd twist in pain for a moment as the sudden burning swam through their system and then they'd expand, their arms and legs bulging with brawn, their chest inflating, their necks growing corded with brawn and sinew. They'd be overcome with erotic bliss, they'd pump themselves to ungodly hugeness, cover themselves with their own Transform and become the idealized version of their wettest dreams.

And that was it.

They wondered if the lab had something to do with it. Though Todd had transformed Chuck in his own apartment, it wasn't until they got back to the lab that things got crazy. Carlos said there could be nothing unusual about the location. Maybe it was the men themselves. After all, hadn't the last four been drawn to the place. Maybe there was something unique in their genetic structure. That was certainly the case with Michael, they could all agree on that. Maybe they just got absurdly lucky with Jeremy and Jeff. Or maybe the formula itself had reached its limit and wouldn't pass on anymore, or develop different and new capabilities in men.

Because the men who had since been invited all realized the substantial growth and physical perfecting of their appearance, but they were frozen that way. They didn't control their appearance, they didn't grow larger still with muscled might, and they certainly were not taking to the winds, flying aloft like Superman.

But Blake was different, they all saw – and felt – that immediately. It was as if he belonged. When they were with him, it was different from being with the other new arrivals. His appearance after so small a sample of the serum was obvious testament that there was something very different about him.

If he could grow that big on such a tiny taste, what would happen with a full load?

Michael felt it most of all. In the days and weeks that passed, his control of the sensual power of his touch had increased as his awareness of it did. Like the man scent that they all gave off to varying degrees, this was another sense power, linked to his sense of touch. The nerve endings that covered every inch of his skin had been altered in some subtle, unforeseen way. His sensitivity to the touch of others was still heightened, but he could moderate the effect the other way.

Most of the time.

“Blake is different,” he told Carlos as they walked away from the usual greeting of new arrivals.

Carlos raised a slim eyebrow, his golden gaze gleaming in the sun. “Different?”

Michael nodded. “He could feel me.”

“But you're always turned off. How could he..?”

Michael's rich, smooth voice grew quieter. “And I could feel him.”

“You think he has the potential.” It was a statement. Carlos knew Michael's intonations by heart.

Michael's perfect features lit into a smile. “I know it.”

They were careful to avoid him, all except Chucker the Fucker who always did just as he pleased, even though he agreed with the others that it was probably a good idea not to reveal too many secrets. “As long as it means I still get off.”

“Yes, Chuck,” laughed his old friend Todd, “you can still nail anything that moves.” The hairy man’s wide grin signified that he agreed to those terms.

So he was naturally very curious about Blake, after Michael and Carlos told the others, and he engaged the young man in a variety of different guises, always out of sight of any other newcomer so questions about that redhead with the round ass or that bald guy with the curving dick could be avoided. And Blake proved to be a particularly adept and incredibly agreeable lover. Chuck’s pantheon of sexual moves and positions had certainly expanded now that he was surrounded by ass-loving, cock-sucking men ready, willing and able to do to him and with him anything he desired. In his previous life, it was missionary all the way.

Now he had pricks in every orifice and was learning how to use his hands and mouth and tongue and pretty much everything else to heighten and prolong his sexual pleasure.

But Blake knew things Chuck never even thought of before. He was giving and passionate during one session, then dominant and rough the next. He could top and bottom with equal skill and seemed to know exactly what you wanted to do before you knew you wanted to do it.

He was a natural fuck machine, all male and no doubt about that, and his new body had only increased his skill and devotion to his craft.

And for Chucker, the mindfuck was almost as much fun as the real one. Sometimes he’d change form while Blake was bent over in front of him, drilling his cock in just a little deeper, allowing himself to expand in the man’s ass during the height of passion. He got more and more daring, changing his eye color in the middle of a kiss. Increasing his brawn, allowing his chest to expand and his lats to spread wider and wider with Blake sucking his exposed dick. More than once he thought of really screwing with the guy and letting the twin out for air, shoving both barrels up Blake’s sweet and tender asshole.

But he never did.

Meanwhile, Carlos and Michael were experimenting with Blake’s DNA, taken from stray skin cells and hair extracted from the teen’s captured clothes, trying to predict what might happen.

Because if the lad had swelled up that large with the very small amount of Transform he’d already taken, was there a possibility that a larger dose would hurt or even kill him?

The tests had not proven if any metamorphoses would take place, but the DNA was not so transformed that it was unrecognizable as human.

It was more than human. Better than human.

When Blake and Michael met again, Michael was having the same sense of heightened sexual desire and drive that Blake was feeling. He was drawn to the beautiful young man, not from love or passion, but from pure masculine eroticism. He could feel Blake like a heat across the room, a furnace waiting to be stoked to fiery eruption. He physically ached to touch him, to fuck him senseless, like his body knew that this was the water to quench its need.

So when at last he gave into that need, he let himself go, unmasking all the protections set in place against allowing too much of his pent up masculine power loose. Maybe he should have warned the others what he was going to do. But he didn't know that the young man had the power to strip all his protections from him so easily.

And when they did touch, he was filled up to overflowing with a frenzy of erotic pleasure so intense that the entire room was flooding with it.

And then all of them, Michael and Carlos and Todd and Chuck, were on Blake, all over him, caressing and kissing, sucking and stroking, fondling and thrusting and cumming.

Cumming buckets inside him and on him, all over him, heat and sticky wet sexual power drenching his body.

But all Blake felt was strength and power and muscle, expanding and growing everywhere, filling him up until he could take no more, then another cycle of growth would hit and he'd become bigger still, more beautiful by far, the epitome of male potency and corded muscular brawn.

He absorbed all they had to give, the most powerful of the Team of nine, delivering to Blake their most potent, unshielded, unprotected transforming juices.

Nine feet tall, he was still growing.

Ten feet tall, and 1,400 lbs, of thick, massive muscle.

He was still developing.

Arms like steel cables. Massive boulders on his chest. Tree trunk thighs and diamond hard calves.

Still growing.

Shoulders round and full and striated with power.

Lats spreading wider, thicker, growing stronger, harder. Bigger.

A belly of hard cobblestones, tapering to an impossibly tight waist.

11 feet tall. Over 2,000 lbs.

Still growing.

Skin like silk, smooth and perfect. To touch him was to touch sex. It poured off him like a scent. Like a hand on your hard, hot dick. Like lips on your cock head.

He stood there, breathing deep breathes, his eyes a deep emerald, his face like a god's. His arms hung loose and relaxed at his sides, and the muscles crawled and grew inside his skin. His limbs inflated with unrestrained power. His torso was growing out and up, the two massive hemispheres of his chest inflating with more and more cabled strength. He expanded in front of their eyes, his power manifesting physically and sensually.

"I can feel it," he said softly, the sound of his words shocking the surrounding men's senses like an orgasmic release. A deep, throbbing, sexual sound.

Carlos managed to ask, "Feel what?"

"Power."

The men stood back and watched as Blake began to display what he meant, allowing his incredible new physique to swell to its ultimate vastness.

Bending his arms, the muscles sprang to life, etched with striations, each fiber of the muscle incredibly defined. The bicep bulged larger and larger, splitting and expanding, threatening to burst through his shining, beautiful skin. He smiled, bringing an aching beauty to his perfect features.

"I just thought of something," whispered Todd.

Blake brought his arms overhead, his triceps unfolding along the underside of each arm, his shoulders bunching and bulging as he chest unfurled.

"What," asked Chuck, not taking his eyes off the display of pure masculine perfection.

A ten-pack of rippled glory stretched and flexed along Blake's super tight stomach.

"He never did the monster dick thing."



Chuck blinked and cast his gaze down the tanned torso toward the young man's huge double pricks, hanging thick and meaty – firm but limp – between his legs. They were things of beauty, a pair of cocks to literally die for, something that, more than anything else on this example of ultimate masculine achievement, spelled out in obvious and lengthy substantiation that a fuck session with this giant would send your body to heaven. But although it was an inviting and erection-causing site, they definitely weren't swelling anywhere near the guy's head.

“Hey,” said Chuck loudly as he pointed at Blake's groin, “What's with his dicks?”

Blake paused in his flexing and raised an eyebrow. Looking down, his awesome voice intoned, “They look all right to me.” He reached his hands down and grasped the shafts, hauling the huge tools into both hands and pointing the tips at Chuck. They were extremely sensitive. “Feels all right, too.”

“But,” said Chuck, sounding disappointed as he turned to his fellow Team members, “what about the giant prick thing?”

Todd scratched his head. “Maybe it happened while we were all, um, otherwise engaged and we just didn't notice. Maybe?”

“Giant prick thing,” quoted Blake, curiously. When he released his dicks, they did not immediately fall back toward his heavily muscled thighs, however. Instead, they seemed to levitate and slowly lower. Blake started grinning as this unexpected result, but he recognized that his dicks had developed their own controlling muscles that allowed him to use them a great deal more than simply swelling them to enormity and shrinking them to hide within his wealth of soft pubic fur.

They moved like serpents from his groin, as if thick, pink monkey's tails had been attached to him. He wound them around each other. He allowed one to fall limp while the other seemed to be sniffing the air, then sinuously moving like a wave along its length. He could even bend them like arms, swelling the new muscle within huge and bulging like biceps. It was weird and fascinating and felt amazing. “Cool,” he concluded.

# 5

“That could be... useful,” admitted Todd, smiling.

Carlos looked dubious. “That’s certainly new.” His face showed that the full implications of a prehensile prick started manifesting in his mind. Then he said, “By all appearances he seems to have achieved his ultimate state. I mean, well, just look at the guy.”

Chuck licked his lips. “I know, and shit do I ever agree, but I think one of us would remember rubbing up against something that big – and more particularly two somethings that act like muscled fuck snakes - even during that sweaty fun fest.”

Michael was nodding. “Judging by what we’ve seen in every case before, he should have also experienced that growth. And I would think that, since we’re talking about Blake here, they’d be, well, impossible to ignore.”

“Is someone going to explain what the hell you’re talking about, or do I have to start sucking some dicks?” His own were again hanging in limp glory over his enlarged nutsack.

Chuck’s own cocks had swollen to partial erection, as had Todd’s. “Think you could tone down that vocal power, Blake? Your voice is making it very hard to concentrate.”

“Sorry,” he said shortly.

“You’ll learn to moderate it in time,” advised Michael, speaking from experience. “It’s like anything else about your new, improved body and its capabilities. It’ll obey your commands when you learn all their extents. Which, by the looks of things, are certainly extensive extents.” He smiled and cocked an eyebrow, glancing at Blake’s new twins.

Blake smiled back. “Giant prick thing,” he reminded them.

Carlos related, in detail, the mechanics normally involved with the final stages of the transformation that Blake had either not yet achieved or merely skipped over.

“Damn,” he said. “That sounds like fun.”

“It’s all fun, Blake. The real question is, did you inherit our powers and did you bring anything new to the mix?”

“Besides the...” he started, as his dicks danced between his legs like charmed serpents.

Michael spoke up. "Not that having independently controllable dicks is anything to sneeze at. And I think we all can attest he has my skin sensitivity."

"Fuck yeah, he does," agreed Chuck. "Touching that boy is like licking an exposed 10,000 watt electrical cable filled with sex."

"Nicely put," joked Todd.

"I have my moments."

"And was the scent us, or him?"

Blake considered Todd's question and knew the answer, suddenly realizing what the guy meant about simply knowing your body's abilities. Without answering directly, he allowed a slim whisper of his man scent into the room. Its potency was immediately obvious when all four men and their combined 8 dicks were overcome with ecstatic lust.

"Holy mother fucking..." breathed Chuck.

Todd was gasping for air, breaking out in a sweat of passionate need. "I think that answers... oh, Jesus Mary and Joseph pull that stuff back in, Blake. Oh, holy fucking..."

The young man laughed softly and retracted the scent. His control was absolute. "You really need to be careful with that," advised Michael. "Considering that the four men in front of you have the greatest protection against its effects, releasing so much without testing it was..."

"That was hardly any at all, Michael," answered Blake, truthfully. "But it certainly was interesting."

"Hardly any?"

Blake nodded. "A drop in the ocean."

"Whoa," said Carlos, uncharacteristically.

Chuck was grinning madly. "Can you fly, Blake? Please say yes, you motherfucking little prick teaser, you."

"Flatterer," he answered. Tentatively, he closed his eyes and tried to imagine what it would feel like to be flying. He expected he would simply lift up, free of gravity's pull, and he listed himself on tiptoe expecting to float up like a balloon.

Todd realized the problem and began to explain that there really weren't any laws of nature to be broken, that the floating and flying was an illusion of sorts. What was really happening was that they...

“You can see the air,” finished Blake. “You can use it to lift yourself, like a sort of reverse bench press.”

“Exactly.”

So Blake did it, and it was incredible. He dangled awkwardly at first, but was soon floating like a feather, diving like a stone, swooping through the pockets of air like a pro – if such a thing as a professional naked flyer existed.

“Oh man, I am so hot right now.”

“Steady, Chuck.”

“This is certainly interesting,” remarked Carlos. “He appears to have gained all our abilities without going through a final-stage transformation using his own emissions.”

“Emissions?” asked Blake, returning reluctantly to the ground again.

“The giant prick thing.”

“Oh.”

“So,” summed up Todd, “he’s got the smell, the touch, the flying, the muscle, the morph...”

“We seen the morph?” asked Chuck.

Blake morphed for him, but added a new twist to the game when he actually managed to morph smaller than his new 12-foot height as well, almost as an afterthought. “Like that?” He stood much shorter than the muscular giants, but would be a head taller than almost anyone he would be likely to meet in the real world, a 6-foot 6-inch model of male perfection, with a gymnast’s body and a midnight mane of straight, silky hair reaching to his gorgeous ass. His green eyes had become almost as dark as his hair, and a smooth shadow of whiskers highlighted the sculpted structure of his face. He smiled with his full lips as he looked down to watch one giant dick seemingly disappear, so that although he was still incredibly well developed and equally physically beautiful, he could more or less wander around the neighborhood back home without causing traffic accidents – or at least not major ones.

“You aren’t supposed to be able to do that,” added Michael, a touch of pride in his voice.

Blake returned to ‘normal,’ swelling before them in a matter of moments to regain his overtly powerful form. Watching his muscles swell so quickly was almost like watching a cartoon. “Do what?”

“We can control our muscles and skin, hair, eye color. We can’t control skeletal. We can’t get smaller.”

“Or taller,” added Todd. “Taller?” he asked Blake.

Who became taller, stretching another foot closer to the ceiling and another couple of feet wider.

“Taller,” smiled Chuck.

“So far, so good,” smiled Chuck, rubbing his hands together. “How do I get me some of what you’re selling, Blake?”

The young man smiled broadly, his face suddenly reflecting that underneath all that perfect power he was still just a teenager. “I’m ready when you are, Chucker.” His dicks seemed to reach out toward the other man.

Michael reached out and grabbed them gently, then suddenly pulled his hand back as if he’d been bitten. “What the hell,” he asked softly. He moved his hand out tentatively toward the surface of one of Blake’s amazing cocks, placing his fingertips on the tight, huge shaft. It seemed to turn to look at him, extending itself toward his touch.

Blake was smiling again as his control over these twin terrors continued to manifest. Michael’s gentle touch on him felt extremely great, even the lightest brushing of skin to skin sending spasms of pleasure through him. He asked, “What?” The combination of the surging sexual bliss delivered through Michael’s touch and his own growing sense of strength combined to push a maximum dose of his erotic vocal strength into the single word.

Michael seemed to tense as if hit with something in the pit of his stomach. He involuntarily gripped Blake fully, grabbing the snake cock in his hand, making Blake firm himself up and swell. “He’s...” began Michael.

“Isn’t he, though,” joked Chuck.

“Shut up. He’s?” asked Todd.

“He’s giving me...”

“What the hell is going on?”

Carlos went, “Whoa,” again as he realized the implications.

Todd asked, “Whoa? Whoa, what?”

“I have a theory about Blake’s lack of a... giant prick thing.” Chuck laughed that Carlos, of all of them, called the final transformation that. The doctor continued, watching the exchange intently, “I believe the reason Blake never manifested the usual huge erection was that, simply put, he didn’t need to.”

“And why is that?”

Carlos nodded at the two men, who had both now closed their eyes and seemed to be in a trance of some sort. “Because the transformation is now direct.”

“So... wait, you mean, so he’s... they’re...I’m... wait a second, how...?”

“It’s so good to have the old Chucker back,” said Todd, slapping his friend on the back.

“I think that what we’re witnessing is the next logical step in the process.”

Michael moved toward Blake, and the young man approached the other and their arms wound around each other. The men began to kiss and caress each other with growing intensity and passion. The others in the room could feel a heat coming off the pair, a growing fire swelling in power. Their hands roamed each other’s bodies. They kissed, they nuzzled, they embraced. As they did, it became apparent that Michael was growing. From behind, they could see his shoulders swell and widen. His legs were also growing thicker. His whole back was a topographical map of muscle, bulging in powerful masses everywhere.

“So Blake is giving Michael what he has?”

“Sharing it rather than giving it, if you want to be precise.” Carlos’s brow wrinkled as his began to process the scene going on in front of him. “The touch, for lack of a better name, is an extension of the natural sensual reaction of the caress of skin on skin, which humans find comforting...”

“And erotic if it’s done right,” added Chuck, needlessly.

“And in Michael that sense was heightened to an extent that there was, I suppose you could call it, feedback. The more sensitive the skin, for example at the erogenous zones, the more intense the feedback. It is as if his skin is proactively sensual, aggressively physical, almost reaching outside itself to give and receive pleasure.”

“Sounds good to me.”

“Evidently, we’ve passed on all our enhanced capabilities to Blake in whatever form and at the maximum strength that any one of us, alone, enjoys - and, as suspected, his unique genetic make-up has welcomed those enhancements and combined them, enhanced the enhancements, taken them to another level.”

“And so,” concluded Todd, “rather than passing on his enhancements by fluid means, the touch sense has combined the transference capability and he’s capable of improving another man’s genetic structure...”

“Merely by touching him.”

Chuck laughed. “I don’t know that you’d call what’s going on between those two horn dogs ‘merely touching,’ Carlos.”

Carlos smiled. “Well, clearly the transference is a pleasurable experience.” He quirked his head slightly as he watched Michael and Blake. “I wonder if such dramatic coupling is actually necessary, though.”

“Is that jealousy I hear, Doctor?”

Carlos looked taken aback. “Not at all. I know Michael loves me.” He smiled to himself. “I was merely wondering at the possibilities inherent in this turn of events.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning that assuming that this capability is the same as the others, Blake – and whomever he chooses to share it with – should be able to control the extent of the transference. He might be able to shake someone’s hand and pass it along, transmitting the full brunt of his power through that gesture. He could kiss a man and make him swell with muscle in a matter of moments.”

“Would it also mean that he could maybe do this without touching someone?”

“I don’t follow, Todd.”

He turned to look at the doctor, pulling his gaze from where Michael was quickly approaching Blake’s dimensions and power. “The male scent. I mean, if the DNA changes could be manifested through his skin, couldn’t they also find their way into whatever the scent release is?”

“That would be... radical.” Chuck’s eyes went wide.

“So, conceivably, Blake here could be walking along the street and look at a guy who turns him on, or for that matter any guy whether he turned him on or not, and launch a little scent missile his way, encapsulating his transforming faculty in it and then stand back and watch the guy start splitting his seams, swelling larger and larger, becoming a wet dream walking right then and there.”

“Conceivably. But we aren’t sure that it will work for us. Remember that Michael already possessed the Touch. Perhaps it is necessary for both men to be...”

“Or,” said Chuck excitedly, “he could saunter into a bar, sit quietly in the corner, start pumping out the sex stink and sit back while the guys started exploding out of their clothes, growing twin monster, sweating their own sex stink until the whole place was one, big, sweaty orgy of muscle-packed beauties all growing bigger and more powerful as they fucked and sucked each other to ultimate ecstasy.”

“Conceivably,” repeated Carlos. “Although that sound more like something you would enjoy.”

“You bet your fine, perfect ass.”

“But first,” said a voice swollen with sexual power, “it’s your turn.” Blake lifted his finger and beckoned Chuck to him. Michael was already walking toward Carlos. Todd looked a little disappointed until Chuck grabbed him and they both got wrapped up in Blake’s huge embrace.



# 6

The transformation had become something beyond sexual pleasure in its transference from fluid to sensual. Michael was finding this out as he and Blake completed the transformation. His senses were so overpowered by the action that he was oblivious to the conversation going on behind him. He was oblivious to everything except the man in his arms, within whose arms he was moving toward the next step in his evolution.

Their exchange couldn't be called sex in the usual sense, but at the same time it was greater than sex, more full and intense and satisfying. It was not a build up to orgasm, or even the thrumming bliss he could feel previously that was like cumming without cumming. What Blake was sharing with him, and what he shared back in equal measure, was a pleasure so deep and profound that cumming almost seemed like common giddiness.

He could feel this everywhere, inside and out. It was almost unbearable at first, but as he was transformed to Blake's level of masculine power, the quicksilver rush of ultimate perfect bliss filled him up rather than overpowered him.

And it felt better than sex.

And if this simple caressing and touching and kissing, his super sensitized skin pressing against Blake's, both men giving and receiving equal amounts of the aggressive sensuality that coated their flesh, what would sex feel like?

He could feel himself growing ever stronger in this man's arms. It was a slow, luxurious process that came at him in waves. He felt as if he was swallowing the power, that his muscles were being pumped full with it, full beyond capacity, so invigorated and powerful that he would explode in an incandescent ball of light.

When Blake released him and they looked into each other's eyes, of equal height now and of equal muscular power, he could see his sense of fulfillment mirrored in the young man's beautiful smile. "Thank you," he said simply.

Blake nodded once and said, "My pleasure."

Michael kissed Carlos with a gentle passion, cupping his partner's chin in his hands tenderly and brushing his lips against the other man's, leaving very soft kisses on his lips that gradually became more earnest, more wanting, more passionate. Carlos could feel himself being filled up with new power, his muscles recharged, renewed, growing thick with swelling brawn and capability.

Blake's hand moved down to grab Chuck's ass hard, sending a shock of masculine power into the other man like an electrical current. It was a hard, fast, sudden thrust of his power directly at Chuck's groin, Blake's fingers digging into the dark man's sweet, tight ass to deliver the charge where it would be felt most dramatically.

To Todd, he turned his face to the man and kissed his neck, licked his ear, brought their mouths together in a sudden, lustful kiss of tongues and lips, wet and hot and unrestrained. His hand rested against Todd's massive chest, feeding it even more size and strength. Blake could feel the other man expanding under his touch, and felt himself getting hard from the feeling.

Carlos wrapped his arms around Michael, feeling himself growing into the other man's larger embrace in moments. Their bodies were pressed tightly together, muscle to muscle, skin to skin, reflecting each other's love in as direct a method as possible, sharing everything and growing stronger physically in the process, expanding with force and capability together.

Chuck gasped, his eyes wide. He inflated with brawn, his muscles exploding with huge new growth as his legs lengthened, his chest broadened, his ass rising and rounding. Blake shoved everything at the man in that single, sudden touch and then Chuck was absorbing the surge of it, feeling himself growing everywhere, his dicks hard and huge and hungry.

Todd's progress continued, Blake trying a different method of delivery on the golden god. He passed his hands over Todd's body, infusing his muscles as he did so, allowing them to grow and swell under his hand. Todd moaned in ecstatic bliss, his body experiencing a mounting orgasm of growth delivered in almost torturous slowness, as if he were being stroked to exploding but not allowed to come. He could feel Blake's touch like a tongue or a kiss, a caress of adoring attention all over his body.

"Damn," growled Chuck, moving his hands across his improved expanse. He brushed his index finger across one nipple, his heightened senses delivering an intense tremor of sexual delight that shocked through his system like an orgasm. He lifted his arm, his latissimus flaring wide and huge, and sniffed at the sweat dripping there, his head filled with a sudden masculine tang of sex. He ran his hands down his body, across the new, augmented contours, the smooth hard muscle, the slick, beautiful skin, digging through his shining masses of fur.

His body was covered with a fine, soft forest of dark hair, each follicle reacting to his touch like an extension of his hyper-sensitive cocks, tingling with silver clean currents of blissful sexual tension. Some of the hairs were so fine that they could not even be seen, but the sense of pleasure they delivered was as full and deep and pure as the stiffer, thicker midnight forest of curls that covered his immense chest, or the trails of dark pleasure growing from the deep valleys between each cobbled abdominal, or the black line of fur running straight and true from his navel to his groin where it spread and thickened to a shining mass, catching the light with blue-silver gleams like cut glass, its

density broken only by the heavy, thick roots of the twin dangling burdens that hung luscious and wanted between his gigantic, muscled thighs.

He reached down to his twin pricks and moved his touch along them, one hand along each meaty shaft, his breath coming in short, shallow bursts from the sudden and overwhelming intensity of pleasure they delivered. It was a profoundly satisfying feeling, delivered as full and heavy as his pair of monsters felt in his hands.

He allowed himself to get hard, feeling the newly born muscle inside each cock flex and bulge in perfect answer to his desires. His hands slid along their silken surfaces without the usual flood of clear honey, the skin itself now somehow slippery of itself without any slick fluid to lube the path. Experimenting, he found he could still produce the slick, sweet precum with as much abundance as he wished, sending a gushing flood out of his left cock while his right squirmed with unbounded bliss against his grip, the skin dry but welcoming his manipulations with ease and hunger.

“Damn,” he growled again. He arched each dick and made the heads grow fat and glossy. He extended the tools farther and farther, each growing in harmony to the other. They were hard as steel to his touch, but pliable like hoses. He started to imagine the trouble he could cause with just one of these babies climbing its way up the fresh, unsuspecting ass of one of his daily conquests outside. If they thought their prostrate knew what pleasure was before, what would they think when he was tickling them with these?

“Damn.” His soft utterance shook with potency. He looked over at the others.

Michael moved his mouth down Carlos’s changing body. His hands kept delivering more and more strength and power, acting like conduits of what Blake had given to him.

To Carlos, it felt as though wherever Michael touched, he was achieving orgasm. His dick wasn’t coming, but his arm was. His leg was. His belly, his shoulder, his chest, his ass. He could feel that same shining rush of bliss that his cocks delivered when he’d cum buckets, but he was feeling it everywhere all over, and it was meeting somewhere down deep inside him and building to something so intense that he was almost afraid of it.

Michael loved Carlos, and his caresses reflected his intense emotions, delivering to this man all that he had, sharing himself in the fullest sense possible, until he and Carlos were lifted into the air above the floor and began to explore each other’s newly grown and enhanced bodies free of any chains or limitations.

They made love, deep and passionate, achieving their ultimate male perfection together, entwined in each other, floating free above the ground.

Todd was overcome. Overwhelmed. Delivered to someplace new and beautiful under Blake's careful ministrations. If his mind could function on any level other than pleasure, he'd marvel at the young man's talented hands and what they could do all by themselves.

But Blake was also currently sucking on one of Todd's mammoth cocks, feeling it change from the usual huge, stiff tool into one like Blake's, a prick with cruise control and power steering built in. The muscle that was already there changed somehow, became not just reactive to blood flow, but empowered with flex and stretch, able to bend and bulge and react to its owner's demands.

Todd began to feel the change in his head, feeling a dawning awareness that one dick was becoming subtly different from the other. He could feel the muscle down there as more than the usual firm heaviness pulsing along with his heart, getting fatter and hotter and harder. Now it was doing all that, but it was not merely some erection of tissue but an extension of his muscled power. It was like learning that the thing between his legs did more than empty his bladder when it was full. It was like discovering that it had new, incredibly gratifying uses as well. He could remember the first time he felt that tingling rush when he was climbing a pole during gym. He remembered waking up after a great dream and finding he'd wet himself, or something. He remembered touching his stiffening cock under the sheets one night, rubbing under its much larger helmet in the darkness, feeling its heat against his hand. He made a circle with his fingers and stroked his woody until he creamed all over his hand, his youthful muscles shoving the load onto his hairless belly. He remembered standing in the shower and repeating the action, watching in fascination as his small, flaccid dick swelled and rose. It pulsed dully with each heartbeat, the hot water splashing on his back as he bent watching himself change. Then he soaped it up and stroked it, and it got harder and harder. He closed his eyes against the pleasure of it, prying them open to watch himself cum, squirting out some weird white junk that was thick and sticky and hot. He tentatively brought his hand to his mouth, curiosity getting the better of him, and touched his tongue to what he made, tasting the chalky saltiness of himself.

Now he was feeling something new all over again. It was different from when he'd grown a second cock. It was huge, all right, and amazing. But it acted just like the first one, which he thought was quite all right. Great, even. Fabulous. Now he had two conduits of pleasure at his disposal, one for each hand, or one to stroke and one to suck.

But what was going on downstairs was like someone was turning on a light in his head. New perceptions opened up. He could move his cock. He could adjust it, flex it, make it bulge with strength and hardness. It was no longer a mere appendage at the whim of his pleasure, only either hard or soft.

It was more, much more than that. He started to stretch himself down Blake's throat, he could feel the young man's tongue against himself, he could curl himself, undulate, bend and swell. He had control, and it made his other dick feel positively lifeless in comparison.

And Blake could feel Todd's control manifest, and he swallowed his new friend fully, hungrily accepting the muscled snake that crawled into him. He reached toward Todd's other prick, hot against his cheek, and ran his tongue along the shaft, sharing the power he held in his hand with the huge, pulsing monster until it, too, began to change under his care.

Todd's awareness expanded and he sighed a deep, contented sigh of pleasure and release. He had been changed.

Then Chuck's dicks were at his ass, begging admittance.

# 7

“What do you think’s happening?”

David’s massive shoulders shrugged as he looked up at Steve’s hirsute form, the other man’s taller frame darkened with a deep forest of curls that accentuated his muscular bulges. “Dunno, but it sure is taking long.”

The two men stood outside the main building in an open quad. The sun beat down on their naked flesh like a bath of hot water, warming but not able to burn. David scrubbed at the back his burred scalp, his head furred with a flat-topped sculpture of bright blonde hair, shorter in back and leaning forward like a wedge. He wore his hair very short recently, feeling that the usual wealth of full, silky locks that each member of The Team normally wore detracted from the overwhelming size and evident strength of his body.

His muscles were huge, even for a Team member, swelling with round hardness and webbed with thick veins everywhere. He had no hair anywhere on his massively powerful form, save for a perfect triangle of pubes spread like an arrow above his equally powerful looking prick. It looked like a muscle itself, a fleshy tube branched with veins like his body, as if he could pump this appendage as hard and full as the rest of his body. At the moment, he was relaxed, but even so he looked flexed and swollen with brawn.

Steven’s dark eyes pinched as he considered what he knew about the young man inside that building. He was the tallest of the Team, just as he had always towered over most other men. David’s mass of muscle seemed to answer a wish the other man had, his transformation turning him from an athletic runner into a behemoth of power. It was as if the transforming fluid responded to his desire to be bigger than anyone, as massively muscled as his form would allow. Just like the missing Sam had managed to funnel almost all his transformation toward the huge cock that swung between his legs.

Steven just became more Steven. A shy man before, he’d certainly gained self confidence in his change, but he remained a quiet giant, choosing his words with care and reserving comment when none was necessary. Chuck called him Silent Steve, or just Silence, and he kind of took it as a compliment, particularly since Chuck never seemed to shut up.

He scratched an itch between the hairy globes of his chest. His body hair was a silken mass, full and curling, covering him to varying degrees everywhere but growing most thickly in the crevasses between his muscular wedges, like weeds growing in cracks on the sidewalk. It made his muscles look larger, and gave him an extremely masculine appearance that turned the heads of more than a few of the other men at IGE. His long legs were covered with more black fur all the way down to his huge feet. The globes of his ass folded outward from a deep shadow of hair. Unlike David, he chose to keep his long mane of black hair rather than alter it, as he could. He kept it tied back, a long horse’s tail of midnight that hung to his ass. “Do you think it worked?”

David shrugged again. It had been decided between them all that he would be transformed by the original three and Michael. The reason for Michael's inclusion was obvious. Todd, Chuck and Carlos were there because they'd been transformed more than anyone else, receiving dose after dose of whatever this formula did to a man, so that the likelihood that Blake would bring out some new capabilities – or at least manifest all those they shared between themselves to varying degrees – would be increased.

Neither David nor Steven, for example, had extra cocks hidden anywhere. They each could morph their forms if they wished, and even fly above the Earth, so the missing appendage wasn't too disappointing. Sam couldn't float in the air's arms, held aloft and swimming through warm breezes like a cloud. He just couldn't. He tried again and again.

Steven smiled and raised his arm to wave a welcome toward Jeremy and Jeff, the chocolate-skinned man and his Native American lover who never seemed to be too far apart. Jeremy's bald head shone like dark chrome, his hand in Jeff's as they walked to where David and Steven stood in the center of the quad, waiting for the building's doors to open to allow another fully Transformed man into the world.

"They're not still in there," Jeremy said incredulously, placing his free hand on David's massive shoulder, dark skin on light. "If they're in there fucking each other blind, I'm going to lodge a complaint with management." Jeff laughed and rubbed Jeremy's smooth ass. Then he slapped it. Hard. "Ow! Hey!"

Jeff kissed his partner. "You wanna be fucked blind? All you have to do is ask."

David also kissed Jeremy's lips, sliding his tongue into his mouth. "Haven't seen you in a couple of days, Jeremy. I've missed you."

The black man kissed him back, passionately. "You missed my dick, you mean." He reached over and grabbed a nipple, twisting it playfully.

David huffed out a laugh. "You ain't just a dick man. I missed all of you, all over me."

He looked at Jeff, reaching his hand up to caress the man's dimpled cheek. "Been busy."

David nodded. "I know. Keeping Jeff all to yourself. I know you guys are in love, but you shouldn't forget to share. There's a lot of you to go around."

Steven kept a silent smile on his face as he watched the exchange. They all knew how deeply Jeff loved Jeremy and vice versa. They all knew, just as well, how much each man enjoyed the attentions of every other member of The Team. The transformation heightened everything about the male animal, including his sex drive. And a libido driven into overdrive surrounded by so much outrageous and readily available masculine beauty

was insatiable. Even though they all enjoyed the newcomers, there was something more satisfying and enjoyable doing it with each other.

“What are you smiling about, you big ape?”

It was Steven’s turn to shrug. “Stuff,” he said.

David’s arms reached around him and squeezed, his huge muscles like bulging iron bands around Steven’s body. David turned out to be the most playful of the guys who originally came here, somehow managing to treat all the impossible occurrences that had happened as if they were the most natural things in the world. Flying? Fuck yeah, I fly. Don’t you? His eyes twinkled with mischief and mirth and he was always ready with a smile. “Stuff, huh?” His voice was deep and full, coming deep from within his barrel chest and reverberating against Steven’s rippled form. “Sexy stuff?” He rubbed his heavy prick against Stevens, his bulging hairless body comforted by Steven’s masses of soft fur.

Steven laughed gently, raising an eyebrow. His arms wrapped around David’s wide, round shoulders and he sighed happily. “With you around, what else would be on my mind?”

“Careful, studly. You’ll give me a swelled...” he shoved his pelvis forward, allowing himself to bulge and grow obscenely, “...head.”

“I’d love to give you head, David,” he answered with a straight face, “but the doors appear to be opening.”

“Fuck.”

“Later, David. Later.”

Todd stepped out into the sunlight, looking exactly the same. He shaded his eyes and looked at the four of them, a smile on his face. From where they stood, with nothing and no one to compare him to, he looked relatively the same. Unchanged.

Untransformed.

“Well, shit,” said Jeff, summing it up for all of them.

“You’re disappointed that all we get is this,” said David, swelling his bicep to enormity in front of Jeff’s face, “and this,” he added, moving his hand down to his giant cock, wagging it lustily, “not to mention that, ahem, you guys have two of these beauties. And then there’s the flying thing, let’s not forget. Flying. Pretty cool,” he concluded, wiggling his eyebrows.



Jeff had to smile. "I know. I know. It's just that, I mean, I kind of start expecting, well, more and I keep not getting it."

David's brow lowered. "Okay, again, we get the muscle, right?" He started flexing his frame to enormity, the veins growing thick, branching out along his muscles, feeding them to larger and larger size, planting his hands at his waist and flaring his lats like wings that unfolded so wide they cast a shadow that swallowed them all up. "And lots of it. Tons." His legs exploded. "Huge, bulging, massive, hard, flexing power, like, everywhere." Then he relaxed his muscles and looked relatively smaller. "The huge dick, er, dicks. The morphing thing." He made his already massively muscled chest swell even larger, adding a little spice to the display by making his nipples extend and dangle, the usual small nubs now huge and ready for sucking.

"That's cool," observed Steven.

"Thank you, Steven, I've been practicing." His chest 'shrunk' to normal as he continued. "The flying thing. And need I mention the walking, fucking sex farm where we live? Look left, oh damn, a gorgeous man with a gorgeous body ready, willing and more than amply able to please. Look right, bedamn damn, another gorgeous hunk, another gorgeous face, another gorgeous cock to suck. Look down, holy fuck, there's some gorgeous, and I mean capital G Gorgeous, man sucking my cock like a Hoover powervac, his tongue managing to do things only the angels can surpass for feeling oh my god fucking damn good." He sighed dramatically. "Man, this like just blows."

"Literally," added Steven. He had that smile on his face again. He liked David more and more.

By then Todd was next to them, and it was suddenly clear that he had changed. It was not in his appearance, but they could all feel something, a sense of something familiar. Something they recognized as what Michael possessed when he turned on the juice.

"Hello, boys," he said, thrusting as much sexual energy into his words as he could manage. The words struck the four at full force, causing Jeff and Jeremy to release their secondary cocks involuntarily, and David and Steven to gasp at the strength of the lust they experienced, feeling immediately horny and overwhelmed with desire for Todd.

"Holy shit!" Jeremy was the only one who managed to speak. "Issue a warning before you do that, Todd. I nearly creamed all over you!"

The blonde god smiled. "I just wanted to get your attention. You might want to tuck those babies up before someone sees them," he said, running his hands the length of each added dick dangling with sudden anxious hunger from the two men gifted with them. He held back from transforming them then and there, though he knew he could have done so in a moment with that simple gesture.

David had managed to calm himself, but his deep voice sounded excited. "It worked?"

“I thought you were satisfied with ‘the muscles and the dicks and flying,’ David,” mimicked Jeff, testily.

“Oh, fuck that. I want it all.”

“Then I suggest,” said Todd, setting his hand against David’s skin and sending a pulse of the Touch into him, showering his body with sensual bliss, “you follow me.”

Blake stood at the center of the room. As the four Team members entered the room, he stood ten feet high, or two feet shorter than his actual transformed height. He told Michael he just felt more comfortable at this height, even though it was hugely out of proportion with anyone he ever heard of in his old life. It was weird for him to think he considered 10 feet okay, but twelve feet was just too big.

He never thought anything would be too big. And the feeling of growing that huge was almost better than sex. Well, fuck that, it was sex. But once he was hauling his one-ton frame of perfected power around, he started feeling weird. After all, just a week ago he was a fairly well built, but still only 6-foot high 19-year-old on his way to college. Not an hour ago, he was taller than seven feet, had been steadily fucking and being fucked by a wide assortment of the most beautiful men on the planet for a week or more and was just getting used to that when all this happened.

All this being just so far out there on the edge of reality that being twelve feet tall was just one step over that edge, and it was a step he could control.

And that thought gave him a rush. He could control that. He could control everything.

“Hey, Blake!” David seemed genuinely excited. His face glowed when he smiled and he approached the young man without preamble or pause, as if they’d been the best of friends all their lives. Blake remembered that David had acted that way when they first met. He was just, for no apparent reason, a really nice guy. David surrounded Blake’s huge new body in an all-encompassing bear hug, squeezing his own mammoth muscular body against Blake’s newly enhanced model. Blake found himself feeling really great in the man’s genuine affection and hugged him back as David said, “Welcome to the Team!”

“Thanks, David. It feels... weird.”

David laughed. “I’d love to tell you it gets less weird, but so far it only seems to get weirder. You’ve met Steven? And Jeff and Jeremy?”

“We fucked you under the oleander.” Blake couldn’t tell if Jeff was joking until Jeremy slapped him playfully on the back of the head. “Oh! Oh, yeah, and out by the lake, on the path by the docks, behind this building... twice.”

“Shut up, you oaf. I apologize for my other half, Blake. He only gets worse as you get to know him.”

“You forgot about the four-way by the pool with Chucker,” advised Blake.

“The Fucker! Ah, now he truly is in the Team.” Jeremy and Jeff also embraced Blake with equally warm hugs. Jeff kissed his face gently as he rubbed his ass, making him rise on tiptoe from the unexpectedness of the action. “Whoops! Sorry, couldn’t resist.”

Steven stood back, that grin on his face, and Blake understood that this was as warm as Steven got – until he got good and warmed up, that is. ‘It’s always the quiet ones,’ he thought, returning the big, hairy brute’s smile.

“Where’s Sam?” asked Michael.

“I imagine the Cock Toy is out getting his dick sucked,” answered Chuck. He was leaning against the wall with his arms folded across his broad chest, a sly and knowing grin on his face. “Lord knows I would be.” He scratched himself, sending his twin monsters bobbing.

Jeremy sighed with contentment as he allowed his own twin dick free, followed shortly by the appearance of Jeff’s extra appendage. “I forget how good it feels to let them both out.”

“You ain’t felt nothing yet,” advised Chuck.

David turned, his excitement palpable. “It happened?” He looked at Blake, “You did it?”

Blake shrugged. “Something happened. I think we all did it, from what I understand.” His brow furrowed. “Do you mind if I ask a question, before we get down to the nitty gritty, so to speak.”

Todd walked over and laid his arm across Blake’s shoulders. “No secrets anymore. What’s on your mind?”

“Everyone, every man I’ve seen here, well, they all look the same age as me. I think Leo was about 45, and now he looks not a day past 21. And I was wondering if...”

“We call Carlos Grandpa, sometimes,” smiled Todd. “Though not very often. He’s the oldest of the Team at 55 years old. I’m 24, Chuck’s 26.” He looked at Jeff and Jeremy, who said, “27” and “25,” then David said, “I’m 20, and Steve’s 25.”

Michael spoke last. “I’ll be 23 next month. And I think Sam is 18? Right, David?” He nodded. “So you can see that, given the observable physical changes to Carlos, we

believe that how we look now is how we'll probably remain for at least a couple of decades. I mean, look at him and tell me he's nearly three times your age."

"How old are you, Blake?" It was Steven who asked.

"19. Just. Last week, actually." He laughed slightly to himself. "When I got the box from you guys, I thought it was cookies from my Aunt in Florida." He looked down at his muscular form, the huge hemispheres of his chest, the round solid beauty of his arms. "I think I'm enjoying this a great deal more."

David was so anxious he looked like he was about to burst. Of course, with his overwhelmingly muscled body, he looked a lot like that anyway. "So? So? What's the big surprise? You guys were fucking around in here for about an hour!"

"You were watching?" Todd raised an eyebrow.

"I could guess. I mean, look at Blake! Shit, he was one hot little fuckass before, but now he almost makes Michael look ugly."

"Hey!"

"I said almost."

Blake had to laugh. It was the first time he'd seen any sort of reaction from Michael close to honestly human he'd seen. He expected the guy to speak in some elegant accent and stand there frozen, looking like a statue to male perfection made flesh. He just didn't expect that the guy was only a couple years older than him. Chuck seemed to recognize that reaction, because he said, "Weird ain't it, when he acts almost human."

"I can't help it if I'm stoic."

"Mount Rushmore is stoic, Mike. You're frozen solid."

"I beg to differ," defended Carlos.

Chuck rolled his eyes and jerked a thumb at Carlos, saying, "This from the walking Popsicle."

"We can't all be the epitome of beer fashion and fart humor, Chucker. Some of us have to have style, instead."

"Fuck me."

"Now? Or later?"

“Hello? Gentlemen? If I may?” David walked over to Blake and pointed at his twin cocks. “All I wanna know is, when do I get two of these?”

Blake grinned. “You can borrow mine anytime you want to, beautiful.”

“I’m serious.”

“I’m not?” Blake directed one of his dicks to reach up and rub against David’s hand.

“Shee it! What the hell?” David had drawn his hand away as if Blake’s dick were on fire. Then he looked more closely, looked up at Blake’s smiling face, then back down to one of the man’s dicks poised in midair before its brother raised itself, wound around it like a snake and started jerking Blake’s other cock off. “Now, that... I’ve gotta have.” He was grinning madly. “And does it...?”

Blake was already smiling. “Yes, it feels fucking great.” He looked over. “Don’t it Chuck?”

The bronze-skinned man gestured down to his own double dicks also performing the self-jacking trick. “My idea,” he said proudly.

“I never would have guessed,” Steven said, dryly. But he, too, was smiling.

“Okaaaay, and what else has my new best buddy brought to the party?” David was watching Blake’s dicks intently, biting his bottom lip.

“Mainly,” began Carlos, “it’s what he’s taken away.”

Jeff leaned his dark brown bod back against Jeremy’s, using his lover as a wall that he seemed well equipped to mimic. “Explain, please?” He was also watching Blake’s cock tricks.

“As our young friend has so ably demonstrated, the most obvious new talent is that we seem to have, for lack of a better term, prehensile penises.”

Todd laughed gently. “Chuck and I prefer the term Magic Cocks, frankly.”

“Prehensile, meaning...”

“Prehensile meaning, literally, adapted for gripping or seizing, primarily by wrapping around.”

“But it’s so much more than that,” added Todd, walking toward David. “Your dicks become an extension of you. You can control them. Do anything with them. They’ve

become muscular, powerful, amazing.” He demonstrated by standing next to David, his hands at his sides, and as one of his dicks wrapped itself around the huge man’s formidable single prick, sliding its slick, slippery skin along his length, the other crawled over David’s hip and nestled its way between his ass cheeks, firming itself, swelling and lengthening, reaching around and between and down until the tip kissed David’s rosy hole, swirling and twisting against the entry to pleasure like a thick, fleshy drill bit. “Good, huh?”

“Jesus.”

Todd watched David reach a level of ecstasy. “He likes it.” He leaned forward, brushing his lips against David’s ear as he whispered, “And it feels even better from here.”

“Oh, Jesus.”

“The dick thing’s good,” admitted Jeremy, moving his arms around Jeff. “But I’m a little surprised he didn’t get bigger.”

“Bigger than what?”

Jeff nodded his head toward the tower of furry muscle that was Steven. “Our pal Steve had only us to help him along, and the guy’s a tower.”

“He started out that way, remember,” mentioned David, as if to defend Blake. Then he noticed that Todd and Michael and Chuck were smiling a little broader than they had been. Even the taciturn Carlos was twisting his lips up. “What?” Todd laughed slightly. “What? What?” David turned to Blake, tilting his head and folding his hugely muscled arms over his bulging, striated chest. “What?”

Blake’s perfect features lit into a smile as well. He shrugged, mugging slightly, and then dropped his arms to his side as they seemed to start swelling like muscled balloons. The wedges of power on his thighs began to lengthen, bulge, split and grow. His chest expanded out farther, wider, bigger. His shoulders were thickening, growing fatter with sudden brawn. The split between the squared, smooth muscles of his pecs deepened as he grew. His whole body was growing taller, wider, more powerful by the moment.

“Whoa,” said David quietly, as he began to feel his heavy prick pulse with desire at the display of sudden, steady development. Blake’s body was growing, his muscular power increasing by the second, already a foot taller than he’d been when David walked in to embrace him. His muscles were swelling with obvious and intense power, his bronze skin stretching thinner to hold his immense might in. All the while, Blake maintained the same small, secretive smile on his face, even as his features further refined themselves to a display of male beauty and power too incredible to believe, except that there he was, naked and powerful, swelling even larger before them all.

For Blake, moving back into his “natural” state was like slipping into a favorite pair of shoes or slipping his most comfortable T-shirt over his head. He had felt perfectly comfortable as he had been in his 10-foot frame, but now that his muscles were swelling to more accurately display their power, as his body lengthened and widened and grew thicker with power, he began to feel somehow more restful, more contented, as if everything was starting to fall into place. He could feel the growth as it was happening again, it felt so fucking incredible. The power in his body. The swelling, heavy growth everywhere. His dicks grew fat and huge, perfect and enormous representations of male power.

Jeff leaned toward Todd, whispering, “Jesus, how big does he get?” Todd simply winked back, then watched as Blake reached his ultimate height, his body so immense and saturated with masculinity that it was like a palpable presence in the room. Jeff watched as Blake finally moved without growing, sensing he’d reached his new body’s customary size, and drew a breath as a realization struck him. Jeremy smiled, thinking his lover was reacting to the swell of Blake’s huge bicep as the young man raised his arm to brush back his cascade of shining hair, but when Jeff said, “He was smaller!” Jeremy realized what that meant as well.

“The morphing’s changed!”

Todd was nodding and said, “And it just keeps getting better.”

Jeremy’s eyes were locked on Blake’s incredible form, it’s huge bulging muscle and beautiful perfection and symmetry, the incredibly wide taper of his torso, the thickness of his lats, the tight rippled brawn of his 10-pack. Blake was showing off his form now, turning in profile to display the awesome overhang of his heavy pectorals, the incredible thickness of his shoulders, then all the way around and a gasp went up from David as he witnessed the overwhelming muscularity of Blake’s back, while all Chuck could see was Blake’s high, tight, round ass cheeks, so smooth and beautiful and ready to be kissed and split wide. Jeff asked, “So, what’s with the secrecy? Why not just be yourself when we walked in.”

Unbelievably, Blake’s face colored and he shrugged. “Dunno,” he said softly, but a ripple of intense sexuality wound around the word.

Todd said, “Our boy here is shy, if you can believe that.”

Jeff said, “God damn, he’s cute.”

Jeremy spoke up. “But you said, ‘what he’s taken away’?” He walked over to the now taller specimen of male perfection and placed his hand on Blake’s chest. A surging wave of sensuality pressed itself through his hand, down his arm, toward his dick. He sucked in a quick, shallow breath and said, “this doesn’t seem like less to me.”

Blake's small, secretive smile crept back across his face. He looked at Michael, who said, "Go ahead, Blake. Let him have it."

So he did.



# 8

Blake unleashed himself on Jeremy, placing his hand over the other man's as it rested against his flesh and releasing the flood of new power into Jeremy.

To the chocolate-skinned man, it felt like someone was pouring pure sex over his body. Pleasure overwhelmed his senses and strength flooded his muscles, his form suddenly pulsing with carnal and primal power. Blake allowed his power to inundate Jeremy, submerging the man in a torrent of such might and masculine intensity that there was almost a feedback from him, because his system was unprepared for what it was receiving.

Blake gasped, and released Jeremy's hand as the dark man stumbled back, his head lolling forward even as his body began to swallow the strength inside, the new energy rushing through his every fiber and cell. His chest began to bulge and swell, thick fingers of muscle crawling across its expanse and growing into thick cords that would split and multiply. His shoulders suddenly swelled huge, banded with striations of new brawn.

Jeff took a step toward his lover, but then Todd's hand restrained him and as the blonde man began swelling into his new form as well, he passed on the power through his touch. Jeff could feel the silver clean strength enter him from Todd's touch and he stopped, overcome.

"You mean, all of you got bigger?"

"Of course, David," answered Carlos matter of factly. Then he, too, began to swell with thick muscular power, his golden eyes sparkling as he quickly grew past eleven feet high, his shoulders and chest bulging, his legs lengthening and growing fatter with fresh, hard brawn. "It was Chuck's idea, actually." He turned his head to glance at the man, unintentionally displaying the thick cords of power swelling along the line of his long neck. Chuck was still leaning casually against the wall, his two dicks twisting around each other sinuously.

Then he grinned. "Hell, boys," he said, straightening and walking slowly toward where David and Steven stood staring, "what's life without a few surprises now and then?" As he sauntered across the floor, his hips swaying with evident sensuality and his smile evidencing the pleasure he was no doubt feeling at their stares, he allowed himself slowly to expand into his own new form. The effect was startlingly erotic, watching his muscles move and grow, his whole body developing as he walked toward them. David swallowed hard, feeling himself swelling with lust and need as the swarthy man approached. His chest grew wider, stretching as his arms swung in his slow walking strut. His biceps blossomed with fresh strength, the muscle fibers swelling and multiplying. His entire form was growing taller, his rippled belly grew another pair of muscles fitting snugly in

his taller torso. Chuck's lats flared wider and wider. The dark fur on his chest darkened as it spread. His squared jaw also darkened with a sudden shadow of a growth of beard that gave him a heavily masculine look. He was incredibly beautiful, and he was releasing a thin whisper of male scent in front of him.

His arms were huge and thick, and he reached forward toward David and Steven, placing his hands on their shoulders. He towered over them, now, a heavenly mass of muscle and strength. "Ready or not," he said softly, then he pushed all his male sensuality into his voice as he said, deeply, "here I come."

One thing about always being naked (and pretty much always being fucked) was that you never knew what time it was other than "it's daytime," or "it's nighttime." Sam didn't know whether he was early or late as he stood outside the complex, waiting patiently for someone to tell him what was going on. He'd never been very good about these sorts of things.

He looked over to wave back at Reggie and Justin, IGE's self-proclaimed Greeting Squad, as they walked across the hot gravel toward where he stood. Standing equally tall, Reggie had pale skin that glowed in the sun like porcelain, his flame red hair speckled with silver. Justin was an olive-skinned beauty with an amazingly tapered torso, made all the more remarkable by the clean distinctiveness of his abdominal muscles. His 6-pack was like a carton of eggs. "Hey, Tripod!" he called, his deep voice like thunder.

Sam smiled and hefted his huge member into his grip, wagging it at the man. "Hey, Justin. Hey, Reg. How they hangin'?"

Reg propped an eyebrow on his forehead and quirked a grin, then he looked down and grabbed his wealth of equipment, rubbing his thumb across the wide helmet of his ample cock. "Good, good. Yourself?"

Sam, who still had one hand wrapped halfway around the girth of his immensity, smiled and moved his other hand onto his pride and joy, the gift the transformation had bestowed on him. His own body was greatly improved over what he had before meeting Chuck, Todd and the others, but it wasn't as muscular as theirs. Instead, he'd concentrated the transforming fluid almost exclusively on his cock, pushing it's already impressive dimensions for any normal guy well into the realm of the unbelievable.

Sam's cock was huge. Massive. Mammoth. A tool so big and thick that he'd earned a nickname that wasn't far from the truth. "Fantastic. Thanks for asking." He dropped his cock and it slapped heavily against his thigh.

The two men gazed toward the closed doors. "The new kid?" asked Reggie. "Blake?" said Justin, his dark gaze twinkling. "Now that is one fine specimen of manhood." Reggie nodded agreement. "I was thinking he'd already received the full treatment when he

stepped onto the docks.” He turned toward Sam. “Any idea why the long wait, Team member, sir?”

Sam laughed. “Shut the fuck up, Reg. You know I hate that Team shit.”

“Sorry.” He was smiling broadly. “Just showing the proper respect.”

Sam had always objected to the fact that he couldn’t tell any of the new guys about the fact that they’d been short-changed in some areas of the transformation. He tried to tell himself that it wasn’t because he was the only member of the Team without the ability to lift into the air and float free into the wide, blue sky. No, he wasn’t resentful, not really.

But what good was having a huge prick if the other guys could just morph theirs into a model that made him look puny? He loved the looks that the “regular” guys gave him as he walked around the place, his big swinging dick big and swinging. When he got hard, it was a site to behold, the vein-covered beast swollen and engorged, pulsing heavily and hungrily between his legs. He was very popular.

And now they thought that Blake would give them all something more, something else.

What if it didn’t work on him, again? What is he was left behind?

Maybe it was better not knowing, after all.

“Something on your mind, ‘Pod?”

Sam shook his head. “Nah, just thinking.” He looked at the doors. “How big you think he’ll get?”

Justin folded his arms over his chest. “Blake? Shit, dude, is that what you’re worried about? No one’s gonna build a bigger beast than what you own, kid.” He bent down and ran his hand along Sam’s cock, cupping the huge head in his palm. It was as big as a plum and hot in his hand. “Mmmm, boy. Make me hungry just holding it.” When he drew his hand away, it was coated with a slick film of precum. He licked it off.

“I think you should stop worrying and just be happy for the guy, Sam.” Reggie was always so practical. Probably because he was old, thought Sam. He figured that the man was probably in his 40s, at least, based on how he appeared when he’d first arrived. He now looked no older than 19. Like every other man in the complex. Reg wrapped his arms around Sam and held him, kissing his neck softly. He always was a rather passionate sort. “Just means more fun for the rest of us.”

Justin asked, “What number is he, anyway? 19?”

“17,” answered Sam. “Five others arrived after him. Three got transformed before him.”

“Any idea why?”

“Nope,” lied Sam.

Justin’s brow furrowed, but Reg just shrugged and asked, “So, wanna fuck?” His huge member was already inflating, drooling a stream of clear, slick precum that made it glisten in the sun. He wiggled his brows and smiled a wicked smile. “I’m ready when you are, Sammy.”

The big-dicked young man eyed the offered tool with a smile, even reaching over to stroked the hot, hard shaft before shaking his head. “Love too, Reggie. But duty calls. We’re having a meeting I’ve got to attend.”

Justin turned. “Big plans for the place? New meat coming soon?” There hadn’t been any new recruits since just after Blake’s arrival. Michael and Carlos had called a halt to new membership kits and there were only a few out in the wild awaiting word back from those candidates. It always worked out that some guys never responded – maybe they used the stuff and were satisfied with what they got, unwilling to part with the \$25,000 supposedly necessary to go all the way, even though the fee was just a test to see if the candidate was dead serious and was never collected. Maybe they thought it was all a hoax and never even tried the stuff. Who knew? The population of fully transformed men stood at 19, and Blake made 20.

Sam shrugged. “I’ll know after the meeting.” He was still stroking Reggie’s hot, rigid dick as it streamed its honey all over his grip. Sam looked into Reg’s face. “Good?”

The big man nodded, his eyes closed. “You definitely have the touch, my friend.” His erection was 14 inches long and 8 around. His balls were drooping with his quickly building load of hot cream. “Do that thing with your thumb.”

“Like this?” He rubbed it over the helmet, then under the ridge, then up the slit and across the eye, still releasing a flood of lubing fluid.

“That’s the way. Oh, yeah. Mmmm, uh huh. Right... right... ooooh, there it is.” He started to pump his load in a fast, thick fountain.

“Damn, that was quick,” observed Justin.

Reggie was pumping out his final thick bursts. “Well, he said he didn’t have time. But there’s always time...”

“For a hand job,” finished Sam, laughing.

Justin hung his muscled arm across Reggie’s huge shoulders, drawing him away. “Well, I’ve got all the time in the world, lover. Let’s go see how much trouble we can get into, shall we?”

Reg was smiling broadly. "I'm driving."

Sam watched their perfect asses as they walked away from him before he started toward the doors of the main building. The wind was cool and dry on his naked skin, and the sun beat down on his powerful body. All in all, no matter what happened, he decided this was a pretty good little life he'd managed to fall into.

As he reached for the door, it opened outward, and David stood at the threshold. Sam gasped and felt himself grow hard, because if David had a huge, powerful, fully muscled body before, that was nothing compared with what he looked like now.

He was immense. Mammoth. Gigantic. A mountain of obvious and copious brawn, bulging and flexing everywhere on his beautiful form. "Finally," he said, and Sam felt the power of the word like a sexual directive. His eyes fell down his friend's form to see two massive cocks at David's groin, and they were reaching toward him like snakes for food, stretching into his hand and swelling, the skin of each as smooth and slick as silk. David's smile was warm, passionate, inviting, and his next words drove into the pleasure centers of Sam's head like a thick, wet tongue. "Get your fine ass in here, Sam! We have plans to make..."

# 9

David smiled and bent his lips to Sam's, planting a welcoming kiss on his friend's soft mouth. Sam felt the Touch as flesh met flesh, and David's kiss felt like a blow job, overflowing with sex and pleasure and pumped hard and full and wet. David's firm, massive form felt hot and hard against his smaller body. Everywhere they touched in that moment's soft embrace felt like a fuck fest, like strokes of lust along his huge dick, as if his whole body was being dipped in sex.

David's lips left his as the other young man straightened, and the cascades of pleasure ceased as suddenly as they began. "Holy fuck," answered Sam softly, realizing that the hot steel he felt pressing against his belly and chest was his own erection, inflated to thickness during the kiss and already leaking a flood of slick precum that glazed his two-foot hard-on. It pulsed with every beat of his heart, the thick veins pumping it bigger and harder as he looked at the immense muscular form of David, grown beyond what Sam would've considered possible before the door opened.

David's body bulged everywhere. Slabs of muscle like fat balloons were laid against each other, the striations and cuts so deep and wide that he looked almost unreal. But every movement of his body displayed that he was very real indeed. His brawn flexed and pulsed with overwhelming power, every muscle so huge and defined that even the smallest movement made his physique quiver and swell.

"Yeah," he answered to Sam's amazed whisper, "not bad, huh?" He raised his arm and bent it, his sparkling beautiful eyes locked on Sam's as he displayed exactly how big he was. The bicep built upon itself, swelling rounder and fatter until his skin was glossy, stretched so tightly against the still growing muscle that it was almost glassy. Every fiber was swelling larger, visibly growing, pressing against each other as the muscle bulged bigger and bigger, radically massive and fat with tightly constrained strength. Sam knew his friend wanted to be huge, but this was ridiculous.

Sam swallowed hard, and David wrapped his heavy arm around the smaller man and pulled him inside the building, closing the door and locking it behind them. "Looking good, David," he said, gazing up and across the muscled landscape of his friend.

David smiled. His stride had adjusted for the overwhelming muscle packed hard and huge on his 12-foot frame. His longer strides made Sam hurry to keep up, but he was enjoying the view from behind as the smooth globes of David's ass kissed each other with every step. Sam's erection refused to deflate, and it wagged before him like an upside-down pendulum, painting a slick slime of precum on his chest that dripped down his body. He smelled like sex, or was that David he smelled? He had never been affected by the man scent before, but now he was feeling its power entering his senses. It seemed like the scent, as in everything else about David, had grown stronger and more powerful.

“Is everybody...?”

If everything else about David had become more impressive, at least his voice still sounded the same, filled with amusement and good humor. “Yeah, you missed a good time, buddy. What were you up to? Sharing some jollies with Reggie and Justin?”

“I just lost track of time,” he said, kicking himself internally. He was trying very hard to get his stiffy to deflate, but watching David’s movements made that a fairly impossible task. That and the sex scent he was apparently leaking behind him like a fog. “And the dicks? And the growth and development?”

Dave turned his face and winked, his beautifully carved features a mix of amusement and magnetism. “Blake was the key, apparently. He unlocked everything for everyone. We all have Michael’s sensual Touch, we all got the additional pricks, which you may have noticed come with their own bonus abilities. And... well, do you want me to spill all the beans or do you want to be surprised?”

Sam reached up his hand and touched David’s shoulder to slow his walk, feeling a cascade of intense sexual pleasure enter his arm and fill up his body. He moaned softly and David stopped, turning and saying, “Sorry, still haven’t quite learned complete control over that, yet.”

Sam was slowly stroking his huge meat, almost involuntarily, and he said, “S’okay, no prob... problem.” He gulped in air, then answered, “Just tell me.”

David held up his hand, the muscles of his arm twisting like snakes. He held up his fingers as he counted off the upgrades to his body.

“Fully controllable twin dicks, the skin of which seems to be super slick on its own without the lubricating precum, although we still get that, too, if we want it.

“The Touch and male sex scent at full power, meaning we’re all as oversexed as Michael.

“Morphing now goes both ways, meaning we can be smaller as well as larger.

“And, well, the transforming has changed, too. But I’ll leave that part until we’re all together.” He smiled and reached his huge paw over to Sam’s pulsing hard-on, sliding his hand along its thick shaft and passing powerful waves of the Touch through his grip, sending Sam into orgasmic ecstasy. “Fun, huh?”

“Oh, shit.” Sam’s balls became swollen suddenly, inflating like balloons with hot cream. “Oh, holy shit,” he said again, suddenly releasing his load all over the hallway, unable to resist David’s sexual command. The super cum soaked into David’s skin so quickly that even he was surprised. And Sam was left panting against the wall, overcome with the passion of his ejaculation. “Mmm,” he said at last, “that was great. Is it always so... much?”

David's boulder-sized shoulders shrugged, the muscles moving around each other in a dance of pure power. "I put a lot into that one." He blew on his fingernails and buffed them on his massive pecs. "Not all of me, but quite a lot." He laughed with a sort of youthful glee. "Was it really great?"

Sam swallowed as he regained his feet. "You made me cum, and you know my control is absolute. At least," he sighed, looked at the strings of his load hanging from the ceiling, "it used to be."

David reached up and the spackle of Sam's cum sank into his naked flesh like water on the desert. His body drank up all of Sam's ample delivery in moments. "Ahh, that feels great." He flexed himself slightly, his body energized with the pent-up power of Sam's transforming spunk. Then he gestured up the hallway toward where the others waited, saying, "Shall we?"

"After you, David."

Sam was confronted with a room filled with more muscle than he'd ever imagined. They all stood there in a semi-circle, the members of the Team. The blonde God who's started it all, Todd, his body a bronze glory of perfected power standing next to his best friend, Chuck, whose immense form oozed male sensuality like a scent. Chuck wore his usual half-grin with his arms folded over a chest so packed with brawn that it looked like it would burst at any moment. Next to him was Carlos and Michael, the Latin beauty with the golden eyes and smooth, beautiful skin was holding hands with Michael, who defined male perfection in every way possible. Jeremy and Jeff, the black man and the Native American, stood together as usual as if inseparable. It looked like Jeremy's hand was on Jeff's ass, and if the look on Jeff's dark features was any indication, whatever he was doing under there was most agreeable. At the other end of the arc stood Steven, his furry body swollen huge and fat with fresh muscular power, a smile lighting his usually calm features and his two massive pricks hanging between his legs in mute testimony to what had happened.

David walked forward then and stood next to Steven, the incredible taper of his torso making it appear impossible that he managed to stand upright. His muscular development was colossal, even when compared to the others. Todd's body was a study in perfection, his brawn sculpted like a super hero's. Chuck's body was nothing but male power, swollen with force and webbed with vascular beauty. Michael had an effortless perfection to his body, the glow of health and beauty on his skin so smooth that Sam ached to touch him. David was just fucking huge everywhere. His muscles had grown muscles. Looking across this panorama of men, he realized they were all different in their way, but all beautiful and powerful enough to drive him insane from need and desire and lust.



Without exception, each man had attained an even greater measure of what they had been previously. If Sam wasn't standing here looking at them, he would never have believed it possible. They were not only much larger than they had been, all now more or less twice the height of a normal man and so broad and thick with muscle that they looked almost dreamlike, but their physical features and appearances had been similarly honed another step up. Could men be this beautiful, this powerful, so utterly and amazingly masculine and gorgeous?

Then Sam's eyes traveled to the center of the semi-circle where Blake stood, and Sam's heart did a little flip as he scanned the form of the young man who had seemed to break the spell of their halted development and built all-new men from what they had been.

Sam and Blake has enjoyed more than a few run-ins while they'd both been here. He remembered that even before the final transformation, Blake was already larger than Sam had been in all but one area. Sam had sacrificed muscular size for cock size, although he had nothing at all to complain about. He had the sleek muscular beauty of a gymnast or swimmer, his firm muscles in stark contrast under his silky pale skin.

Blake's ultimate form outstripped anything Sam ever dreamed of. He was huge and handsome, rather than beautiful. His squared jaw and heavy brow made him look dangerous, but the bright smile on his face and those gorgeous green eyes took some of that edge off. His body was swollen with power everywhere. Sam watched his even dozen of abdominal muscles move and flex as Blake breathed. He traced the separation between the square globes of Blake's chest and looked at his long, thick neck, so elegant and powerful. His shoulders stretched out and out and still farther out, mounded with heavy muscle like mountains. He had incredible cuts between the masses of his brawn, razor sharp and inches deep. His skin seemed to gleam under the artificial lights, and Sam wondered what this god among men would look like as he floated in the sky beneath the sun, or rolled over on the dewy grass under a full moon.

"Hi, Blake," he said.

Blake smiled more broadly, his high cheeks breaking into dimples and his eyes twinkling. "Hey, Samster." Sam's knees felt weak at the man's newly powerful voice. It felt like it hit him squarely in the chest.

"Well, I'm ready when you are."

Blake held up a finger. "I have to ask you something." He took a step closer. "Do you mind if I try a little experiment?"

"Is it going to hurt?"

Chuck barked out a laugh. "You never ask me that question, Tripod."

“That’s because I know it’s gonna hurt if you’re involved,” he started, then held up his hand to stall Chuck’s retort and added, “not that I mind in the least, of course.”

Chuck leaned over to Todd and said, “His favorite word is ‘harder’.”

The men all chuckled and some tension seemed to break. Sam smiled too, and then he looked at Blake who said, “Not at all. You may not feel anything at all – at least, not what’s intended.”

“What’s going to happen?”

Blake turned toward David and asked, “Did you tell him everything?”

“Naw, I thought I’d leave some of the fun for you. He sorta noticed the dick thing on his own, and I think he may also have caught on that some growth was experienced, and maybe the Touch thing, too, come to think of it.” He winked at Sam.

“But not the Transform?” David shook his head. “Okay, well, um, Sam? One of the other things that happened was that the transformation method has changed. It seems that, um, well, that all we have to do is touch someone to transform them, now.”

“Just... just touch them?” His head was already spinning with the implied possibilities of that. “And...?”

“And, Todd has a theory we’d like to try out on you.”

Todd spoke up. “You know the sex stink, Sam? Well, that also increased in potency with Blake’s help. And I was thinking that if Michael’s Touch morphed into a method of transformation, maybe the male scent thing, too, might...”

“You’re fucking kidding me.” Sam blinked. “So, you want to see if you can stink me into transforming?”

Blake huffed out a breath, and nodded. “Carlos has some doubts about it but...”

“But with all the other changes going on,” the Latin beauty added, “I figure, what the fuck?” Sam’s jaw dropped, and the other guys all looked at Carlos as if he’d just sprouted his third dick. Carlos just shrugged, and said it again. “What the fuck?”

“Yeah,” echoed Sam. “What the fuck?”

Blake said, “I’m not sure how to do this, but here goes.” He didn’t close his eyes, he didn’t concentrate very hard, he didn’t tense anything or make any gesture. He just allowed himself to release the pheromone and felt like part of himself was released inside it. He directed the scent toward Sam and waited for something to happen.

Then something happened.

Once Sam was hit with Blake's super-powered sex scent, he was overcome with orgasmic pleasure. The scent surrounded him and entered his senses. He breathed it inside, feeling suddenly hot and horny. His dick re-inflated and a spurt of pre-cum erupted from the tip, followed by a steady flow of the lubing fluid as his body reacted involuntarily once again to the force of the potent smell that struck him full force.

He broke out in a sweat that glistened his skin, and his hands were all over himself, rushing to satisfy his needs and lusts. He was coated in Blake's masculinity, it surrounded him and entered him and he felt a sudden chill, and then a sudden heat. The heat started on the outside of his skin and burned its way in, down through his flesh into his muscle. He was sweating even more, now, his skin slick with it, and his rigid fuckpole was so hard and stiff and red that it looked like it hurt.

"Jeez, Blake," chuckled Jeff, "you think you gave him enough juice?" He was watching intently, hoping for a reaction. "Looks like the kid's dick is so hard it's gonna pop."

But it didn't pop. Instead, it started growing. "Not that, again," moaned Chuck. "Don't tell me we're going to end up with poor Sam lugging around a 6-foot long python between his legs."

Todd laughed as he nudged his best friend with his shoulder and pointed. "No, my friend, I think what we have here is a case of catching up." For indeed, although Sam's huge erection had been the first thing to show any development, it became increasingly clear that the rest of him was not about to be left behind this round, because his muscles were starting to grow with such fierce and determined expansion that it looked for a minute like they were going to tear right through his skin.

They all stood in mute witness to an amazing scene as Sam's muscles started to develop so fast and so much that he was suddenly overwhelmed with brawn, his muscles bulging so large that they fattened into each other and piled onto his form as if he was being inflated. His body started turning red as blood flooded his systems, feeding his muscles with overwhelming amounts of transforming DNA that was being produced from inside his body.

That continued for a few moments and he became a musclebound blister of power until something seemed to snap and his body started stretching taller and wider to accommodate the growth that continued to manifest everywhere. His legs stretched long and his shoulders stretched wide and his trunk grew and extended to make room for what his muscles were doing, almost like an after thought. Todd even gave voice to the reaction by saying, "Brain to bones! Brain to bones! Look, fellas, someone's got to make some room down there!"

Sams's secondary prick erupted out of his loins like an eel escaping its cave. It didn't merely bud and swell, it flowered fully grown from his groin and swelled into size and length alongside its brother in seconds.

"Whoops, there it is!" cried David.

Sam was still growing in every way he could. He had a lot of catching up to do and he was doing it all now. His face was a mask of pleasure. Tears gathered at the corners of his eyes and ran down his cheeks even as his features honed themselves to masculine perfection, retaining the essence of Sam's face but leaving behind all the child he'd been before. The 18-year-old was growing up before their eyes, and he was becoming one hell of a fine specimen.

"Fuck me, but the guy's gorgeous!" Jeremy seemed both excited and surprised by Sam's sudden metamorphosis from handsome to amazing.

"Thanks," he answered, his voice both deeper and saturated with sexual power. "Mmm," he observed as he heard himself, "nice." He was lifting his arms now, watching himself grow. His biceps lengthened and swelled, and as he bent his arms they bulged into huge melons of brawn, veined and striated. His smile showed evidence of his approval.

"Turn around, kid," suggested Chuck, the ass fan, "let's have a look at your butt."

Sam wiggled his eyebrows and gathered his new mane of wavy auburn locks, pulling them across his chest as he turned around. David went, "Whoa," softly and even Steven grunted approval at the site that confronted them, as Sam's back bulged and swelled with huge muscular might everywhere. He lifted both arms, sending his shoulders skyward, and flexed the power erupting everywhere. Chuck followed the wide V of his torso down like an arrow that pointed at his butt, which was now round and high and firm and meaty. Deep hollows on the outside of each cheek made even his butt look sleek and powerful. As Chuck watched, Sam's form continued to stretch taller and wider, his waist remaining impossibly narrow, as his ass continued to hone itself into a display of perfect beauty.

"Man oh man oh man," he said.

Sam's form shook as he laughed. "Thanks, I guess," he answered. He was still growing, standing now about ten and a half feet high, meaning that even as huge and beautiful as he was, he still had another foot and a half of growth to go. He was pivoting back now, looking down his rippled form at the two massive, hanging pricks dangling between his heavily muscled thighs. He was smiling, because they were each bigger than any of the pronged wonders that the others possessed.

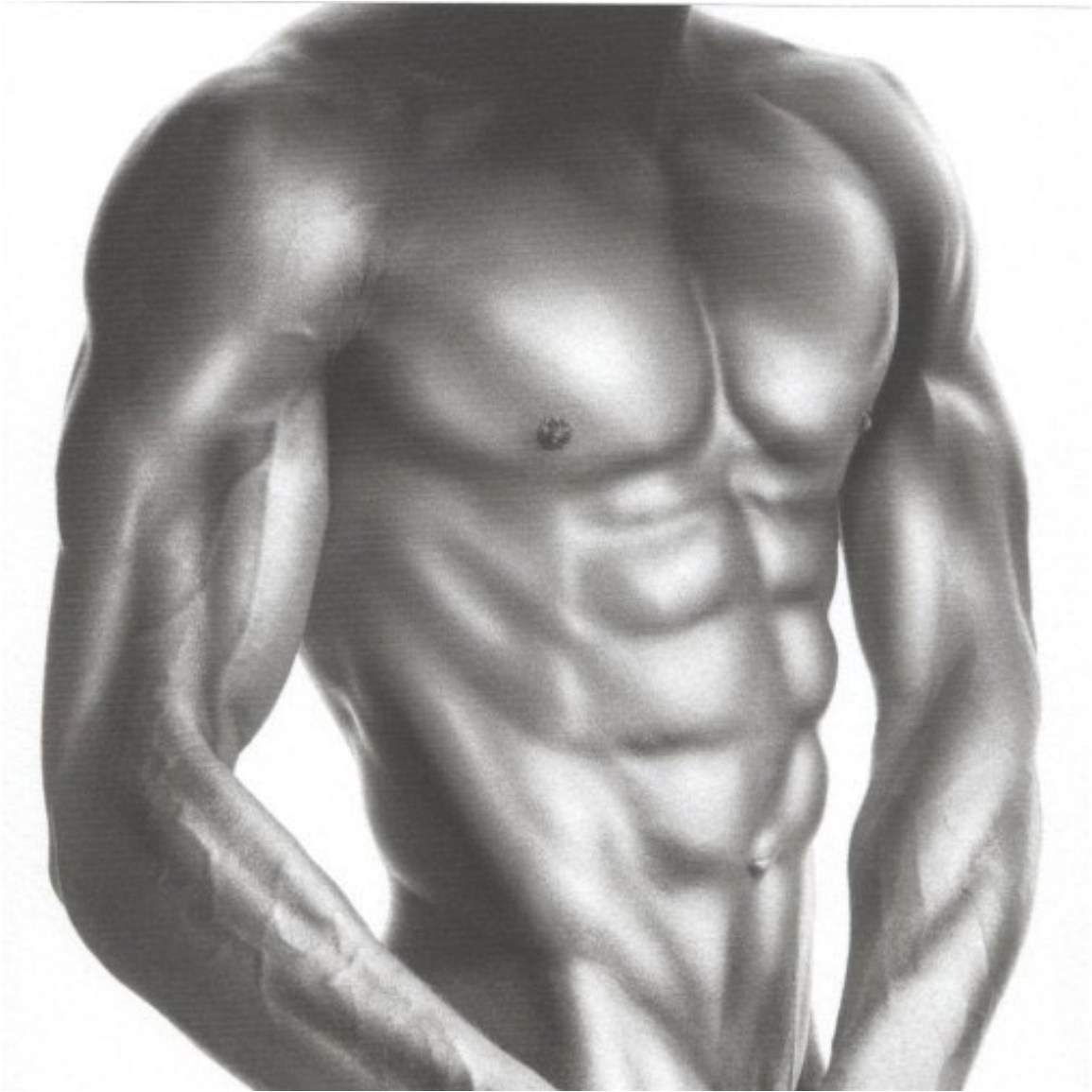
"He looks happy, don't he?"

"Yeah, but now what are we supposed to call him? He's no tripod anymore." But Todd was smiling as he said this.

“Just call me Sam, I guess,” he answered. He was still flexing and bulging his changing form as he grew, running his hands along the sleek, hard masses of his still-developing muscles. He was approaching full height, now, and it was looking like he wasn’t going to be as huge as David, nor as perfect in form as Todd or Michael. But his face was amazing, a beauty like none other, and if his body was only as large as Jeremy or Chuck, he had two fire hoses hanging from his groin that no other man could match.

He stood there for a few moments, breathing in and out, brushing his wealth of curls back and joined the others. Ten supermen, with the power to change another man into his ultimate muscular dream almost as easily as looking at him. “Well,” he said, still amazed at his transformation and feeling more than a little horny, “now what?” They all looked at each other with the same simultaneous thought.

None of the other men at IGE saw any of the Team members for another two hours....



## 10

“Holy shee-it!”

“What, Who?” Ray pointed toward the bar’s open door, and the silhouette that stood blocking the light from outside. Whoever the guy was, and it was readily apparent it was a man standing there, he was huge. “Fuck me.”

The form entered the room and the two men sitting in there waited impatiently for their eyes to adjust. It was weird for anyone else to come in on a Tuesday morning. The place didn’t start jumping until eight or nine, at least. And then it didn’t fill up with anyone

worth checking out unless it was a Friday or Saturday. For one thing, there just weren't that many gay men in this little Podunk town. And it was only because the bartender, Ray, knew his sole customer, Teddy, that the place was open at all.

The third man walked – no, that wasn't quite enough of a word to describe what he did. He went down on that floor, making love to it as he moved across it. Sinuous, sensual, sexual in every move of his muscled form, and there was no doubting that part either.

He was wearing a shirt that was doing a piss poor job of holding him all in. As it was, the upper half was so busy trying to contain his chest, shoulders and arms that his lower half, which consisted of a flat belly rippling with abs that could make a cobblestone lane cry for mercy, was nearly fully exposed. The white cotton was stretched so thin that even the darkness of his nipples could be seen.

It helped that they were as big as silver dollars and as hard as marbles.

Dark fur erupted over his collar and his arms were so large, so overwhelmingly powerful that it looked like he was smuggling melons under his skin.

A gaze down his torso, assuming you could pull your eyes away from it, revealed that his jeans were almost as small as his shirt. So small, in fact, that he had undone the top three buttons on the fly, displaying quite clearly that he wasn't wearing anything under them because another wealth of dark, glossy hair was spilling out of there as well as what looked to be the ample root of what was over-filling his ample basket.

It wasn't a bulge, it was a bloat. He had what Tom of Finland might dream of drawing if he wanted to exaggerate his usual male models.

How the seams of those Wranglers didn't split wide from the hard swelling brawn on his thighs was beyond understanding. As he walked, those legs were flexing and bulging so much that the two men at the bar almost swore they could hear them growing.

For some reason, he was also barefoot. Maybe because his feet were so huge. Even they looked muscular.

Once he was close enough, and they looked up his 6-foot 9-inch body to see his face, they were inwardly surprised they were able to look at anything else at all, even given his immense muscularity and overwhelming sensuality. Because he had the face of an angel and of the devil. A face of such beauty that it was difficult to look away, but mingled with the beauty was a lascivious desire, a raw hunger and brutal sexuality that it was clear that he wanted you and he wanted all of you and he wanted all of you right now.

He had a smile on his lips that quirked sideways, and he looked back and forth between the two men staring at him and winked, saying, "Hi, dudes. My name's Chuck." When he said the name, it felt to Ray and Teddy that he'd just grabbed their dicks and stroked them to pleasure.

“Huh... hi.” Ray cleared his throat. “Hi. Hi, Chuck. Welcome to Ray’s.” Teddy was still just staring.

Ray was in his 40’s and, although he’d seen better days, he still took care of himself. His salt-and-pepper hair extended to his mustache and goatee, and his gray eyes still twinkled when the light hit them. His grizzled body had seen maybe a bit too much sun in its day, and his skin was now rather leathery under his denim shirt and kalkis.

Teddy was overweight, no doubt about it. At 38, he’d been too fond of chocolate and nachos for a bit too long, and spent far too much time at his computer and far too little outside in the sun. But you could still see the handsome boy he was in college just under that layer of fat, and he shaved his head rather than deal with the baldness encroaching on him now.

“Thanks.” Chuck looked around the empty bar, reaching his arm up to scratch his chin. Neither man could miss the swelling ball of muscle on his arm as he did so. Was the T-shirt finally giving up its struggle? No, there was a tear under the arm they hadn’t seen. More of his dark body hair curled out of it, and they got a whiff of something so strongly masculine that they each felt their dicks swell slightly.

“Damn,” whispered Teddy.

Chuck looked over, smiling. It made his beautiful face almost inhumanly gorgeous. His deep, dark eyes lasered their way across Teddy’s face, scanning its soft contours.

“Thanks. And who might you be?”

He swallowed hard. “Teddy. And this is Ray.”

Chuck turned his attention to Ray, still smiling. “So, this is your place?” He nodded.

“Where is everyone?”

Ray’s eyes were hurting, and he realized he hadn’t blinked since the guy walked in. “It’s ten o’clock in the morning.”

Chuck laughed slightly. The sound drilled into the men’s groins like a hot, wet tongue. “Of course.” He leaned his elbow on the bar, bringing his face closer to the others. His voice dropped to a quiet thunder, the depth of it like the ocean. “So it’s just us, then?”

“Can I get you a drink?” Ray’s cock was rock hard in his pants. He’d never felt so attracted to anyone else in his life. It was like this guy was sex incarnate, like he was releasing sexuality around him.

“Actually,” he said, “I was wondering if you guys wanted to fuck.”

Chuck reached his index finger into his collar and tugged. The men watched as he tore the shirt apart across his chest, revealing a body of such overwhelming power and



incredible masculine beauty that Teddy gasped audibly. The scent of him grew more powerful as if released from inside his clothes. The two huge globes of his chest had a soft carpet of dark hair spread across them, dipping into the deep valley like a shadow. As his shirt tore, it seemed like his upper body was spreading wider, growing thicker and larger.

But that couldn't be happening.

"Because what I really want to do," he said softly, his growl filled with desire and restrained capability, "is suck on your dicks. I want to suck you dry. Bone dry. I want you harder than steel."

He slowly straightened, pulling the torn shirt open until his chest and belly were fully revealed. His skin glowed in the soft light of the dark bar. It looked like burnished copper or brass, overlaid with the shadows of his dark, furry forest. He bent his arms up, bulging his biceps to full power until they ruptured his sleeves, ripping them apart. His lats spread like wings. "I want my hands on your flesh, I want to stroke you and suck you and feel every inch of you. And all I ask in return is that you use me." He stood up straight, seeming now even taller than when he had entered. Was his skin even more beautiful, his muscles even larger now? "This body is yours, gentlemen. All of it." When he lowered his arms, the shirt fell to the floor and his upper body was naked. It appeared that with the shirt finally free, the man's torso expanded as if the slight material had been holding it in, constraining its true dimensions and it grew now even larger, wider, thicker with brawn.

He had shoulders like bowling balls, round and full and cabled with muscle. His chest was huge.

The dark nipples were hard and peaked.

"All of it," he repeated, as his hands grabbed the waist of his jeans and pulled his button-fly open. That thick root was exactly what it looked like and he was suddenly spilling out of them. Chuck reached his hand inside that tight cage and started to pull out inch after thick, fat inch of manmeat. His cock shaft was huge and covered with a network of heavy veins. It kept coming and coming, an impossible tool, until the uncut helmet popped free and he let himself fall, his enormous cock jutting forward over his open jeans.

Then he shoved them off his slim hips and round, firm ass. "I want you inside me, and I want to be inside you." He seemed then to flex his legs and the jeans split along the seams, opening wide to allow his immense thighs out. His hand strayed down to grasp himself along the length of his prick, and he squeezed. His dick grew larger almost at once, the head shoving free of its cowl, red and glossy.

"Shit, dude." Teddy licked his lips. The idea was both exciting and frightening. If he was that big – and he looked like he was ten inches soft – how fucking big was he hard? He looked at Ray, whose eyes were bugging out of his head. "Should I lock the door?"

“Fuck it,” he answered, hopping the bar. In the next moment, his mouth was sucking Chuck’s dick inside and then Chuck turned toward Teddy, placed his hands on the other man’s face and leaned down to kiss his lips, gently brushing the softness of his mouth across the other man’s before plunging his tongue inside.

Ray was pulling Chuck’s pants off, then Chuck shifted slightly and the pants seemed to come free of the huge man’s body all at once. Had he flexed larger still, ripping them free? How huge was this guy?

And why didn’t he give a shit that he’d be leaving this bar in broad daylight stark naked?

It was all surreal, like a dream. Ray could feel himself growing hotter than he’d ever been, driven to a sexual frenzy in the presence of this man. He was breathing in the man’s heavy scent, musky with sex. The guy’s amazing dick was throbbing inside him as he deep throat the guy. Ray reached his hands around Chuck’s hips and grabbed his ass. His skin felt so alive, so vital, silky and sleek. He could feel the muscles of his ass under his touch. They felt hard and powerful. They felt like they were bulging bigger.

Chuck’s kiss lingered on Teddy’s lips, his touch on Teddy’s face. Teddy had never felt so completely filled with pleasure as from that single kiss. He felt overwhelmed with it, bursting with it.

Like something was growing inside him, something hot and wild and hungry.

Chuck decided that someone had to get out of that place and find out what their new powers could do. Were they controllable? Could you gift some guy with only part of the transformation, or was it all or nothing? Did the guy know what was happening?

More to the point, Chuck was horny for some fresh meat action, and there was no such thing as fresh meat around IGE. Even the guys getting off the boat were already partially transformed. He wanted to get back to making it real. He wanted to get off on watching some regular Joe turn into a musclebound beauty, watch his strength grow, watch his face change, see him transformed completely like it used to be.

And he sort of figured that he’d be the last guy the others would elect to this “duty.” So he snuck away from the camp in the middle of the night and launched into the dark skies, sailing through the warm Summer air under the star to a place where he could test just what it was they all had, now.

He landed at the edge of a town that looked pretty dead. The sky was still dark and he knew the first thing he needed was clothes. He shrunk himself down to eight feet high, thinking that was about normal with no one around to compare to, but realized pretty quick that he needed to lose another foot or so in height and quite a lot of muscle since he was wandering around looking more or less so out of proportion with reality that there was no way he’d do anything but draw attraction to himself.

Which is sort of what he wanted, anyway, but probably not the sort of attention that a naked guy with the body of Superman, a voice that could drive grown men wild and a scent like raw sex would attract. Not that much. Not that quickly.

He found some clothes in a bag, likely it was stuff destined for the trash, a shirt with a hole under one arm and some threadbare jeans with tears in the ass. "Perfect," he mumbled, and with a smile he pulled them on, adjusting his height and muscular appearance so that he just barely managed to walk around in them without making them rip themselves to shreds.

He didn't have a mirror around, but he tried to make his features look more normal, not quite so incredibly attractive that guys would look at his new face and cream their jeans immediately. He kept his hair at about shoulder length and decided having a 5 o'clock shadow on his jaw would fit the disheveled look of his outfit.

The next step was to find someplace in this town where he was likely to encounter some candidates for his little experiment. Since they wouldn't have a choice about what he planned to do, he decided he'd find some guys that already liked guys so they would get all pissed off.

And also he wanted to have a little fun during the game, which meant he needed guys who liked him. So, where does a guy go when he's new in town looking for other guys who like him?

He went downtown and followed a couple of likely candidates, keeping to the shadows, and watched them – and a bunch of others – go into what was probably the only gay bar in town.

Ray's.

But for what he was planning, he didn't want that big an audience. Not yet.

So he waited, passing the time by unzipping and allowing the twins out for some air. He lifted into the sky and floated on the night breezes, pulling the shirt off and tucking it in his back pocket. He allowed his cocks to swell in his grip, fat and firm, and stroked himself for a good long time.

It was nice to have such total control over his body. He could literally stroke himself forever if he waned to, maintaining that place where he was on the verge of cumming, his new, lively cocks twisting against his hand, begging for the pleasure of his touch. He sucked himself for a while, too, as long as he had the time.

Maybe being in this state of almost constant erotic need wasn't such a great thing if there was no one else around to share himself with. There was definitely something to be said for IGE.

For a few hours he slept in the sky, floating in the arms of the wind until the sun came over the horizon and he returned to the earth, pulling the shirt back over his head and tucking himself in, smirking at the obscene bulge he allowed himself that threatened to burst out of the poor pants at almost any moment.

He was leaning against a building a couple of doors down, smiling at the few people who passed him, most of whom either figured he was just some bodybuilder hanging out downtown or one of the best looking homeless guys they were ever likely to meet, when he saw two men approach Ray's, unlock the front doors and go inside.

After waiting about a half hour, he followed them in.

Chuck was leaking an ample supply of precum down Ray's throat. It was swimming with transforming fluid, but Chuck was trying not to release too much of it all at once. He figured that his total control of his body's capabilities extended even to this capability, and since Ray didn't seem to be abnormally swelling up with massive muscular power, either he was doing it right or he wasn't doing anything at all.

He passed a different form of transforming power through his kiss into Teddy's body. He gave Teddy more than he gave Ray, mostly because Teddy's body reminded Chuck of his own original form, and he wanted to see the guy change.

Jesus, but that Ray guy knew his way around a prick. Holy fuck, that felt good. He released more transform as a reward for a job well done.

He looked down and watched Ray's shoulders bulge slightly, like he was flexing them to power. His hair was also darker, loosing its salt in favor of its pepper. Chuck wondered if he was proceeding too quickly, if maybe he should slow down the process, not shock these guys when they were suddenly... whoa! What was...?

Teddy's mouth had found Chuck's nipple. He caught the tip between his tongue and teeth, twisting it slightly. Chuck could feel Teddy's prick, hard and pulsing, pressing against his leg. Chuck reached up and passed his hand over Teddy's shaven scalp, and as it passed a fine burr of blonde hair was growing.

It was working. Chuck could control exactly what he wanted to change about a man through his transforming power. He could, oh Jesus! Ray, what are you doing with your hands? Oh, Jesus!

Chuck almost lost control and allowed his second dick out. Ray was fingering Chuck's tight asshole, pressing his touch inside and pushing in farther. Chuck allowed him in until Ray's whole hand was up there, shoving against his prostate. Ray might not have a monster dick – yet – but he was doing the best with what he had. And he was stick giving Chuck one hell of a blow job.

There was something to be said for experience.

Chuck's backdoor felt so good that he found himself bending over and spreading his legs. He was getting bigger, making more room, and he reached forward to allow Teddy's little hard dick out. Placing his lips to it, pulling it inside his mouth, he began to transform it, making it swelling larger and longer as he sucked it. Ray had moved behind Chuck and was entering his ass with his hard, hot dick, and Chuck made that one bigger too, to fill him up like an arm. Ray was so overcome by lust and desire, surrounded by Chuck's male scent, he probably believed he'd always been that big, when no man had ever been that big before. The transformation started moving through Ray's cock and down his legs, filling them up with new strands of raw muscle.

Chuck's hands reached under Teddy's shirt, creating a rippled landscape of powerful abs. His transforming continued up Teddy's body, filling out his chest, widening his shoulders, making his arms suddenly swollen with bulging muscle. Teddy felt himself growing bigger and more powerful, could feel his weight increasing as his size adjusted, losing his body fat and gaining pounds and inches of rockhard brawn. He was swimming in an orgasmic pleasure, his cock felt so hard it hurt.

And it was growing.

Ray looked ten years younger already. He could feel himself growing stronger and taller and wider, his frame stretching to contain his now quickly developing muscle. Chuck started to lose track of his control, wanting only now to give these men more and more muscle and power and beauty.

Ray pulled his huge erection from Chuck's ass and came all over his back. Chuck felt the warmth on his skin and sucked in a breath as his own ejaculation neared, lost as he was in what he was doing. He was losing transforming powers in his scent like a flower opening to the sun, pumping it out like musk. The men breathed it in, their bodies immersed with the power the huge man between them put out like energy.

Everything was so good, felt so great, the sharing and the power.

Teddy's shirt was hanging off his new body, but growing tight across the chest. The buttons began to strain to hold all his muscle in as his chest continued to bulge to new and greater dimensions. He'd gained nearly a foot in height, his pants around his ankles as his waist tightened and shrank, exposing his new, better body and higher, rounder ass. He was saying something Chuck couldn't hear, his voice a deep rumble of bass now, swollen with masculine strength. A mass of curls was erupting across his chest, a dark trail between the bulbous muscles on his belly, leading ever downward to what was swelling between his legs.

Ray was still hard, still pumping his juices out, his head thrown back and his mouth open. His eyes were pinched shut and all he could feel was the orgasm and the growth, each pleasure melting into the other. His arms burst with new muscle. His legs lengthened,

expanded, swelling with thick wedges of brute force along the thighs, his calves blooming hard diamonds.

Teddy looked down as the strain of the shirt pressed on his skin and muscle until it could stand it no longer and the buttons blasted off like bullets. He took several deep breaths, his huge chest expanding with each inhale and not retreating back. His hands moved across the new huge dimensions of his body, his fingers digging through the forest of fur getting thicker and darker on his tanned, sweaty skin. Chuck's mouth on his cock felt strong and powerful, he felt like he was buried down the guy's throat so far it was a wonder he could breath.

It was a dream, a fantasy, his wishes made real as he watched himself change. Muscle was building upon itself everywhere. He felt the hard cobblestones of his abs, unable to stop himself from cumming as he blasted load after hot load down Chuck's throat.

Then Chuck was cumming, shooting a blast like he used to, a thick, long, hard, constant fountain from his prodigious cock that splattered the floor quickly growing into a pool of thick, sweet transforming spunk that found the two men and accelerated their growth yet again, their bodies feeding on Chuck's output of super cum until they were each nine feet high and six feet wide.

And still growing.

While Chuck was off exploring the possibilities, Carlos had a few loose ends he had to clean up. One loose end, in particular, couldn't be ignored. And that was his partner in the experiment, Dr. Lassiter. Jerry, as he was less commonly known.

Rather than try to explain what had happened and where he had disappeared to, Carlos decided to use the video facilities and send out another Mission Impossible tape that would self-destruct after viewing. He needed to let Jerry know what was going on with their experiment, but he didn't want certain other interested partners in on the secret -- the other partners being the government agency that had been funding their on-going studies, although not in a very interested capacity. No one really believed their theories concerning genetic improvements on the human male animal would bear fruit, but the military arm of the government always had more money than it knew what to do with. And building a super race of genetically enhanced men for use in paramilitary maneuvers seemed like a good idea at the time.

Thinking about it now, Carlos was struck by something very odd. Even though the men at IGE had all their male genetic structures pumped up beyond maximum capacity, none of them were displaying what he had expected, namely a similarly pumped up prevalence of violent and aggressive behavior. Part of what made a man a man was his tendency toward fight rather than flight. The nearly constant sexual drive could also be explained by the raised levels of male potency streaming through the blood, but why wasn't there more aggressive behavior going on?

He laughed slightly as he considered this. There was, of course, plenty of aggressive behavior, but it was all being channeled into that sexual drive. Even so, with all the swapping of partners and macho dick-swinging going on, why did none of the men ever come to blows?

He laughed again. "Blows. Heh heh. I said blows."

Carlos realized that his mind was less and less focused these days. Or it was otherwise focused, since everything seemed to be turning its attention towards sex. Here he was trying to reason out the logics behind a scientific question -- something that used to come as naturally as breathing to him -- and his brain kept steering him back to images of fucking. Of being fucked. Of the men that surrounded him, and their long arms and muscled torsos, their perfect asses and beautiful faces. And almost as soon as he realized that it was happening again, he also realized that maybe that was the answer to his question, anyway.

Somehow, his brain wasn't even allowed to travel along the lines of thinking about aggressive behavior. For some reason, his brain kept taking a left turn at violence to start

thinking about sex. He wasn't sure why that was happening, plus the core emotional questions and intellect-related issues had been Jerry's specialty.

Carlos was the body man. Even now, he could remember breaking down the genetic code and splicing out what altered strength and stamina, where skin color and eye color were decided, whether hair was straight or curly, how tall or short a man would be. He remembered when he started thinking that tying those pre-determined decisions into the normal human processes of decision and reaction could possibly help create men who not only possessed advanced and augmented genetic capabilities, but who could control them as easily as they controlled moving their toes when they wanted, or blinking. The brain tells the body to do something, the body reacts. What if you untied the body's predetermined factors like skin color and hair type, and allowed the mind to tell them what to do as well?

He simply never imagined the scope of the capabilities he'd unleashed. Not just skin color, but skin elasticity, wrinkles, body hair, fingernails. Not just muscularity, but size and density and flexibility and compactness. Now, it seemed, even bone structure could be altered! It was starting to look like there was no limit to the capabilities their altered bodies were discovering.

Jerry's face had lit up when he first blue-skied the theory at him. Jerry was making all sorts of fascinating discoveries about how the brain works, what it's actually doing up there, and the prospect of releasing its full potential control made Carlos's partner absolutely giddy.

But tests on chimps never seemed to amount to anything. So they both simply considered that they had failed in that particular attempt.

What it took was a human male's thinking brain. And like the capabilities it possessed without "thinking" about them, like eating and breathing and sleeping and dreaming, these new ones began to manifest in amazing and unforeseen ways.

Maybe it made sense that they were so oversexed. Both Carlos and Jerry knew that would be a problem. Men are just naturally horny, anyway. The desire for physical pleasure outstrips the desire for emotional satisfaction, the dick winning out over the heart almost every time. And they knew they had to compensate for the naturally aggressive behavior, and since they'd gotten the blessing from their military advisors regarding that one, uh, awkward decision, the answer seemed natural.

And now, apparently, he was feeling the ramifications of their fiddling with human nature.

He set up the video equipment and started his recording.

Dr. Jerry Lassiter was sitting alone in an empty lab, watching the government remove the last of his equipment. He had to report back to the compound on this last day to sign off



on the failure of his experiments. No one said they'd work anyway. No one seemed to care one way or the other whether there were any results, positive or negative, so convincing the military that their "crazy scheme" was a complete and utter failure was the least of his problems.

What was worrying him was the tape and the data.

The tape taken from the monitoring cameras in this very room a few weeks ago showing his missing partner, Dr. Carlos Martinez, and two naked male figures entering the labs. The two men with Dr. Martinez looked, even on the less-than-perfect quality of the monitor video, uncomfortably close in size, weight and apparent muscularity to the models he and his partner had constructed in their virtual tests on the serum. Dr. Lassiter had watched and re-watched that tape dozens of times, rewinding and pausing, digitally zooming and panning, watching what his brain told him was the actual and for-real sum of his work with Dr. Martinez over the past months here in this room near the campus.

But if this was Todd Masters, their first human guinea pig, who was the other man? And why did Carlos stop the tape shortly after entering the labs instead of recording everything to prove their theories and work were not all for nothing?

The data proved even more strongly that whatever had happened that day in the lab, it was certainly not failure that Dr. Martinez was trying to disguise. Carlos continued to record measuring data of two, then three, and finally up to five test subjects all exhibiting wildly unbelievable results. Male test subjects with size and strength measurements that seemed to be revised upwards almost hourly, and the height, weight, muscular and strength developments were so unbelievable that Lassiter started to wonder if Carlos hadn't gone insane, making up wild numbers to justify that all their work really was just a huge waste of money after all.

Maybe he'd hired those men, found them at a gym or something. The two he saw on the tape, although clearly in excellent health and possessed of extraordinary bodies, were not so unusual for bodybuilders of exceptional genetic make-up in the first place.

And the numbers he was recording were insane. There was no other word for it.

Lassiter had erased the tape, finally, and altered the time code in the access logs to indicate that the labs had been empty for that entire period when Carlos was in here making up numbers. He'd deleted the data and cleared the key logs so no one would ever know any of it had ever existed.

Where Carlos had gone, he didn't really care anymore. It was all over now, and good riddance.

"That's it Dr. Lassiter," reported the colonel assigned to recover all the equipment. Jerry looked around the lab and scratched his head of unkempt hair, pushing his glasses back up his nose.

“Thanks, Colonel.”

“I’m sorry this didn’t work out. Sounded a little wild, but in my unit, we’ve seen the impossible come true more than once.” The man smiled and winked. Lassiter didn’t know what to make of that comment, so he stayed quiet. “Will there be anything else, sir?”

“No, Colonel. I’m all done with this.”

“What’s next for you?” He asked this while gesturing toward the doors, showing him out. The government even owned the building they were standing in.

Lassiter shrugged. His lab coat hung on his sunken shoulders sadly, not even bothering to try to hide the middle-aged paunch spilling over his belt. He was a 48-year-old man with no family, no life to speak of, and now no funding. What was next for him, indeed?

Arriving home at his small house on the other end of the college, Dr. Lassiter found an unexpected delivery sitting just inside the screen, perched next to his front door. That was how the U.S. Postal Service treated special delivery these days, he guessed. It was just a small box, about the size of a hardbound book, addressed to him with no return address.

“Odd,” he murmured as he moved into his living room. He stared at the box for a long time, trying to figure out where it might have come from or what he forgot he ordered when it finally dawned on his analytical mind to just tear open the brown paper and find out.

“Hello, Jerry. It’s Dr. Martinez.”

Lassiter almost choked. The face on the screen looked nothing like a normal human being, it looked super human. Flawless. Perfect. Dr. Lassiter could see something in the eyes and the expressions that hinted at the man he remembered as Carlos Martinez, but he still couldn’t quite believe...

“This is no trick. It’s no joke, and it’s no pornographic movie either. As you can see, the serum works. If anything, it works too well.”

Even the voice coming out of Dr. Lassiter’s tiny TV speaker seemed more than human. There was power in it and something else. Lassiter felt drawn toward the man on the screen, almost sexually attracted to him.

“First off, please accept my apologies for leaving you in the lurch like that. But if I know you, I’m sure you managed capably. I would try to explain my behavior in an understandable method, but circumstances being what they are, there’s not very much understandable or believable in any of it.”

Carlos paused, looking directly out of the screen at his partner Jerry. It was in that moment that Dr. Lassiter knew that this was no joke. He was so familiar with how Dr. Martinez thought and processed his words that feeling this pause to gather his thoughts between sentences felt almost comfortable, as if something he never knew was missing was back, and now he knew how much he had been missing all along. They had been together working toward this goal for almost a dozen years. For the moment, any jealousy or thoughts of anger vanished.

They had actually done it. It really worked.

He could hardly believe it.

“I would like to show you what the serum has done for me, Jerry. I think you’ll be impressed.”

Carlos started to back away from the camera, and what Lassiter saw on his small television made him stand up, jaw open in astonishment. “There have been several unforeseen alterations to my anatomy and genetic structure in addition to the ones we planned. As you can see, size and strength have certainly increased. Height has in fact doubled in my current form. I think there may be a maximum attainable height, but I’ll explain more when you get here.”

“Get here?” Lassiter wasn’t aware he had spoken aloud, and his voice startled him slightly. The figure on the screen was displaying muscular development of a startling amount. Far larger and greater growth than Lassiter ever anticipated. And how tall was the maximum attainable height? There was nothing else on screen to compare Carlos to.

“I cannot accurately gauge strength development. I’m sure you saw the measurements I was attempting to record before I left. Last time I attempted any sort of measurable strength tests, I was curling over 800 lbs. With one arm.” Carlos grinned, bending his arm on screen and rubbing his other hand over the swollen ball of muscle that grew there. The man’s bicep size was almost obscene. It seemed to want to bulge right off his arm. The fibers and striations of his muscle were clearly evident, the peak splitting before it hit maximum flex and growing even fatter. “But that was weeks ago, and I’ve developed incredibly since then. It’s amazing, Jerry. I kept thinking we had hit a wall, but we kept getting stronger and stronger. The muscle fiber is so dense, I doubt a bullet could penetrate.” He raised his arm and Lassiter’s jaw dropped again as the whole of Dr. Martinez’s amazing limb seemed to swell even bigger. Fat, huge brawn swelled along every inch, growing ever beefier as if the man was pumping it fuller without trying.

“We cannot share all the credit, you and I. We undoubtedly unleashed something in the male animal with our serum, something potent and powerful and unbelievable. But I met a young man, his name is Michael Sullivan, and he...” Carlos shook his head and laughed gently. Lassiter watched his friend’s mane of dark hair shimmer. “Again, too much to tell you and not enough time. You have to see it to believe it, anyway.

“Even then, you may not believe it. I’m living it, and I have trouble believing it sometimes.”

Carlos was now fully exposed in front of the camera’s eye, and what Lassiter saw staggered him. The human male perfected is what he saw. Even beyond what Lassiter might have considered perfect. Someone beyond all measure. A being of such power and strength and obvious masculine energy that there was no doubt that he’d got the formula right. Maybe the genetic code wasn’t as confusing as they’d thought.

“Don’t think we did it all according to plan, Jerry. Looking at me, one might easily think that our plans found fruition just as designed. But in fact,” he said, raising an eyebrow, “things turned out remarkably more favorable.” It was then that Carlos released his second male appendage from its self-imposed cage, and when Lassiter saw that somehow the formula had developed this unforeseen mutation, he found himself sitting on the floor as his legs gave out.

“Fuckin’ a!” he whispered.

“Yeah, well. Having two penises is about as incredible as you might think.” Carlos considered something. “Or maybe not, if I remember correctly. I don’t seem to recall you talking much about your private life, but if it was anything like mine, there was never much to talk about, anyway.” Carlos reached down and stroked one of his mammoth pricks. “And I’d explain the magic trick involved with me making it appear and disappear – or maybe you’ve guessed that part, too -- but there’s a few surprises I’d rather save for later.

“It isn’t just my body that’s been transformed by all this, either. You’ll no doubt recall that we warned the military that raised levels of testosterone would definitely lead to heightened libido, and might lead to certain tendencies regarding sexual preference in the men who used our formula?”

Lassiter remembered it well. And as he recalled, the military was only too happy to receive the news. “Don’t ask, don’t tell,” might be the official line in the regular corps, but when confronted with a military elite force of super-strong, hyper-sexual men who could manage to survive and thrive very well indeed for extended periods without having a so-called shore leave, since the only leave they would likely be interested in was leave with each other, it seemed the perfect solution.

“Well, speaking from experience? It ain’t a bad thing at all,” smiled Carlos. And if the tone of his voice was any indication, he was enjoying all his changes very much indeed. “But there again, we may have been a little too successful. I was just thinking before I started this recording... but I digress.” His hand was still down there, and Lassiter could have sworn that the man wasn’t stroking himself with his hand so much as his hand was being stroked. “There are some other side effects as well, some I’ll just have to share with you in person because you’d never believe them if I told you.” He shrugged, lifting his hand away from the twin marvels and shoving his cascade of blue-black hair back over his shoulder. “Besides, experiencing them is so much more fun.” He walked back toward

the camera again until his beautiful face filled the screen. Lassiter was having a hard time just now remembering what the old Dr. Martinez looked like.

Holy shit, the stuff worked. And it worked really, really well.

“Now you have a choice to make, Jerry. But either way, I trust I’ll be seeing you soon and we can talk for as long as you like.” He quirked a brow again, lasciviously. “Or I’m sure we could find something a little more exciting to do than talk.” Carlos laughed. “Sorry, Jerry. I find living inside this body is affecting my confidence and sexual drive a lot more, lately. Anyway, you’ll find enclosed with this tape a sample of the formula in its current form. It’s been altered a few times, and I cooked this sample up special so you won’t see the full results like I’m exhibiting just yet. I know you can’t tell from this tape, but even if you took away the fact that my body is more heavily muscled than two Schwarzeneggers and my voice would likely make you start creaming your pants without the audio filters I have in place for this recording, I stand right around twelve feet high and weigh nearly a ton if I allow myself to.” His brow wrinkled. “I should probably explain that last part, but I won’t. So rather than subject you to figuring out how to get out of your house to where I am unnoticed as a 12-foot tall muscle stud with two dicks and a fog of sex scent drifting after you – another one of those odd side effects I mentioned, Jerry, a latent capability manifesting rather potently too – the sample should have a powerful but much less dramatic affect on your form.

“Be prepared, however, that the effects will definitely make you stand out. I can only tone down the dosage so much, that’s how potent and powerful it’s become. Even a tiny sample diluted in a pitcher of water could turn a meeting of overweight, three-piece suited middle management execs into a naked mass of 6-foot, 8-inch gang-banging muscle ripping out of their clothing with bodies so strong and fully male that they’d fuck anything that moved with their 14-inch pricks and not even break a sweat.

“Excuse the language. Sometimes I get carried away.

“If you’d rather get the full treatment in person, then bring the sample with you when you come. Directions and instructions are on the blank sheet of paper with this tape. Dunk it in hot water and read it quick. It’ll dissolve soon after. And you won’t be able to watch this tape again, either. It’s already being erased as you watch me.”

Carlos paused and took a breath. His mouth turned into a beatific smile, his face so beautiful it was a wonder the screen didn’t shatter. “Make sure you take care of all your business before you leave. Close down the lab. Don’t leave anything behind. Because once you take this trip, Jerry, there’s no turning back. And believe me, when you get here, you won’t want to go anywhere else.

“Later!”

The screen went black.

Dr. Lassiter held the tiny capped vial in his hand for a long time, wondering whether or not to take the trip he'd seen a taste of on the now useless tape. He wished he could watch it again, to make sure he'd seen what he thought he saw. Watching that face of perfect male beauty talking to him was strange, indeed. The fact that the man speaking had been his friend and colleague for a dozen years and had to be in his 50's was even stranger.

Scientific curiosity was also pulling strongly at him.

Using his own formula, feeling the effects, seeing himself change as the very structure of his genetic make-up was broken down and rebuilt, improved, augmented – it was a very strong enticement.

He looked down at his body, which he'd always rather ignore. It had never been his intention to use the serum himself. When he thought about the men it would change, they were always wearing military garb and standing in lines at attention. The thought that he could be one of those super men was both scary and exciting.

"What the hell?" he said at last to no one.

This time there was only one vial. He couldn't know that this was in any way different than how every other subject had been transformed. It was, in fact, what he expected. A serum. The serum. And here it was, at last, the sum of all his dreams and experience in a tiny droplet of white goo.

He tipped the bottle up and dripped the thick liquid on his tongue.

He cringed immediately as his mouth was filled with heat. He couldn't even swallow the stuff, it was now so fully meshed with human physiology and hungry to be inside that it plunged through his tongue and into his bloodstream, spreading through him so fast that he felt dizzy. The heat was spreading, too, branching through his body like liquid fire until he felt like he was burning up. Hotter and hotter it built inside, lava boiling through his every cell to break down the essence of the man he was and rebuild the man he would be.

And as quickly as it had come, the fire was dying. Its uncontrolled access to his genes now beginning to recreate him almost from scratch, keeping all the best parts and discarding the rest, replacing what didn't work with the ultimate masculine power of what did.

A feeling of vast and overwhelming pleasure inundated him. It was as if someone had thrown a bucket of cool water on his skin, but it wasn't wetness he felt afterwards but pleasure and male power and massive sexual release.

He was instantly hard, his erect dick uncomfortably pressing against the confines of his trousers and feeling thick and hot and angry. He regained the feeling of his body and his senses as the heat passed and suddenly, everything was feeling tight as if his skin was seizing up and his muscles had all gone tense.

He tried to feel what was happening to his body as he transformed. He wanted to feel everything, sense everything. How did he feel as he changed? What was his body telling his brain? How would he know whether the new capabilities were...?

He felt a sudden, sharp pain in his feet and looked down to realize that in the few moments he was trying to gather his thoughts, his body wasn't waiting for him. His feet were growing just like the rest of him, but they were confined in hard leather that didn't do an awfully good job of stretching.

As he kicked his shoes off, made more difficult by the fact that he was now wearing size 10 ½'s on size 11 ½ feet, and he was reaching toward his belt buckle to undo his tenting pants and allow a little more room for whatever was happening between his legs, he noticed his hands. He watched them for a moment as they grew thicker, the knuckles bulging and the tendons stretching, his wrists extending from his sleeves. He found himself smiling at the absolute impossibility of what he was watching and feeling, because he noticed all at once that his shoulders were feeling uncomfortably constricted. But it was his dick that wanted attention, pushing so hard against his pants that the flap had peeled back off the zipper and it looked like the little silver teeth were having trouble holding onto each other. There was already a wet patch on his crotch that was spreading like a spilled wine on a tablecloth.

He was fumbling with his belt, watching his prick pushing its way higher and higher when he heard a ripping sound from somewhere, and he realized that his right thigh had managed what his cock so far could not. It was splitting his pantleg wide open, tearing the seam apart as thick muscle filled in under his skin. He could actually see it happening. It looked like an eel was swimming under there. The fibers of his muscle were growing, splitting, swelling larger and larger.

A shock of sexual pleasure erupted from his chest as his nipple rubbed itself against the tightness of his shirt. The tip looked huge and hard, and he momentarily forgot his pants as he reached his fingers up to feel that hardness. Bending his arm made his bicep bulge its way through his sleeve, ripping his arm free in a sudden violent tear that exposed an amazingly carved collection of male muscle. He was reminded of the video picture of Dr. Martinez's arm bulging so hugely as he watched his own bicep balloon with power.

He was smiling so broad his face hurt watching the muscle grow, visibly developing under his copper skin.

His skin! His skin was no longer pasty and fleshy, but glowing bright and sleek, smooth and beautiful, accentuating his new size and strength. His forearm was a roadmap of brawn, and he flexed his fist watching the muscle pop and bulge. Thick veins branched across the surface, feeding him to even bigger proportions.

He felt the pressure give down below at last as his huge and perfect cock thrust its way through the zipper and the wetness of his shorts was now the only thing keeping him

covered. The thin material clung to his engorged beast until it, too, was starting to rip from the power of his growing body.

Then his shoulders were tearing his shirt further, splitting wide and tearing down his back. He bent his other arm to free it of its sleeve and then grabbed the front and pulled it open, revealing the clean white cotton of his undershirt beneath. He dropped the torn shirt to the ground and watched his own chest suddenly expanding as if he were being inflated with brawn.

He felt massive and was struck with a thought, raising his arms into a double-bi to see how big they were now.

The feeling of growth and power was everywhere. He felt huge, and as he growled a feeling of satisfaction, his cock burst through his underwear at last and the red, shiny skin of his foot-long monster pulsed and throbbed. A stream of clear precum was pumping from the tip, drizzling down the shaft and inside his pants.

He wanted to be free of these clothes. He wanted to watch himself mature into his ultimate masculine self.

He whipped the belt free and tore his pants off. He ripped his underwear off as well, his beautiful skin cooled now that it was uncovered. All but his T-shirt, because he wanted to watch himself reveal what was underneath there.

He entered his bathroom, the only room with a mirror, smiled as he entered, noting that his head was almost brushing the top of the doorframe. He had to be nearly seven feet high, already. How much bigger was he going to get?

And all this from a drop of the stuff?

Flipping on the light, he stood in shock for a minute. The man in the mirror was growing. Growing thicker with muscle. His face was resolving itself, losing wrinkles and imperfections, the skin growing clear and clean and healthy. He was glowing, there, that man. His chest was stretching the material of his T-shirt. A long strand of honey-colored hair fell across the man's face. His squared jaw was shadowed with a stark blonde fuzz that swept across it and his upper lip. The man's lips looked full, moist, soft.

The man in the mirror smiled. Dimples appeared on his chiseled cheeks. His blue eyes sparkled. His slender brows arched upwards as his smile grew. "Oh my god," the man said, and his voice rattled the glass.

Jerry reached to the hem of his T-shirt, dangling above his navel now, and started pulling it up and over his head. He revealed a tight stomach of rippled glory, an abdomen hard enough to break bricks on, bulging with an 8-pack of beautiful brawn. Higher, the hanging muscle of his chest came into view. His nipples looked almost swollen, so large and dark on his skin. Almost wet, somehow. The caps were hard and round and perfect. The split between the hemispheres deepened by the inch as his arms rose over his head to



pull the shirt off, and he pulled it loose and shook his new mane of straight, full gold free. It hung to his shoulders like it had in college.

And then Jerry stood there naked, his erection pulsing dully between his legs, his balls swollen with his juice, and watched the last few moments of his transformation until his body displayed its new magnificence in full.

He was 7-foot-2. A treasure of gold spilled across his shoulders. His face was tanned and sculpted like some dream surfer. A long neck stretch suddenly wide onto shoulders that didn't even fully fit in his reflection. He had never seen a chest as big, except on Carlos. It was smooth and round and thick with power. He raised his arm to see if his bicep mimicked Carlos's as well, and his lat suddenly unfolded from his back like a wing. A tuft of more gold erupted from his armpit. It was soft and wet with his sweat. He was releasing a musky, earthy scent that entered his head like cologne. He was turning himself on.

Hell, he was turned fully on if that huge cock between his legs was any indication.

He started to stroke himself, sending thick waves of deep pleasure through his body when, as luck would have it, there was an insistent knock at his door.

"Hell," he said aloud, then smiled and laughed slightly. His voice was absurdly deep. He must have been dredging it up from his feet. His huge feet.

He glanced at his new self in the mirror and shrugged. "Well," he told himself, "no time like the present to try out the new wheels."

# 12

He had to do something about the huge, insistent erection throbbing nearly to his chest before he took care of anything else. He'd already found that touching it to make it obey in its current state was not going to work. Just placing his hand to its surface caused such a deep cascade of sexual pleasure through his new body that he doubted he could stop himself if he got started. Maybe, he thought, that's not a bad idea, anyway. Maybe if I just satisfy it – that is, satisfy myself, then it would go down by itself following the natural progression of...

The knocking came again, and he could hear a voice, a male voice, calling his name. He closed his eyes and tried to concentrate on making himself less sexually engrossed, guiding his thoughts to dry subjects like unemployment and the dishes piled in the sink, washing them, his hands dipped in the warm soapy water, his hands bringing the slick, warm water over his new body, the water dripping down his muscled contours, his skin glistening in the light, a drop of water hanging from the tip of one perfect nipple...

Well, clearly, that wasn't going to work. He took a deep breath and tried again. Gardening. He liked gardening. Outside pulling weeds. Yeah, this'll work.

I'm pulling weeds outside, the sun's hot, I'm uncomfortable. My hands are in the dirt. I'm sweating. I reach forward and tug at another patch of crabgrass. Crabgrass isn't sexy at all. Yep, this is working. I pull at the crabgrass, my arm swelling with brawn suddenly. I feel the slick sweat of my body. I smell dirty, a heavy musk of sweat hanging in the air around me. I sit back and take off my shirt in the heat, revealing a rippled belly of taught power and a chest as broad as the sky, two heaving mounds of rock solid power stretching and flexing. My hands rub the dirt across my tanned skin, through the sweat and slickness. Well, shit. I'm still hard.

"Dr. Lassiter? It's Kevin!"

His front door was unlocked, as usual. Of course. And now Kevin, his aide from the college, his best student and someone with intimate knowledge of the experiment's goals, was coming in. Kevin was a psychology major and phys ed minor. Kevin was a senior, 23 years old, standing exactly 6 feet 1 inch high. Kevin had dark hair, almost black, and very blue eyes. His lanky frame, as Jerry remembered it, was always moving, filled with youthful energy. The young man had a keen mind and a talented body. He would go far.

And he would know immediately what had happened. Or would he? Would he believe that the experiment had worked? This process should have taken 10 to 12 hours to completely transform a man, but here he was, vastly improved, in a matter of minutes. He heard the door closing and Kevin was calling again. "Dr. Lassiter?"

Jerry heard himself say, “Dr. Lassiter isn’t here. Uh, hold on a minute, I’m in the bathroom!”

“Oh, okay. I’m gonna get some water, if that’s okay, Mr..?”

”It’s Jer.. Gerold. Just call me Gerold.”

“Sure thing. Don’t let me interrupt your business, Gerold.”

Well, shit. So now what was he going to do? Jerry looked back in the mirror and caught site of the incredibly beautiful face and the awesome display of raw power there. He tensed slightly, watching the muscle fibers swell and stretch. His cock responded with a slick gob of fresh precum that flowed from its tip and streamed down the shaft. It seemed to be begging for his touch. It ached with hardness, now so red and firm and hot that it felt like it would explode any moment.

And probably, Jerry thought with a grin, that wasn’t far from the truth. So, sucking in a deep breath, he grabbed himself and started stroking, sinking deep into a flood of pleasure more profound than anything he’d ever experienced.

His grip was coated with the ultra-slick fluid his dick was producing in greater and greater abundance. Now that he was satisfying himself, his body seemed determined to show off all its heightened attributes, and a stream of the clear honey was pumping from him and drizzling down his steel hard rod. Every inch, every millimeter was ultra sensitive to his touch. His body was wracked with sensual gratification. He could feel his balls dropping and swelling, growing heavy and hot between his powerful thighs.

“You all right in there?” Kevin was standing by the door, listening to what sounded like a man lathering up or licking something. Whatever was happening in there, it was wet. “Need any help?”

Jerry almost laughed, his mind suddenly conjuring up a picture of Kevin’s strong, athletic frame. His long legs and muscled arms. His blue eyes and ready smile. He was realizing these visions that were coming out of nowhere at the same time he was realizing that this was another side effect of the serum that Carlos had mentioned. He was thinking of another man sexually. He was picturing another man’s body and seeing beauty and desire there. And he liked it. “No,” he answered in his deep, powerful bass, “I’m doing fine.”

He felt the strength of this body, the size and thickness and muscular power bulging everywhere. He looked down at the huge, fat prick erupting from his crotch, growing like a branch from his soft forest of golden pubes, the surface etched with veins and slick with his precum. The eye was leaking a steady stream of the clear lube. He lifted one hand off his throbbing member and brought it to his mouth, breathing in his scent before pushing his tongue toward his fingers curiously. A strong sense of masculine power filled his senses as soon as his perfume struck him, and the taste of himself was salty, spicy, earthy. It was a good taste, a satisfyingly savory tang. He licked his palm and his mouth was

filled with it. He found himself feeling a sudden hunger for that taste, his mouth literally watering as he swallowed his essence down. His dick seemed to surge with pleasure, growing even hotter and thicker, if that was possible. He moaned deeply.

Kevin's eyebrows arched and he made an amused face. If he didn't know any better, he swore the guy was in there beating off. Then he did laugh, thinking about Dr. Lassiter's reaction to discovering that his houseguest was in his bathroom jerking himself off while the good doctor was out doing whatever it was the good doctor did on his own time. "Okay, then. Um, I'll just be out here on the couch? Okay?"

"Uhhhnng.. uh huh... uh... uhhh.. oooohhh... yep."

"Uh huh." Kevin shook his head as he wandered into the living room and sprawled on the tattered couch, kicking a bunch of rags aside that sat on the floor. He didn't look too carefully at the torn shirt as he nudged it with his foot. But he did wonder about the collection of buttons on the carpet, picking one up that lay on the cushion next to him at examining it before tossing it to the floor as well. Lassiter never was the neatest person he knew. Hell, half his time as aide to the guy was spent cleaning up after him, arranging his notes, typing them into the computer and shit like that.

Still, Kevin admired the guy. If nothing else, Dr. Lassiter certainly had faith in his own abilities. And even if Kevin considered Lassiter's goals improbable and slightly, well, insane, there was no doubting that results were being seen in the lab before the plug got pulled. Kevin never got to know Dr. Martinez well at all. That guy seemed to be locked in his own world most of the time. He wasn't surprised when Lassiter told him the other doctor had packed it in and left the project.

Still, it was a shame that they never managed to move it to the final test phase. And if no one ever mentioned that Todd guy, who was he to question it? Maybe nothing had happened at all, and they were trying to keep it quiet to keep sucking the government teet a while longer. It certainly wasn't unheard of in highly experimental projects like the male genetics enhancement undertaking. He wasn't even supposed to know that much, but what with entering Lassiter's notes in the computer, Kevin figured he probably knew as much about it as Lassiter himself.

So all he wanted to do was pay his condolences to the guy. The military goons hadn't let him near the labs before everything was cleared out. And he'd grown to like and admire Lassiter. He might have been a kook, but he was a decent kook.

He set his glass of water on the table next to the couch and as his eyes wandered the disheveled surroundings, his brow wrinkled again. Those were pants. That was definitely a pair of pants. And was that someone's skivvies? He stood and walked over to them, picking up the town garments and examining them. The seams of the pants along the thighs were torn wide open. The zipper was broken, almost as if it had burst or been pulled apart. He started to pick up the shorts but then dropped them because they were damp with something. He dropped the pants, then, too and took another look at the shirt,

and at the buttons. The shirt was ripped apart as well. The sleeves burst open, the back torn to shreds.

What the hell?

He was standing there starting to form an impossible thought in his head when the bathroom door opened and he felt his jaw drop and his eyes bug out.

“Hi,” said the huge man, a towel wrapped around his waist as he brushed back a mane of blonde hair over one of the largest shoulders Kevin had ever seen or imagined. The man’s bicep bulged as big as a football, striated with cabled brawn under his bronzed flesh. “You must be Kevin.” The sound reached out to the young man and caressed him. A scent was reaching his senses, filling his head up with something strong and filled with desire. It flooded outward from the open bathroom, like steam from a long hot shower.

The huge man reached forward with his right hand because his left was keeping the towel in place. It was a small bath towel, hanging low on the guy’s hips. His belly was so rippled with muscular power that the term ‘washboard’ was an injustice. A thin trail of body hair erupted from his navel and lead down his pelvis to spread into a forest of honey-colored curls just above the edge of the white towel. The man’s legs were a roadmap of muscled mountains. He was carved from stone, every powerful detail honed to perfection.

“Holy fuck,” Kevin answered, “it really worked.”

Jerry paused and looked stricken. “What?” Kevin held up the pants and shirt, his eyes glazed, his mouth still hanging open. “Oh,” responded Lassiter, and his mouth quirked into a grimace. “Oops.”

“Dr. Lassiter? That is you, isn’t it?” The tall man nodded slowly. “Holy fuck.”

Keeping one hand on the towel, Lassiter brushed his hand across his head again, not quite used to having that wealth of hair to keep from falling across his features yet. “Yes, well, I suppose that is one way to put it.”

Kevin dropped the torn clothing and circled around the old professor, disbelieving what his eyes were telling him. As he looked at the man, a feeling of lust and need was building deep inside him. He gazed longingly at the man’s wide, muscled back. Fat bulges worked against each other under his copper skin. His taper was so pronounced, shrinking down to a tight waist from a pair of shoulders almost too large to fit through the bathroom door, it was a wonder he didn’t topple over. But seeing those hard cobblestones on the guy’s belly illustrated again exactly how he was supporting so much thick brown.

He’d never felt this strongly attracted to anyone of any sex ever before. He wanted to touch this man’s body, hold him close, kiss his soft lips, caress his strong body, feel the power of his muscles. “I can feel it,” he said aloud.

Jerry's brow furrowed. "Feel it?"

Kevin licked his lips and swallowed hard. "You mentioned in your notes that there was an unexpected pheromonal attraction displayed in some of the chimps from the pre-human trials. An attraction even between the males that... an attraction that... I can feel you. Jesus, this is weird."

"What does it feel like?"

The words were hitting Kevin like an embrace. "Even when you speak, Dr. Lassiter. Even though I know what's happening to me, even though I know it, I can't help feeling, like... holy fuck this is weird." His hand reached up to brush Lassiter's stubbled cheek. A thrill of lust filled him up. "It's sexual, that's for sure. I mean, I can really feel it in my crotch. My dick is getting harder every minute I stand here. It's unavoidable. It's amazing."

"You've never had any homosexual feelings before?"

Kevin had to physically restrain himself from running his hands across the huge man's powerful form. The scent was strong and masculine, like being in a locker room but mingled with something that pulled at him, tickled his balls, brushed his nipples, licked his cockhead. "I would... I'd be lying if I said I never found another guy, you know, good looking. I guess you could say I've admired how another man looked, but I've never felt a sexual... so strongly attracted to a man in a purely sexual way."

"Interesting." Lassiter crossed the room and paused, and his gestures were so familiar to Kevin as he watched the professor contemplate that he had to laugh. There was no doubt that this was Dr. Lassiter, now. But it was like someone took the guy's brains and personality and transplanted them in a superman. The guy was – there was no better word for it – perfect. "I experienced a similar homosexual episode while I was... when I... in the bathroom."

"So you had the initial super-erectile function accompanied by copious solitary ejaculate?"

"Clinical, but essentially correct." He looked over at Kevin, his left brow arching at the wet spot on the young man's crotch and the obvious tent that was building there. "It was just as the trials indicated. I had an erection that would not be ignored, to put it mildly. I had to satisfy that sexual need immediately following cessation of genetic conversion. It was, um, uncontrollable."

"Immediately follow... but, I saw you not three hours ago! This process should have taken..."

Lassiter was already nodding agreement. "It should have taken at least eight hours, but it all occurred in literally minutes. But these results are not based on the original formula." Kevin looked confused – and aroused. Lassiter smiled at the other man's evident discomfort. Did Kevin realize he was rubbing himself through his jeans? "I received a package from Dr. Martinez this afternoon. It contained a sample of the serum based on his continuing research. Apparently, there have been some improvements." He bent his arm to display the extent of the improvements. His arm bulged with tight brawn. His lat flared thickly. His armpit was furred with a soft forest of blonde. The scent of his power grew stronger, and hit Kevin like a wave. The young man gasped and pulled his pants open, digging his hand under his Y-fronts and pulling out his throbbing member, stroking himself with sudden abandon.

"Oh, shit," moaned Kevin. "Oh, fuck." And in moments, he was squirting a load on the carpet, flinging streams of spunk everywhere. "Oh, fuck, I'm sorry."

Lassiter was smiling, his bicep still on display, and he said, "It was, literally, not your fault."

Kevin was still breathing hard, and his erection was refusing to deflate. "I need to... I have to get some air." His hand was attempting to cover his wagging hard-on as he dashed from the room toward the kitchen and the back door of the house. He opened it wide and sucked in fresh air, feeling his head clearing almost as soon as he did so. "Shit," he whispered. "Holy shit." But he was also grinning. That was about the best orgasm he'd ever felt, even if it was also about the fastest. Whatever the stuff did, it knew just where to strike for the strongest reaction.

He stood near the open door, leaning against the frame, sucking clear air into his lungs as his head filled with everything he'd read about the process. "It really works," he said.

The powerful tones of Dr. Lassiter's voice answered from behind him. "Apparently." Kevin turned and looked at the form of the other man, his senses cleared of whatever Lassiter was putting out, consciously or not. "And I must say I'm just as surprised as you are."

"What about the rest?" Lassiter's brows raised, and as Kevin was replacing his own less-anxious cock in his pants, he wagged it once to indicate what he meant. Jerry's expression changed to one of amused understanding and, without preamble, he dropped the towel. "Whoa," Kevin said softly, "now that's impressive."

"Thanks," he answered, "I built it myself."

Kevin was looking at the extraordinary monster hanging thick and long between Lassiter's well-muscled legs. "Did you want to take any measurements?" He felt an anxiousness, a desire to put his hands on what the other man owned, that huge perfection dangling in heavy glory from his wealth of golden pubes. Dr. Lassiter's skin looked silken, it almost glowed with vigorous health. The man oozed sex.

Lassiter crossed his arms over his chest and leaned against the wall. "Did you?" He wasn't sure what made him say that, but he felt himself smiling, and there was a small thrill running through him as he looked across the kitchen at his student. Jerry watched Kevin's eyes scan his new body and he allowed his own to scan the young man's form, his fit and muscular torso, a tool honed to an athletic edge by how many hours at the gym, how many laps around the track, how many hours in the pool? His skin was beautiful looking as the sunlight struck it. His black hair was gently moving, brushed by the wind's hand. He hadn't buttoned up his jeans, and Lassiter could still see the gentle swell of the man's cock in his white cotton briefs.

Kevin could feel a strong physical pull from the other man. The naked man, standing on the other side of the room. Everything about that man announced his perfection, his strength and power. He defined male beauty. The globes of his chest were bulging under his crossed arms. The fibers of muscle pumped full and plump with evident capability, stretching out like power cables from the deeply shadowed separation between the brawny hemispheres. His shoulders were like mountains, stretching inhumanly wide, so thick with muscle they looked close to splitting through his tanned skin. "What are you doing, Dr. Lassiter?"

Jerry tried to look innocent, but he knew exactly what he was doing. He could feel his control over the new powers manifesting in his improved form growing stronger. He could sense his affect on the other man, and he enjoyed it. He was doing what he could to make that affect grow more pronounced. He unfolded his arms and reached a hand down to grasp the thick, firm shaft of his dick, his touch moving down his own thickly muscled body before reaching that amazing tool. His thumb ran along the fat vein that traveled its length, feeding it to greater size and hardness. All he had to do was want it. He could feel himself flooding with male strength, masculine power. Overwhelming, unstoppable. "Nothing, Kevin," he smiled. "Just being myself. Standing over here. Why, what's wrong?"

Kevin pulled in a breath, his head dizzy, his body suddenly hot. "I don't think this is helping." His hand moved under his T-shirt, he was caressing the smooth, hot flesh of his stomach, his fingers moving up toward his chest, feeling the innate strength he treasured so much. He loved that feeling, the feeling of being male, the pulsing strength that filled his muscles after a work-out, standing in the hot water of the shower afterwards, feeling that clean warmth on his skin, on his prick. "I think you're..."

A heavy drop of glistening precum appeared at the tip of Jerry's immense cock. It gathered upon itself, swelling larger until its weight pulled it free and it fell to the kitchen floor, leaving a gleaming thread of itself like a spider's web. Another drop was already forming. "I can't seem to help myself, Kevin." His voice sounded thick with need. "I'm not sure my transformation has fully manifested. I feel like..." His body was pulsing with something hot and powerful. It came off him in waves like heat that filled the space between them. His whole body tensed, his muscled bulging against his skin tightly. A swelling strength grew everywhere. He could feel it. "I feel very strange."



Kevin swallowed, taking a step into the room. "I want..."

Lassiter straightened. A trail of slick precum leaked down his muscled thigh. "What?"

"I want you," the young man said. "I know it. I feel it. I want your body. To feel it, to hold it, caress it. To hold you. To fuck you." His dick was hard and pushing steadily against its confines.

"It's the transformation, Kevin. You don't really..." Jerry was trying to hold himself back, hold himself in. He could feel a fire on his skin. His balls ached and his prick tingled and swelled under his hand.

But Kevin was nodding. "Yes, I want you. I know it's the transformation. I know it. I don't care." He was pulling his own shirt off, stripping his body free of it. A sheen of sweat coated his skin. His dickhead was leaking against his shorts, spreading his own slick glaze freely. He felt himself moving across the cold tile floor toward the huge man on the other side of the kitchen, he had never wanted anyone so badly in his life.

Kevin's hand found Jerry's right bicep and he grabbed it, feeling the round hardness of it, the smoothness of his skin, the sheer power the big man possessed flowing through his arm. Lassiter tensed involuntarily, making his muscle swell larger. It was a long, fat muscle and it bulged outward toward the other man's grip. Kevin's other hand reached down and he placed it over Jerry's own, on that immense prick hanging from his loins. Kevin's hand moved underneath and he grabbed the shaft hard, squeezing it. Jerry's asshole tightened. Another gob of precum erupted from the tip.

Kevin slowly dropped to his knees and his head was at Jerry's crotch. Lassiter took his hand away and Kevin leaned toward his dick and licked the shaft below the root. He could smell Jerry's scent strongly here, a thick fog of manliness. His hand traveled down the foot-long shaft until his palm cupped the drooping helmet, and he gathered Jerry's copious flow of lubing precum and slowly rubbed it all around his cockhead. Jerry could feel its warmth penetrate and crawl up his inches, heightening his sense of size, making him feel huge and heavy down there.

Kevin was worship at a shrine, slowly and carefully coating the huge manhood with its own juices, bathing Jerry's prick with a glistening glaze until the entire monster looked wet and slick. Lassiter was still releasing his precum and now Kevin was lifting the slowly hardening tool to his lips and kissing the head, kissing the piss slit and the flaring ridge, sucking against the hot skin, sucking the plump head inside his mouth, working his tongue around it and swallowing Jerry's salty essence. Lassiter was pumping out a heavy flow of precum now, unable to help himself, unable to slow what was happening.

His prick was now standing out from his body on its own, and Kevin used his hands to shove his pants and shorts off his slim hips, exposing his hard, pulsing cock and high, round ass. The soft winds coming through the open door caressed his skin, and he jerked

himself off as his mouth continued to pleasure that huge erection growing even longer and thicker as it neared full size.

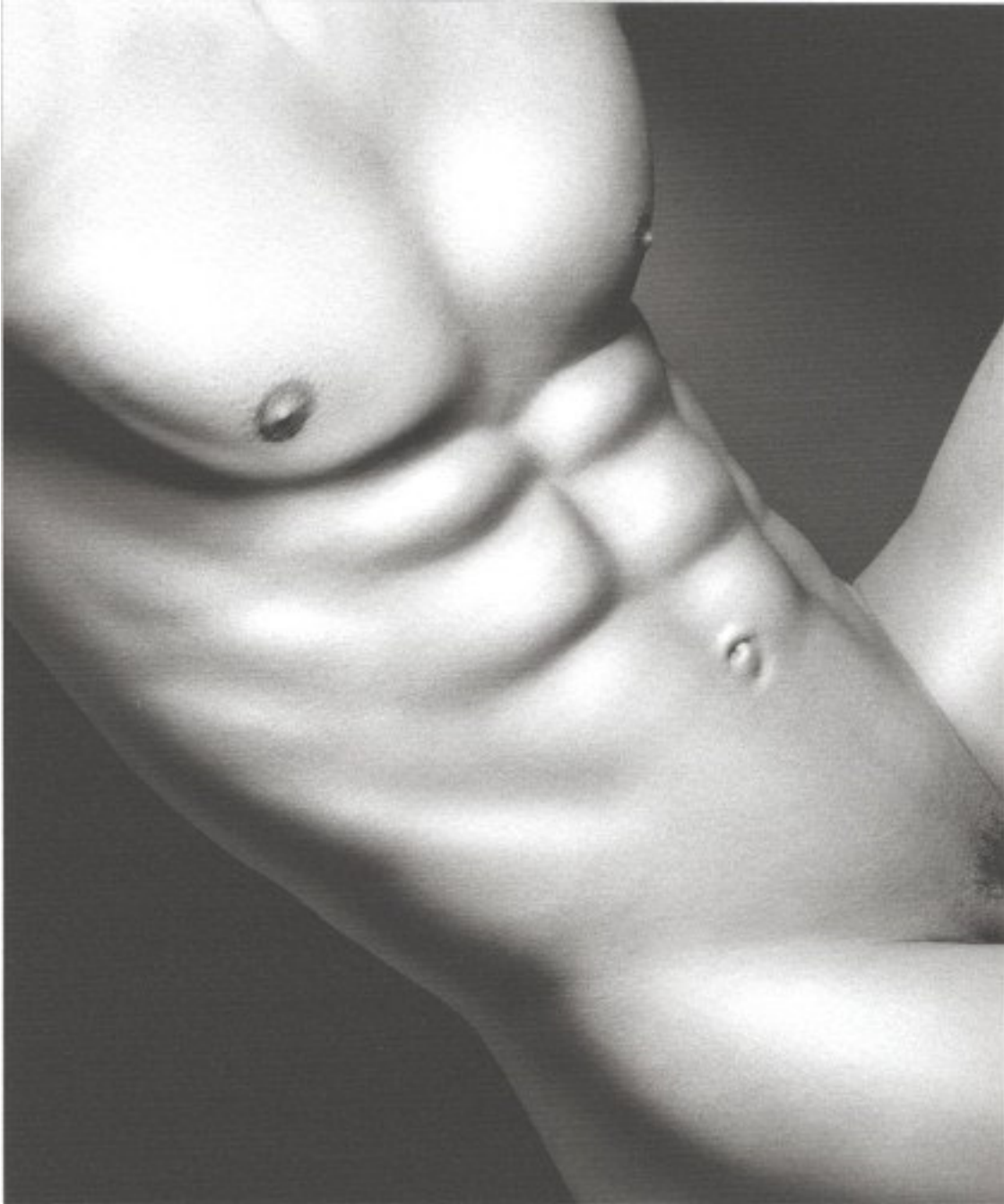
Jerry's hands clenched and unclenched as his body drank in the orgasmic pleasure Kevin was delivering. This was just as new for the doctor as it was for the student, having another man suck his dick. It was so intimate, so clandestine and unexpected. A taboo that only heightened his enjoyment of the act, and he knew he wanted more. He wanted Kevin's hands on his body. He wanted his own hands roaming Kevin's sleek skin, his taut brawn, his slim flat stomach and smoothly muscled chest. His hand reached forward and settled on Kevin's head, his thick, strong fingers brushing through soft hair. Then both hands grasped the young man's head and he could feel Kevin move as he started face fucking him, moving his mouth up and down the shaft, his tongue working its own sorts of miracles.

Kevin was in a frenzy of desire and lust. Having this huge cock in his mouth was like having a huge cock of his own. He used it as he would want to be used, as he would suck himself off if he could. The hard heat of it drove him mad. He could feel it grow and harden in his mouth. He sucked against the thick meat, feeling himself near orgasm as he worked to bring the huge muscular man to orgasm. That was all he wanted, to feel the power of his blast down his throat. He wanted to swallow his power, welcome it inside. He was feeling hot and hard and pumped. He sucked the huge cock as he stroked himself to orgasm, trying to hold his own load back until Kevin was pumping his flow.

Jerry's hips starting thrusting, a sinuous rhythm to accompany Kevin's attentions. His abdominals popped on his flat belly. He could feel himself ready to unload any second, and if this one was anything like the fountain he'd produced in the john, he was a little worried he'd blow Kevin's teeth out. "I'm... I'm going to..." He wanted to warn Kevin, but it felt so good, so damn good. And then he was cumming, blasting his rich, hot, powerful cream down his student's throat.

Kevin couldn't swallow fast enough. It was as if his body was craving this, his hunger finally fed with the thick flood entering him. He drank Jerry's rushing cum and felt himself filling up. He couldn't get enough of it. He felt vitalized, strengthened, overjoyed and satisfied. He started pumping his own load in several hard, fat gushes, as if completing the circle. There was a fire building inside him. Heat with the power of the sun stretching through him, out into his limbs, into his gushing cock. He kept gulping down Jerry's continuing flood. It dribbled from the corner of his lips, filled his mouth. Jerry came and came and came, delivering his tide of power for as long as Kevin pulled it into himself.

Jerry looked down in the middle of his eruption, feeling the deep pleasure everywhere, and his breath caught in his throat. Because the young man on his knees sucking his dick was suddenly growing.



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He could see it happening before his eyes. The muscles in the man's shoulders were swelling, bulging, developing as the seconds ticked by. He cleared his throat. "Uh, Kevin?"

The young man's body pulsed and throbbed with power. He sucked even harder, wanting nothing now but to make this feeling last and grow.

"Kevin? You... oh my, you really do have a talent there. Mmm." Jerry wanted to keep this up forever, and he was starting to wonder if that was a possibility since he'd been cumming for about a minute now. And he seemed to be constantly cumming, streaming his heavy load out in a thick flood rather than pumping it in bursts. It was accompanied by a thrumming, deep, powerful orgasm that shook his whole fully-muscled body.

Kevin's shoulders weren't the only things growing, of course. Jerry could see the other man's chest now making itself known as well. He watched the two globes swelling outward from his torso as if they were being inflated. Lassiter could see Kevin's arms start to join in on the fun as well. The biceps and triceps were bulging thick and round, their strength and size obvious as they developed, growing fatter with brawn. Jerry felt something hot and wet on his leg and he realized that Kevin was still cumming, too, and if anything it seemed like his ejaculation was growing stronger, just like his body.

Kevin was being overloaded with pleasure. It was flowing through him like blood, building hotter and stronger until he could hardly stand any more, and he reached up to grab Jerry's spurting cock and pull it from his mouth. He sucked on it as inch after inch withdrew from him and he pulled the stiff erection downward, feeling the sticky heat blasting against his neck, then his chest. The wetness lasted only moments, but the heat seemed to linger on his skin and then sink deep inside him. He stroked the huge prick with his hand, then took his other off his own fountaining wonder and used them both to jerk off Lassiter's cock.

Kevin leaned back, feeling his thigh and stomach muscles flex and stretch. His body was being painted in cum, coated with it like honey. His own dick was still pumping as well. He pulled his arms wide and allowed himself to bathe in heat and power.

Jerry couldn't believe what he was seeing. His sperm was still coming, and now it was spraying across Kevin's growing body and, somehow, was being drawn directly through the man's flesh. It was as if Kevin's quickly developing muscles were a sponge, drinking up all that Lassiter delivered. The young man's upper torso was a bulging map of brawn. His chest was amazing. Jerry could see it growing by the inch, filling up with might. He watched Kevin's face start to change as his body grew. As Kevin drew his hands from Jerry's cock and threw them wide, they seemed to inflate and lengthen. The muscles of his thighs swelled, split and bulged. Heavy wedges materialized as the muscles separated and grew straight through the guy's pants. They ripped open to reveal his new growth.

"Kevin! Kevin, you're growing!" Lassiter's voice finally got through the fog of the heavy orgasm and the younger man opened his eyes, looking up at Jerry's form. "Look at yourself, Kevin! Look!"

He gazed down and gasped, then started grinning. God, he was huge! Bigger than a bodybuilder, thick muscle everywhere. His arms bulged, his stomach rippled, his chest...

Jesus his chest! “Cool,” he said, and then he said it again when he heard his new voice. “Cool.” His hands started exploring his body, to feel the muscle growing. It was beyond amazing, beyond belief. He could feel himself swelling with more and more brawn, sense his strength expanding by the second. His hands were drenched with cum, it hung in thick warm strands between his fingers for a moment and then was gone, disappearing as if evaporating, but he knew it was being drawn into him, feeding this process. He looked up at Lassiter’s face, at the older man’s eyes. “How is this happening?”

Jerry shrugged. He shook his head, his mouth hanging open. He was holding his dick and spraying his load over the young man at his feet, transforming him into another perfect model of masculine power and beauty. He came and came and finally felt his body draining of the thick fill of power-giving cum. His constant stream of orgasmic bliss was trailing down as well, and with a final few pushes he’d emptied himself on Kevin, and now stood in awe and wonder as the other man’s development continued as he watched.

Kevin’s prick wasn’t done, though. Jerry wondered if Kevin was somehow absorbing the altering properties and casting off the excess. Was there excess? Was his constant ejaculation a side-effect of receiving the transformation in this way? Was this “normal?” He could now sense what he assumed the other man had felt from him earlier. Kevin seemed to be giving off some strong scent, a thick masculine smell that drifted through Jerry’s senses like perfume, a strong attraction that was making him feel warm and horny all over again. And it looked like Kevin’s growth was surpassing Jerry’s own. Maybe this was also a side-effect, that the serum constantly changed and amplified as it passed from male to male, growing stronger in its ability to utterly transform a man to his ultimate physical self.

Or maybe it was a fluke.

Kevin’s prick stopped streaming all at once and he rose effortlessly to his feet, his gargantuan legs bulging as he did so. His erection was subsiding now, but what he was left with was a huge, fat cock that hung between his legs like a third limb. His body was thickly veined, and his skin was alabaster. His prick was just as veined and pink as his body, and looked just as huge and powerful. Standing next to Jerry’s bronzed flesh, Kevin looked clean and new, almost shiny. He had almost no body hair, and his small nipples were hard and perfectly formed, like hard tanned buttons on his chest. His belly rippled with power.

Looking at Kevin’s face, Jerry felt momentary lust. The young man’s thick, full lips, cleft chin and squared jaw gave him a masculine sensuousness that was further highlighted by his dark, thick eyelashes and silver-blue eyes. His brows were also heavy and black, nearly falling into each other above his prominent nose, and a cascade of full, wavy midnight hung across his shoulders. “Oh my God,” he whispered, looking at his former student.

Kevin looked down, his large hands dancing across his naked skin. “What? What is it?” He felt a touch of panic, thinking that something else had happened to him he hadn’t

realized yet. But meeting Lassiter's eyes again, and seeing the smile on the man's face – added to the fact that Kevin realized he was looking down at the doctor – he suddenly understood the reaction. “Oh,” he said, laughing slightly, “yeah.”

Lassiter whistled. “Well,” he said at last, “I suppose I'll have to be more careful about whose mouth I stick my penis in.”

Kevin grinned a lopsided smile and set his paw on the other man's thick shoulder. “Nice time to think about that, Dr. Lassiter.” His silver eyes narrowed. “I don't suppose there's any hope that this is a temporary situation?”

Jerry shook his head. “Fraid not,” he said, sounding genuinely sorry.

“I'm kidding, Dr. Lassiter. Shit, you don't think this was what I was hoping for since I volunteered for this project?” He bent his arm to watch the muscle bulge and grow, his smile broadening as the head of the muscle split and swelled ever larger. “This was what I wanted all along. I wanted to be Todd, remember?” He laughed slightly. “Only someone thought I didn't fit the profile.”

Then Jerry laughed, too. “Oh, yes. I remember. I believe we came to the conclusion that you were too physically fit and the effects might not...”

“Might not manifest as noticeably.” He broke into a double-bi, his barrel of a chest swelling outward by the inch, his shoulders turning into mountains. “But I must admit that I'm pretty satisfied with the results.” He started flexing his new frame, displaying every amazing inch of improved muscularity and masculine power. The veins seemed to swell visibly as his body pumped itself to full strength. “Amazing,” he whispered, looking down his bulging contours, his hands traveling over the smooth, silken skin holding all his muscle in before he reached down and hefted his fat prick in both hands, shutting his eyes as a shock of pleasure erupted along its inches. He softly moaned with bliss and his thick lips twisted into a beautiful smile.

Jerry's sense of Kevin's masculinity was increasing. He could feel the other man's strength and power coming off him in waves. Then he regained his own senses and realized that the tables had turned, and Kevin was unwittingly drenching the room with his own powerful pheromones. “Goodness,” he said deeply, “that is a rather appealing scent, isn't it?” Lassiter's hand was at his groin, his fingers digging through his honey blonde pubes.

Kevin knew at once what the doctor was referring to. He lifted an arm and fanned his chemical attractant toward the man. “Just as designed, eh Doc?” He pushed his own nose at his pit and breathed in deeply. “Oh, yeah, I'm sex on a stick now.”

Jerry swallowed hard. “Can you still sense me?” He could feel an urgency building at his loins again. Already! Were there no limits to this new body's drives and abilities? Then

he answered his own question, as he thought, no, of course not. I didn't build any in. Who would have thought any were necessary?

Kevin walked toward him, coming very close, and bent his head toward the other man's neck. Jerry felt like he was being bathed in the man's scent, it entered his head and washed over his defenses. He felt like swooning. Kevin's cool, black hair brushed his chest. He heard Kevin sucking in his own scent, felt his breath on his skin as he exhaled. Kevin's hand was on his arm, resting there on his muscle. Had he just kissed Lassiter's neck? Was a kiss so soft as that? Their bodies pressed together, skin to skin. A tingle of sexuality passed between the huge men. Kevin's ministrations seemed so gentle, so tentative. Kevin's eyes met his own as the man's face passed across to the other side, dipping to smell the base of Jerry's neck, the depression at the bottom of his throat, and Jerry caught a deep scent of Kevin's dark mane. It seemed saturated with the man.

Kevin smiled. He could smell Jerry. His hand rested on Jerry's thick bicep and he enjoyed feeling the other man's skin, and the hardness of his muscle, the rounded bulge, the life and energy of the man under his hand. Jerry's scent was a musk, a perfume, the memory of his own transformation, the scent that would always remind him of this afternoon in this kitchen and the hesitation and excitement and sexuality. He wanted to breathe the man in entirely, to hold him inside, paint a memory of them together. He lightly pressed his body against the other man's, their skin barely touching, to feel his heat and strength. The softness of the hair on his body, his bronzed skin against his own flawless alabaster. He felt a thrill of pleasure as their skin met. He wanted to be with him again, fully, to lie with him, feel him, caress him, kiss him everywhere.

"Yes," he breathed at last, his lips very close to Lassiter's left ear, "you are still in my head." His tongue reached out and licked that ear, dipping into it teasingly before withdrawing.

"And do you feel," asked Lassiter, swallowing thickly, "do you feel a certain attraction?"

"Are you asking," he said, still very close to the other man, their faces inches apart, "if I want to fuck you?" He smiled slightly and one of his thick, dark brows arched questioningly.

Jerry's head tilted slightly, his eyelids felt heavy and his head was swimming in Kevin's scent. "In a manner of speaking." His mouth was dry. His whole body was tingling.

"Yes," he answered, nodding once. "I want to fuck you," he answered slowly, mouthing the words with care, lingering on the hard 'k,' his lips slightly apart. "I want to fuck you very hard, and for a very long time." He moved forward slightly, brushing his full lips against Jerry's. "And what," he asked, speaking very quietly, their mouths touching, "are you feeling?"

"I must admit," he breathed, "that the prospect is a bit," he paused, then kissed the other man's lips softly, "attractive."

“You’ve managed,” Kevin responded, kissing him back just as softly, “to cook up,” he kissed him again, “quite the little package, you know.” His hand moved up Jerry’s arm, across his shoulder, holding his neck, his fingers caressing his teacher’s soft wealth of golden hair. “I’m very impressed.”

“Thank you,” Jerry answered, his own hand reaching toward Kevin’s massive chest, brushing his fingertips across the smooth, muscled expanse.

“Jerry?” Kevin’s voice was a deep rumble. He brushed his mouth against the older man’s again, teasingly.

“Yes?” Jerry’s thumb was rubbing against one of Kevin’s hard nipples.

“Is this your idea of foreplay?” he smiled, then kissed the man quite fully and forcibly, sucking against his mouth and teasing with his tongue.

“I suppose.” He kissed him back, twisting his head to press their mouths together. His tongue wasn’t teasing at all. It was fully engaged. He wrapped his arms around his student, pulling him into the kiss, into a strong embrace, feeling the other man’s larger strength and size against his own. “I’m just not very good at it.” He shoved his tongue back inside Kevin’s mouth, feeling the thick heat of passion building inside him, his drives overwhelming any other thoughts from his mind.

Their hard bodies pressed together, and Kevin started grinding his groin against Lassiter. The doctor felt the young man’s firm tool like a hot, hard pipe against his pelvis. His whole body melted against the touch of that magnificent prick. “You’ve never...?” he breathed the unfinished question, knowing the answer.

“No,” Kevin answered, feeling a deep thrill at the prospect of what he thought was about to happen. God, he wanted this. He never wanted anything or anyone this much before. This was beyond desire and lust. This wasn’t just want. This was need. His dick pulsed with it. His body swelled with it. His muscles bulged with it.

Lassiter didn’t wait. He didn’t wonder. He didn’t ponder the ways and means, he simply turned and opened himself to Kevin’s cock, bending over and lifting his cherry ass. His puckered hole stared back at Kevin, who felt he thick need swell. Man sex. “I don’t want to hurt you,” he said, but he had the tip of his engorging monster poised at the lips of Jerry’s hole. He was leaking a stream of precum, a steady clear drizzle that sank into the pit.

“Yes,” Jerry answered, “you do.” He could feel the warmth of Kevin’s drool on his ass. It dripped down his thighs. It entered him and a heat was building inside. “You want to fuck me very hard,” he repeated, “and for a very long time.”



Kevin's cock was red and hard as steel. The veins that covered it were pumped full and thick. The head was a purple plum, ready to burst with seed. He pressed himself into the doctor's perfect ass and started slowly, very slowly, to fuck his teacher. As he slid home, laying his thick hard pipe down the sweet, tight ass, his body reacted with a flood of pleasure that washed over him like a tide, and as he felt the other man welcome him and then tighten down on his prick, he was filled all over again with such a wealth of sexual bliss he thought he would drown.

Jerry felt Kevin's cock head kissing his asshole. The sweet heat of sex that had been slowly building in his groin as the clear honey found its way down his ass began to swell and pulse as the tight flesh of that hard prick touched his waiting hole. A blossom of sweet pain banked up the heat another notch like a sudden fire. He felt himself splitting open as the hugeness slid home inside him. He felt every slick, hard inch as Kevin entered him with an aching slowness. More and more of the man came inside. The fire built into a shining perfect pleasure that erupted outward from their connection and flooded Jerry with a gratification so overwhelmingly blissful that his other senses momentarily shut off as they were inundated under the flood of pleasure.

Kevin shoved himself inside, deeper and deeper, fuller and fuller, harder and harder. His hands grabbed Jerry's hips, pulling the man onto his cock. He buried himself inside, every inch that pressed into the other man delivering infinite waves of sexual paradise. This was what heaven must feel like. This was what sex was meant to be.

Then he started to pull himself out, just as slowly, just as deliberately, again feeling the deep tingling shocks of erotic power flooding his system. God, this was great. This was more than he ever imagined possible. This was beyond anything he hoped for. Kevin felt his strength, his power, his innate muscular capability like a suit of clothes, a feeling that surrounded him and defined him. He was more than a man. He was stronger and better and bigger. He shoved himself inside, harder, thrusting his hips toward Jerry, then he was pulling out again, then pushing inside. He felt the ridge of his helmet like a super-sensitive lip, a tongue, a finger that tickled and probed.

Jerry was in another sort of heaven. He felt complete, filled, whole. Kevin's immensity was in every stroke of his cock. Masculine power and strength was filling him up. He moved against Kevin, welcoming him in, pulling him in. He wanted to hold him there. His insides were glowing with pleasure, he felt like he could fly, like he could lift off the floor. He felt warmth on his legs, running the length of their bulging muscularity.

Kevin was releasing a flood of lube. He swelled against the slickness, his cock felt thick and hot, as big as his heavily muscled arm. His fucks were squeezing the excess out of Jerry's ass and it splashed against his groin, soaking his triangle of black fur and running in drizzling rivers down his body. He was thrusting harder, faster, feeling something else building to release, a beast of such hunger and strength that he was having a hard time containing it. The beast of his orgasmic release, the burden of his seed, swelling thick and hot in his balls. Another rushing monster of pure power, his bottomless well of masculine energy tapped again and feeding another heavy pool of his cum into his balls. They

churned and groaned under their load, swelling and drooping beneath his hard, red hammer. He could not fuck fast enough, now, and he was slamming Jerry's ass with wild lust.

Jerry's body shook. Each thrust of Kevin's mammoth tool was delivering thick, heavy orgasmic pleasure through him. His own dick was so hard it hurt. His balls were soon just as fat with seed, just as anxious to unload all he had, but he held himself back, held himself like a dam against Kevin's flood until they could cum together, each fountaining his flood like a geyser.

Kevin pinched his eyes shut, pushed all the way in, all 15 thick inches inside Jerry's ass, and he arched his back and tensed his muscles, pushing just as hard to flood Lassiter with his hot cream. He felt it rushing up his inches and out, felt its heat bathe and surround his cock impaled in Jerry's ass. His flood came in a sudden, full rush and all his muscles bulged with swollen power.

Jerry was filled with heat and allowed his own load to burst out. He came so quickly and so fully that he could hear it, he heard his cum escape. It plastered his chest and chin, He bent his mouth down and came into it, pushing his load inside. He swallowed and drank and swallowed more and more. He was cumming like a firehose, spraying his hot power down his own throat.

A renewed sense of strength suffused him, surrounded him, exploded inside him. He knew he was growing again. Getting bigger still, more powerful, stronger than ever. Kevin's flood fed him from inside. It was everywhere, swimming in his system, feeding him again, pushing him to grow bigger, wider, stronger, more powerful than ever. Kevin was still cumming, buried deep inside him, and the young man bent forward and lay his body against Lassiter's. It was hot, slick with sweat, smooth and perfect. Kevin's lips were against Jerry's ear, and he whispered, "I can feel you growing." His arms enwrapped the man's torso, his hands against his chest. "So big, Jerry. How big can we get?"

Lassiter didn't know. He didn't care. What had Carlos said? Twice the size? Was he serious? Did he mean his muscles had swelled to twice their normal size, or did he really mean...? He felt so good, so goddam good. It felt like Kevin's body was shrinking, but he knew what was really happening. He could feel himself growing heavier with muscle. Muscle everywhere.

Kevin's hands grasped onto Jerry's meaty chest and squeezed, but after only moments, the other man's chest grew too large to hold so easily. Jerry was probably as big as Kevin, now. Maybe bigger. He could feel his back expand under him. He could feel new muscular development happening every second. Muscle was writhing under him, swelling cords of power growing bigger by the second. Lassiter was growing wings as his lats spread. Kevin rose from his professor's back, his dick still plugged in, and finished pumping his thick load inside the growing man. His eyes goggled watching the other man's ass develop, the cables of muscle expanding and multiplying even there.

Lassiter was perfecting in front of him. He pulled himself out, inch by inch, until he came free of Jerry's ass with an audible pop, his slick cock still firm and swollen, but growing limp now that its work was done. He stroked himself, amazed that even as he was losing his rigid arousal, his dick fed him intense throbbing waves of pleasure. He felt like it wouldn't take very much prodding at all to get him fully erect again right now, but at the moment his attentions were drawn to the huge mountain of masculine power straightening in front of him.

Jerry rose up from his prone position, his ass still tingling and hot. He could feel all his muscles working in harmony to bring his weightier bulk to a standing position. How much did he weigh now? How big was he? How tall, how wide, how huge? He rose to his full height, his head almost brushing the eight-foot ceiling in the kitchen. The back door was still open, allowing the fresh, warm breezes from the outside to drift in and caress his sensitized skin. He closed his eyes, sensing these soft whispering touches on his naked flesh. He took in a deep breath, feeling his development slow. The rushing sense of sexual pleasure and muscular growth slowly subsided from him as he heard a gasp from behind him. He turned slowly toward Kevin.

The college student stood in mute wonder as the figure before him slowly turned to face him. The man's back was a lesson in power, a map of muscular perfection, a swelling and bulging mass of pure brawn that spread four feet across. Maybe more. Lassiter tossed his golden mane across his shoulder and it fell down his back to his round and beautiful ass, spun gold in the filtered afternoon light.

His shoulder was a bowling ball, a striated boulder of muscle, thick and huge. His arm was an impossible mass of bulges, fat and broad melons where his bicep and tricep should be. His skin was golden bronze, with more of his blonde like a halo along the flesh, shiny and beautiful. Lassiter's chest hung on his torso like two sculpted mountains. As he turned, the deep separation came into view. Kevin could imagine slipping his tongue between the massive hemispheres. His eyes scanned down the man's body to see an eight-pack of rippled wonder. Jerry's belly was so tightly packed with power that Kevin wondered, idly, whether he had any room for a stomach. Then, there, further down, Jerry's cock. His fur of spun gold seemed to glisten above the thick root of his massive prick. The shaft was smooth, powerful looking. It hung like a fleshy pipe down further and further until the plum of its head appeared. The ridge was wide, flaring, lickable. His dick hung in front of a pair of low-hangers that looked as big as oranges, egg-shaped and held inside a smooth sac covered with more of his gold hair.

A sound drew Kevin's gaze up to Jerry's face. And he gasped again.

Jerry cleared his throat to get the young man to look somewhere other than his dick. He could feel it down there, a heavy pull against his loins, and knew he was bigger there as well. The formula just kept going and going, making all his male properties continue to develop, improve, perfect, grow stronger, bigger, mightier than ever. First he'd taken the sample and been transformed, then he'd inadvertently transformed Kevin, and now Kevin

had completed the cycle, altering and improving the formula through his own chemistry and giving it back to Jerry.

It wasn't supposed to work like this. It was only supposed to change one man at a time. Inject a man, he's made over, perfected, transformed to be the ultimate he could be. But something, obviously, had happened, something neither he nor Carlos had planned or even imagined. The formula changed men, all right, changed them so utterly that they could change other men as well. And when it passed through that man's genetic character, perfecting him, it changed again and could be given back, re-injected (although in a much more pleasurable fashion) to give back the further perfecting natures and allow the originator to grow bigger, yet. Everything was bigger, and everything was more powerful as well.

He stood facing Kevin, now larger than his pupil again, gaining another half a foot in height and who knew how much in muscle. He felt, it went without saying, extremely great. "Thanks," he said. His voice was a deep rumble.

"Don't mention it," smiled Kevin. "Damn, this stuff is..." He couldn't think of a word big enough to describe what he felt.

Jerry looked down at his new form. "It is, isn't it?" His hands were exploring his new dimensions as he said, "You realize we have a little problem, here."

Kevin grinned. "I don't think there's anything 'little' left about either of us."

Jerry laughed. "No, I mean we're not well equipped to wander the campus like this, are we?"

"You look fully equipped to me, from where I'm standing. And I do mean fully." Lassiter didn't laugh. "What, you mean naked? Last year for pledge, I had to streak across... don't look at me like that, I'm just joking. Looking at you now it's easy to forget who you are, Dr. Lassiter. You look about my age, face-wise anyway. I have to remind myself that you don't have a sense of humor."

Jerry's eyes widened. "I do, as a matter of fact." Kevin's brow rose. "Well, anyway, you know what I mean."

"Yeah, I guess you'd attract a little attention. That's assuming you can squeeze yourself out the door, of course. And also assuming you have anything at all that will fit your new, um," he gazed down, smiling, "dimensions."

"You're not exactly what one would consider the average college student, Kevin. Have you looked at yourself in the... wait a minute, you haven't have you?"

Kevin was scratching an itch, making his ample cock wag vigorously. "Haven't what?"

“Seen yourself.” He reached forward and grabbed Kevin’s arm, pulling him toward the door. He stopped, pausing to gauge how he was going to fit through and then twisted and bent slightly, shoving his broad muscles through the doorway into the living room. Kevin followed him and then went before him into the bathroom to take a look at what he’d become in the mirror.

Flipping on the light switch, it became immediately apparent what he’d become. He looked like muscular power incarnate. Every fiber of every muscle stood out in bold relief under his pale pink flesh. Thick veins wound like rivers through the mountains of brawn. The mirror in the bathroom wasn’t big enough to afford him an overall look, and in fact he was so wide that his arms stretched beyond the edges of the reflection. But what he did manage to see, a man with a chest made of granite and abs like a carton of eggs and a wealth of black fur at his groin opening only to allow the thick, heavy root of what looked like a full foot of perfect prick, made him smile. “Wow,” he said at last, his large hands on his chest, “I’m buff.” He looked at Lassiter, who was smiling like a proud dad. “You really did it, doc!”

“I guess I did, didn’t I?”

Kevin kept smiling and suddenly reached his arms around the larger hunk and squeezed him tight. “Thank you,” he said, “I can’t tell you how happy I am.”

Jerry started laughing. “Hey, my pleasure. And I mean that.” He hugged back, shortly, and they separated. “So, the other stuff... you’re okay with that?”

“You’re asking the guy who just fucked your ass if he’s okay with fucking your ass? Shouldn’t I be the one asking whether you minded if I fucked your ass in this equation?” He laughed. “Nah, makes no nevermind to me. And I have to say that I think your little formula is doing its utmost to make sure everything’s all right, know what I mean?”

“Not exactly,” the doctor admitted.

Kevin wandered into the living room and flopped his frame down on the couch. His long, muscular legs stretched out in front of him and he folded his arms so his head rested on his hands. The biceps bulged like footballs mounted on his arms. He had very little hair under his arms, just as his entire body save for his groin seemed entirely hairless. Still, a sudden wave of his male scent struck Jerry’s senses, and he fought to control a renewed sense of sexual urgency. “I mean that when I plugged in, it wasn’t like any sex I remember having before. It was like I was supposed to be there. It felt completely right, completely... complete.” His brow furrowed. “Does that make sense?”

“I think so. I have to admit that my own sexual history for the past few years has been decidedly lacking in interest. But from what I remember,” he said, smiling, “that was one great fuck we just had.”

Kevin leaned forward, his stomach suddenly swelling with brawn, and clasped his hands. “Man, that wasn’t just fucking. I’m not sure what that was, but that was a hell of a lot better than a fuck. That was like achieving nirvana or something. Touching heaven. I mean, it was just...” He shook his head, lost for words.

“And I assume you’re ready to do it again?” Because Jerry knew he could in a second, looking at the beautiful man in his living room.

Kevin smiled. “No doubt about it. This body is like, well, primed. Constantly. I think the only reason I stopped cumming was that I wanted to see you change. I loved watching you grow, feeling you getting bigger, stronger. But I think if I wanted to, yeah, I could fuck you into next Sunday, literally.”

“Or not?”

He shrugged. “Yeah. Or not.” He realized something, and his eyes twinkled. “This is control, isn’t it? Complete control?”

Jerry nodded. “A facet of it, obviously. Your body does what you tell it to. You want to feel libidinous, you feel it. You don’t, you don’t. Part of the object of the formula was to grant men their ultimate physical capabilities, cleansing the system of impurities and restraints. But that also meant that there had to be restraints placed on those capabilities in the form of will.”

“Because a body of ultimate physical capability freed of restraint would seek ultimate physical pleasure in opposition to everything else.”

“And an army of muscle men doing nothing but constantly fornicating...”

“With each other,” Kevin added.

“...wasn’t quite what the government had in mind.”

“So while my physical sense is now unchained, unrestricted and perfected, my mind still retains full control of everything.” He paused. “How strong am I?”

Jerry considered for a moment. “Not sure, exactly. The formula works on muscle tissue by increasing mass exponentially as required.”

“So if I started working out...”

“Your body would adapt as required, developing muscle tissue to compensate.”

“And the fuel to feed that growth?”

“No immediate need. The formula itself is a super-rich protein source stored in your cells. When your DNA was altered, your entire body was made over. But any protein source would only increase that growth potential. There is no waste product in a perfect machine.”

“Maybe that explains your additional growth. Sperm is almost pure protein, right?”

“Not usually, no. But these bodies produce something like perfect sperm. Although it is completely impotent.”

Kevin nodded. “No babies. Well, that’s disappointing.”

“Carlos – Dr. Martinez was working on that before he... uh... left. But, no, I think what happened to me is a reflection of what happened to you. Bu itself, the formula is inert. It activates inside the male body. The subject, being you and me in this case, adapts and alters the formula because it becomes a part of him. You didn’t get the formula I received. You received a version that had been altered by my chemistry. So your growth was more pronounced – you had an active culture, so to speak.”

“So when it entered me, it changed again, so what I gave you back...”

Jerry was nodding. “Was a new formula. Or rather, a transformed one. You gave part of me back, but added part of you as well.”

“So if you fucked me again?”

“No change. No new DNA in the mix.”

“So with more men?”

“Theoretically, the formula would increase in potency and capability with successive subjects. But there would be, at some point, a wall. The formula would stop evolving because the pool was too dense. It would take increasingly unusual combinations of genetic material. Different races would have an immediate effect. Different body types. Even different sexual preference might make a great difference in the lifetime of the sample.”

“And the sample inside us, it was already improved by Dr. Martinez and Todd?”

“Among others. I’m not sure how many. Judging by our results, I’d say this sample has been developed and refined through numerous men.”

Kevin paused. “What would happen if this was given to someone who was, like, a teenager?”

“Pre-pubescent?” Kevin nodded. “The original serum was obviously intended for mature male subjects. The genetic code of any individual is set at birth. Their development, body type, etc., is already

“Carlos... Carlos claimed he had doubled his height.”

“Shit!” Kevin was on his feet immediately. “Twelve feet tall? How fucking big is he?”

Jerry shook his head. “I don’t know. I’m supposed to go find out in person.”



They were, without a doubt, the two most beautiful men Bobby had ever seen. He couldn't believe his luck, although he was wondering what sort of luck he had. Bobby started working out only two weeks before, signing up at the 24-hour gym and coming in after his nightshift. He'd just moved to this town, having been kicked out of his house by his Dad after coming out to the family. Not the most auspicious beginning of his post-high school life.

The only work he could find was at the gas station out past the edge of town. The money he made there managed to pay for the room he had downtown, and even if everything else seemed to be going from bad to worse (and he thought coming out was supposed to be so liberating!) he'd decided that if this was now his life, he was going to live it the way he wanted to.

And that included improving his body. He'd been embarrassed that someone would notice his attentions at the school workout room and had avoided working out with weights even though he really wanted to look like those guys he worshiped and dreamed about. And even though this place was far from the shiny, clean gyms he expected, there was plenty of weights, it was cheap, and he could drop in any time without worrying that he couldn't measure up to the hardcore guys who were here at almost every other hour.

But he'd get there. He was determined.

Then, tonight, these two walk in. And all his self-doubts came screaming back. And even though he did realize that coming to grips with his feelings about guys – and in particular guys like these – made him a lot less ashamed of watching them so intently, he couldn't help but feel he was still the target of their derision, or else why would they keep looking at him like that?

“You're not straining enough, Blake.”

“Huh?”

David was smiling one of his patented smiles, filling his features with open joy and amusement. He nodded toward the little guy at the far bench. “He's going to know something's up if you don't grunt or sweat or something.” His brow wrinkled. “It's not, y'know, natural.”

Blake returned the groaning bar to the bench, sitting up and rubbing his thickly muscled arms. “And what gives you the impression he thinks something's up?” He raised his hand and brushed his hair from his face. He was wearing it jet black, and his eyes were ice

blue. He'd stripped the hair from his huge and bulging frame, allowing his skin to darken to an olive Mediterranean hue. His lips were full, his nose slightly wide, and his lashes were long and thick. He'd shrunk down to a 'normal' 6-foot, 6-inch height that was sleek and hard and fat with brawn.

"He keeps looking at us. Like, weird." David had apparently found a look he liked and was sticking to it. His white-blond hair was close-cropped to his head, and his eyes were sea green. His face was a sculpted collection of male beauty, with high cheek bones and a prominent chin with a deep cleft. A fuzz of blond fur lightly shadowed his cheeks and chin, and he'd decided that the swarthy look was in, because a similar furry forest spread itself across his mammoth chest and down his rippled belly. But even though he and Blake agreed before they even left IGE that "smaller is better," he loved his size too much to let it all go. The guy defined huge, right down to the thick tube of man flesh curled inside his shorts.

It was Blake's turn to smile. "You weren't gay before the transformation, were you bud?"

David shook his head. "Straight as the day is... er, was long." He looked at the little guy again, and a light dawned in his eyes. "Ooooooh! I get it. He's looking because... Ooooooh!"

Blake laughed lightly. "That's eye contact, my friend." But as he looked over and allowed his gaze to linger on the only other young man in the room, he said, "he just isn't all that experienced, is all."

Bobby could feel the guy's stare. He wanted to look back, oh yes he did. But he wasn't sure if the guy was staring because he was interested (like that was going to happen, with that other god standing there with his incredible body and that overflowing basket down below) or angry. And he didn't feel like getting his ass kicked again, especially by a guy who looked like he could kick Bobby's ass all the way through the roof of his head.

But he couldn't help himself. Even out of the corner of his eye, the beauty was undeniable. "My God," he thought, "I didn't think guys like that really existed. And it'd be worth an ass kicking just to look, wouldn't it?"

So he did.

And the guy, that beautiful, unearthly man, smiled at him.

He felt like he was melting.

David and Blake traded off and Blake pretended to spot David. "Okay, remember, normal guys don't swell by the inch as they pump, remember?"

“Yeah, yeah, keep your shirt on – better yet, take your shirt off! Bet that’d get his attention.”

“Later, later. We have his attention, but only because we’re the only other guys in here.”

“Oh sure,” nodded David, ducking his head under the bar. “The fact that you look like an underwear model and I look like... what’s his name?”

“Brad Pitt.”

“Brad Pitt with a glandular condition probably has nothing to do with it.”

“I said you could look like Brad Pitt, I didn’t say you did.” David frowned. “You look better.” David grinned and hefted the barbell. “Okay, so, do a few pumps, and get yourself primed. I know this doesn’t challenge you, it’s only about 450 pounds, but make it look good.”

“450? Shit, my dick weighs that.” He started pressing the weight up and down.

Bobby watched the action out of the corner of his eye. The barbell was actually bending under the weight of the plates loaded on it. He’d never seen anything like it before. And the blonde guy was pressing it so easily and so fast you’d think it was a trick. He shook his head and turned his attention back to his bicep curls.

“Is he watching?”

“He’s watching his arm. He’s not watching you.”

“Are you sure he’s gay? Maybe I shoulda made my cock a little bigger.”

“Your cock is plenty big, David. A horse in heat doesn’t have what you’re packing.” Blake looked down at his friend, watching the guy’s chest swell. David was allowing himself to grow in his shoulders, arms and chest as he pumped. His biceps looked like long, hard melons. His chest was two thick slabs. “Okay, that’s good. Any bigger than that and he’ll think something’s up.”

David rested the barbell back in on the bench. It clanged loudly. “I thought that was the point.” David was wearing a ribbed tank, one of the pieces of clothing they ‘borrowed’ from a locker at the gym. It clung to him like a second skin, the wide armholes almost too small to contain his widening upper body. He was wearing a pair of loose shorts and his cock head was peaking out the leg hole.

“Tuck that in,” instructed Blake, “and, yes, that’s the point. But we don’t want himn freaking out on us, right?” David shrugged and pushed the leg of his shorts down. He got up and they switched off again, Blake laying down on the bench and grasping the bar.

Bobby could see the blonde guy’s prick peeking from his shorts. It looked like his prick, anyway. Something pink and huge lying next to his bulging thigh muscles. Fucking shit, that guy was big everywhere!

“Should I go over there and invite him over?”

Blake looked up at David, his face amused. “Like we’re having a party?” He shook his head. “No, in this case it wouldn’t be very smart to come on too strong. And looking the way you look? You’re coming on strong just standing there.”

“So, um, I mean, aren’t we here to, you know... have some fun?” He wiggled his eyebrows.

Blake wiggled his back. “Mm hmm.” He beckoned David to bend down toward him, wiggling his finger. “Let’s give him an opening, shall we?” David looked bewildered until Blake reached his hand up, gently cupped his chin and leaned forward to kiss his lips.

“Whoa.” Bobby said what he was thinking, although he didn’t mean to. The kiss surprised him, but he could feel himself definitely getting warmer. And harder. So, fine, they were into each other. But where did that leave him? Were they just here for the attention? Some of that muscle worship junk – not that he was above that sort of thing at all, but if that’s what they wanted, wouldn’t it make more sense to come here when there was a bigger audience? And... whoa, that guy’s dick can’t really be that fucking big! Could it? From where Bobby was working out, it looked exactly like the guy’s cock was literally crawling down his leg. Extending like a telescope, inch by inch, but it had to be a trick of the light, the way the guy’s ample muscles lay against his thigh, no cock could extend that far, that quickly, down a guy’s leg.

The head looked like it was glistening. Bobby swallowed thickly.

David was letting himself show how much he was enjoying Blake’s sudden attention. His prick was filling up, getting firm, growing thicker and longer. He was more than happy to

get things going and put the pedal to the metal, and Blake's hand on his crotch seemed to signal that Blake was ready too.

Until he squeezed a little too hard and whispered, "not yet."

"Awwww."

Blake couldn't help but smile. Damn, but he liked this guy. David was always so cute and puppy-like, even when he was standing at his full 12-foot high, 6-foot wide frame. "You want to freak the poor guy out before we even get started?"

"I still don't get why we can't just unleash the beast. Let a little man stink loose on him and watch him grow. It's what he wants or he wouldn't be here."

"Patience is a virtue, David. And I assure you the rewards will be much greater if we do this my way."

"Prick teaser." But he was smiling as he said it. His voice was a deep, dark growl of suppressed sexual energy.

"Look at it this way, David; I have a bit more experience in these matters than you do. At IGE, of course every guy you meet wants to do you. But out here in the real world, and especially in these Podunk towns, you can still get strung up for even looking at another guy in a way they take as a little too attentive."

David looked over at the young guy. He had dirty blonde hair that hung to his shoulders. His frame was slight, but he was beautiful. He wore a T-shirt that was too large for him, and his sweatpants looked like they hadn't been washed in a month. But his face was angelic, and David wanted to kiss him badly, put his large hands all over the guy's body, pull out his dick and jerk him off, lick and suck on him. Man, he loved feeling like this. He had to admit that maybe Blake was right. Not having everything be automatically a given was a rush. The tease and play of attracting the guy, reeling him in, feeling those glances in his direction. It was a real turn-on. "What's next?"

"Well, turn off the tiger, buddy. Nobody's prick extends inch by inch like that. Hell, nobody's prick is that long to begin with. And if my guess is right, what we have over there is a cherry for the picking. I'd bet that boy's been jacking off to bodybuilders on ESPN and sneaking peeks at Muscle and Fitness when no one was looking. We're going to teach him that there's nothing wrong with his feelings, and give him everything he ever dreamed of." He started to stand up, and pulled his shirt off over his head slowly. A cascade of midnight fell across his shoulders and he tossed the shirt aside.

Bobby nearly dropped the dumbbell he was using. He found himself now openly staring at the guys across the room. One of them, the dark one who looked like a blue-eyed

Banderas on a serious 'roid bender, was taking off his shirt. His torso was deeply etched with power. Thick slabs of muscle were mounted on his chest, and a dark furry forest dipped into the deep crevasses and valleys of his powerful body. As his arms lowered, the incredible definition of his abdominals bloomed into a cobblestone street. And the whole time, the guy's eyes were locked on Bobby, and the killer smile – not one of teasing but one that seemed to invite his attention, to invite him to the guy – stayed on his full lips. Then the other guy, the blonde monster with the incredible face, was looking over, too.

Bobby smiled back. He nodded slightly, very slightly, trying not to be misinterpreted.

Blake thought, "Bingo," and he stepped around the weight bench and started walking toward where the young man was now frozen. He turned slightly, eyeing David to let him know he should follow. David's great smile grew wider, and he actually seemed to bounce on the balls of his feet.

"Shit," Bobby said silently. "Shit, shit, shit." He wasn't sure what to do. He suddenly realized he'd grown stiff in his sweats, could feel a cold spot on his crotch that he hoped wasn't visible. The blonde guy was so thickly hung that it looked like he had a foot-long pendulum in his shorts that swung as he walked. His shorts went to mid-thigh, and so did his package apparently. Maybe he was seeing things before, it was obvious no guy's dick could reach that far. Still, the whole package when put together was an awesome site.

He was slightly taller than his "friend," or whatever they were, with a flattop of pale blonde hair, as thick as a brush. The sides of his head were almost shaven clean away, so that if you weren't looking closely you'd think he was in the military, especially given what could only be called an impossibly muscular build. His skin was pale, made the more so when he was next to the other guy's dark tan. Somebody would think the guy worked years on that body to get it that huge and that defined, but his face made him look no older than Bobby. And he probably wasn't in the military since the fuzz on the sides of his head continued onto his face, where his chiseled chin and cheeks were also fuzzy with more of that almost silver blonde hair. His eyes, even from here, were clearly deep green. And, good god what a smile he wore. Bobby should have been awestruck at the man's beauty.

But then all he had to do was look at the other guy, and his breath did leave his body. Since taking off his shirt, it was evident that the guy might not be quite as bulky as his partner, but what there was of him was perfection. His sun-kissed skin shone like silk as he walked. He had a taper to his torso that was so pronounced, Bobby wondered that he could keep upright. Probably that rippling stomach helped. He had a trail of darkness coming out of his navel leading down and down into the hidden treasures of his sweat pants. And those, this guy wore so far down his body that it was obvious that he had no tan line. His hips swayed with sensual promise as he walked over, and the wealth of his pubes curled over the waistband like the entrance to a glistening forest. And if the other guy was hung, this guy was super hung. Either that or he was packing a salami down

there just to compete with his friend. Whatever it was he had in his pants, it was thick and long and ample.

His eyes were mesmerizing, because they had to be to vie for attention with every other feature of his face. His shoulders were a mile wide, made of thick power that flexed and bulged with thinly restrained strength. His arms and chest, pumped from his just-ended session, were fat and veined with strength.

Bobby tried to keep his own face neutral. He knew that sometimes guys like this would lead guys like him on, only to get their jollies later by taunting or embarrassing him... or worse.

But that kiss...

"Hello," said the dark one. Bobby's cock pulsed with pleasure in his sweats at the tone, the inflection, the very sound of that voice. It was deep, tender, smooth, smoky and sexy all at the same time. "My name's Blake, and this is David."

The blonde guy – David – nodded with that smile stuck on his lips. Bobby noticed David glance down toward his crotch. It had to be perfectly obvious, even if he didn't have an outward wet spot, that he was tenting the material. "Bobby," he said as he set the dumbbell down. He tried to control his Southern accent, since the guy towering over him didn't have one. He was too self-conscious sometimes about everything. Why be embarrassed about the way you talked?

"We don't mean to bother you. If you'd rather be alone to work out, we can go back over there and..."

"No, no." Bobby started thinking fast. He wanted anything else in the world but for these guys to walk away – unless that meant a look at their asses, that is. "From the looks of you two, you could give me some pointers about getting big. I'm just starting in on this weight thing and any advice or help would be appreciated."

Blake's pleasant smile grew to an honest and open one, as if he were meeting a good friend again he hadn't seen for a long time. It was warm, inviting, and extremely attractive. "I think we could probably help you out better than just about anyone, wouldn't you say so, David?"

The blonde mountain of muscle nodded. "Oh, yeah. We're perfect for that job."

Bobby licked his lips. David's voice was just as deeply masculine and affecting as Blake's. And between the two of them, they seemed to be putting out some smell that was a little like sweat, but more musky, more spicy and deeply arousing. Probably some expensive cologne. He could feel himself getting warmer just sitting there, looking up at these two relief maps of male perfection. "I'm also new in town," he ventured, "and I'm

not really, um, familiar with where a guy like me, that is, I was wondering if you guys knew where, uh, where guys, um, go.”

Blake’s brow wrinkled, but his open smile never budged. “We’re not really from around here, either. You’re looking for a gay bar?”

Bobby felt a cold chill run up his spine, dousing his flame of desire with the ice of fear. But he was determined not to hide anymore, he didn’t want to be uncomfortable, to be ashamed of who he was. He pursed his lips, and nodded once almost cringing as he thought, “here it comes.”

Blake opened his hands and shrugged his huge shoulders. “Wish I could help you out.” He hung one heavily muscled arm across David’s mountainous shoulders as his other hand reached across the blonde man’s body, his hand crawling under the tight white tank top, pulling it up to reveal that the shirt wasn’t lying about the guy’s mass of rippled power mounded on his abs, and up onto his mammoth chest. He caressed his friend’s smooth, luscious flesh and grabbed his nipple, tugging it slightly and twisting the erect, obvious cap. David’s ample appendage flexed in his pants, and his white teeth gritted in his smile. “David and I are always up for a little fun.” Blake’s hand traveled down David’s rippled torso, dancing across his firm six-pack, his fingers digging under the man’s shorts, pushing the waist down slightly as his nails dug through a furry forest of blonde pubes. “Aren’t we, David?”

The other man rose up slightly on his toes. Bobby watched the hand under the shorts grasp something that made David suck in a breath. “Always,” he agreed. He growled the word, his eyes stayed on Bobby the whole time.

Blake spoke again, drawing Bobby’s eyes back to his dark features and bright blue eyes. His hand stayed down in those shorts, however. “Anyway, you were asking about some help?”

“I was?”

“With the weights?”

“Oh? Oh. Oh, yeah. Um, well, um, yeah.”

Blake’s hand was sliding up and down in David’s shorts. The muscles on his arm, the engorged bicep and tricep, his thick huge forearm, it was all flexing and bulging as he stroked. “Were you going for strength or size,” Blake asked calmly, “because there are different methods for each. For strength,” he said, his head tilting slightly as he adjusted his grip in some fashion and slowed his strokes to take in the whole hidden tool - it made his partner close his eyes for a moment, “you do fewer reps but with more weight. For size,” he paused, looking over at David as if in illustration of what ‘size’ really meant, his hand traveling deeper into that cotton cave of wonder, “you do lots of reps to wear down the muscle, force it to... grow.” He looked back at Bobby as his other hand left David’s



shoulder and crept down his back, moving under the waistband and onto David's smooth, firm ass. The blonde man's shorts slipped further down his hips as he did so. The shorts material at the base of the hidden prick getting all that attention was dark and shiny with wetness. Bobby's eyes widened. It seemed to just appear all the sudden, like he was leaking a flow of what Bobby felt in his own pants – but his wasn't showing through.

"Size," he said softly, "I think." His mouth had no spit in it.

Blake nodded. "Size it is, then." He drew his hand from the front of David's shorts. Silver threads of precum snapped loose from his glistening fingertips as he drew them to his mouth, painting his lips with a glossy coat of the essence of the muscle monster he was pleasuring. His tongue slipped between his teeth and licked the shine off. He wiped his fingers across his chest, painting his skin with long glimmering trails, his ring finger lingered at one nipple which he circled softly, gleaming his quarter-sized dark brown areola until it looked like chocolate.

"Whoa." It was all Bobby could think of to say. This wasn't really happening, was it? Things like this never really happened. Even in all the porn he'd rented, nothing even close to this great ever happened. He stood up and felt smaller than ever. The two men stood a head taller than he did, but when he was sitting it wasn't as noticeable. The scent was even stronger now, and he recognized it as the smell of sex. The funky scent of men, of their sweat and cum. He recognized this like some innate knowledge, because nothing in his life ever approached the deeply satisfying sense of that smell. It entered his head and swam through his blood, calling him, pulling him, something so strong it could not be denied.

"Are you ready, Bobby?"

"Yes." His brain was spinning. His prick was hard as steel, pulsing a steady rhythm against his sweats. It felt hot. It was so hard it hurt.

"Do you want to be big?"

"I want it."

"How big?" Blake raised his arm, bent the elbow. The ball of his bicep swelled into existence. The fibers of the muscle bulged fat and strong.

"Bigger."

Blake's bicep bulged fatter, grew in front of Bobby's widening eyes, bulging outward and upward, swelling with brawn all by itself.

"Bigger."

The muscle grew again, as if he was commanding it. Bobby watched the man's bicep inflate. The tricep on the underside was swelling, now. Visibly growing. Thick plates of muscle expanded across Blake's chest. His shoulder muscles grew swollen and split, huge fat wedges of raw power.

"Bigger. Get bigger."

Blake's lats fanned outward, thickened, widened. The bicep was still developing, swelling and expanding. The scent was like a fog, a thick mist of sensuality and sexuality and masculinity that circled Bobby and sank through his skin. He breathed it in, felt strong, vital, powerful. Something felt tight. Something on his arm, around his neck. Something across his chest. Tight and constricting.

"Bigger," he whispered.

Blake's huge hand met Bobby's neck, the fingers caressing his skin. They dug under the neck of his T-shirt and tugged. There was a ripping sound. Someone was touching his belly. Someone's hand was on his belly, the fingers moving down his body. Everywhere it touched felt alive, hard, powerful. He watched Blake's face, his smile, his eyes. Suddenly they were kissing. He felt a surging rush of heat from his lips, across his scalp, down his neck, across his shoulders. A tingling heat, a pulsing heat, a growing heat that spread down his back, across his chest, under his arms, down to his elbows, his wrists, out the tips of his fingers. Tighter and tighter, like his skin was constricting, like he was growing.

The hand was holding his cock, the fingers gripping his hardness. He felt the touch around the whole of him, and then the touch was moving down his length, but no, that wasn't it. The touch was staying on his cock, at the root, in his pubic hair, the fingers going all the way around him, then not quite around him. His sex growing from the grip, expanding, lengthening, getting bigger, fatter, even harder. He could feel every inch of himself, then more than that, then heaviness, and the heat again, stronger, down there, spreading up his length, down into his balls, his balls were on fire, his balls were like lead, then the heat was on his legs, on his thighs, moving up his belly and under and across his ass, spreading out from his asshole, the heat, growing stronger, even stronger, and inside, and building.

He was being kissed. He was kissing. It felt so good, so right, so hot. Then another mouth, on his neck. On his shoulder. More ripping, but not forced, His shirt was being ripped open. He was ripping the shirt open. His hands were at his side, but he was ripping the shirt off. He could feel the heat inside and outside. It was the heat of passion, of desire, of lust. He was growing. Getting bigger. He was getting bigger. Much bigger. He could feel it everywhere. Everything was growing.

And the power. The strength. Huge. Immense. Overwhelming. Growing, too. Bigger and bigger. Everywhere. Everything.

His hands reached up and found Blake's face. He was eye to eye with Blake. His hands, his hands looked powerful, huge. His fingers reached into Blake's mane of midnight, so soft, so cool under the heat of his touch, hot everywhere, hot and hard and strong and getting stronger. Bigger. He pulled Blake to him and kissed his mouth, opening his lips to Blake's lips and pushing his tongue inside. His tongue was another prick. He could feel it, firm and long. Fingers on his nipples. On his chest. His huge and powerful chest. Muscles growing, expanding, swelling out and across, heavy and huge and amazing.

He was naked. Everything was tingling. It seemed like hands were all over him, dozens of hands touching him, caressing him, fondling him, pleasuring him. He was swollen with pleasure, engorged with it, hard and ready to burst from it. He heard something. A sound. Some deep feral growl, like thunder from a distance, like the earth moving. It was him, his sound, he was moaning, the pleasure so intense, the growth so deep, so overwhelming, so powerful. He was growing stronger. Still stronger.

Someone said, softly, "more?"

Someone else. "All the way."

And suddenly the heat returned, hotter than ever, filling him up, deep and satisfying. He could feel it everywhere. So much power, such strength, undeniable, unbelievable. He was huge, getting even more huge. He felt skin against his skin. He was kissing and being kissed. Hand, hands, on his cock. How big was he? How big would he become? He was growing, still growing. Bigger. Still bigger. Someone was sucking his dick. He was growing inside their mouth. They were swallowing him. His balls ached. He wanted to cum, was ready to cum, but couldn't yet. Not yet.

Hands massaging his balls. Hands caressing his chest. Fingers in his ass. Pleasure everywhere. Strength and bliss and sex and beauty. He was beautiful. He felt it. He knew it. Then something else, something more. Pressure building, intense and incredible, like needing to cum, like having to cum, building pressure and then something else again. Another pleasure. Another thickness between his legs. His dick was being sucked, but his dick was being stroked. Slick, wet, hot, thick, long, ready. His dicks. He could feel them. Both of them. Two dicks down there. Oh, god, the feeling! So much! So much! Bigger! Bigger, still! Bigger!

And then he was cumming, It was blasting out of him, his pleasure intensified a hundred fold, a thousand fold. Orgasm on top of orgasm, dozens of them, hundreds, so deep and wide and thick and hot. Cumming and cumming, the pressure releasing and building and releasing and building. He couldn't stop cumming, didn't want to, couldn't stop. He was a fountain, a hydrant, two swollen cocks blasting his load, his tide of cum, hot and thick and sticky. That smell, the smell of men, of sweat and sex and men, he was coated with it, saturated, giving it off, now, filling the room with it.

Someone spoke, Not him. Not his voice, he knew. A deeper voice. Resounding. Huge. Powerful. "Fuck," it said. The word filled his head. He was that word. Oh, god, he was

huge and hard and cumming gallons. Filling a lake with his cum. His huge balls emptying themselves at last, shoving his load from him. He could feel it escape up his inches, his thick fat inches, the hugeness of his pricks. His hands were on them. His eyes were open.

He saw Blake. Blake was there, but not Blake. A better Blake. Even better, bigger, more beautiful, impossibly beautiful. And David. Huge. Mountainous. Thick and wide, packed hard with muscle, so much muscle, bulging and flexing and huge. Both smiling, looking at him, eye to eye. Impossible.

“Welcome,” he heard Blake say, “to the team.”



# 15

Bobby looked down at what he was now, at the two huge hemispheres of his chest. Globes of muscle sat there, fat and striated with immense power. He could feel his strength, sense it. It was part of him – no, more than that. It was him. He was strength, so much power and muscle. Muscle everywhere. Thick, huge, bulging masses of muscle. His hands released his cocks and they slapped against his thighs.

Cocks. He had cocks. He had two cocks. They hung heavily from his loins, luscious burdens thick with sex. He brushed them with the back of his hand, and they responded. He responded. His cocks moved against his touch, lifting themselves toward his hand. He

lifted them toward his hand. They moved. Oh, god, they moved against his touch and his caresses were quicksilver perfection, shuddering waves of bliss erupting down their length and into his body and through him. His fingers fondled the smooth, elastic skin on his cocks, rubbing the heads, stroking the shafts. They responded with not tingles of pleasure, but full, deep eruptions of it.

But he had other new places to explore. His mouth hung open as his hands found a twelve pack of abdominals, each in perfect symmetry to the others, on his slim hard belly. Thick corded power flared outward from his waist and as he lifted his arm, the fat, firm muscles of his lat opened and widened. He could feel his muscles move, grow, expand as he used them.

Something fell across his gaze as his head lowered and he brushed in away. It was a lock of curling hair, but hair so soft and fine and glittering it looked like spun metal. It was dark golden, not dirty blonde. Like honey, dark clover honey. He ran his fingers across the side of his head and pulled his hair forward. It draped down his immensity, across his chest and onto his flat belly. It was silky and thick, a fall of soft waves and tight curls. He could feel it now against his skin on his back. It felt cool, soft, so soft. A small gasp left his lips.

He looked up, and said one word, “How?”

Blake’s eyebrows rose slightly. David folded his mammoth arms across his chest, which Bobby would’ve sworn was impossible given the size of each. “That,” said Blake, “is a long story.”

“But,” corrected David, “it doesn’t have to be.” He approached Bobby and planted a kiss on his lips. It felt wonderful, so warm and welcoming. David pulled his lips from Bobby’s and said, “I wanted to do that since I walked in here, Bobby.” Then he smiled his smile and Bobby smiled back. David laughed gently. “Careful where you point that thing. In some states, your smile could be considered a deadly weapon.”

“Shut up,” he answered.

“I’m serious. Come ‘ere and see for yourself, handsome.” He put his arm across Bobby’s shoulders – Bobby felt a waterfall of pleasure cascade down him – and lead him over to the bank of mirrors where Bobby knew the bodybuilders posed. Before he started coming here at 4 in the morning, he would watch them peel back the legs of their lycra shorts and lift their shirts to show off the deeply etched muscles of their bodies. He swore that one day, he’d be one of them doing that.

And suddenly, this was that day. “Holy fucking...,” he started, unable to finish the sentence. “How the... how big am I? Are we? And who the fuck is that gorgeous man looking back at me?”

It was true. He had been fully transformed. The thin, anemic looking young man he'd been was gone. Not all the way, but what had been replaced was nothing short of amazing.

His hawkish nose and thin lips had been improved dramatically. The nose had been broken during one of his scuffles, and it healed oddly. Whatever happened in the process, his nose was still angled and prominent, but now it accentuated his features instead of overpowering them. His lips were now full and soft, kissable. His skin glowed with a golden health. He was not as dark as Blake, nor as pale as David. His features had been resculpted, improved to an extent that he almost felt that what David said was right. His eyes were deep brown, smoldering and dark. He had the sort of eyes that, when they locked on you, made you wish both you and the owner were naked. He wanted to fuck himself right now.

Then there was the body. He was a bulging mass of beautiful muscle. Paper thin skin covered the amazing collection of incredibly, intensely shredded power everywhere. His merest move sent muscle everywhere flexing and bulging. A coat of body hair covered him everywhere, the same dark honey color as his mane, but against his tanned flesh it looked more golden blonde. The curling forest grew thick across his chest and on his forearms. He had a very full, furry triangle of curling pubes over his twin monsters, and his balls, low hangers that looked like huge eggs, were covered with hair. His pubes stretched wide across his loins, and his legs and ass were quite hairy. Everywhere, the muscle just bulged and flexed. He was hard and huge and beautiful to behold. Again, he asked, "How?"

So Blake and David told him everything. As he stood looking at his amazing reflection, watching the play of his powerful muscles bulge and flex, they told him he was essentially the same man he was, but he was the perfected version of himself. They told him what they knew about the serum, and the original formula, and how it had morphed and improved to what it could do now. They told him what he could do now, how to listen to and control his physical form, how it would alter to conform to his needs and desires, how he could look like any man, grow and shrink (but no taller and larger than he was now and no shorter and smaller than he had been before the transformation) how his sexual drive was now as augmented and powerful as his body, a practically limitless force that allowed him to be constantly horny, but one that he could control like everything else about himself.

They told him about the Touch, and the sex scent. They told him about the process, how his cum could now transform another man. How he could touch a man, the merest brush of his fingers or the softest kiss, could start another man instantly changing, growing, becoming more than he ever dreamed. How the sex scent could do the same thing, that if he wasn't careful and learned to control it, he could walk into a room – maybe that gay bar he was thinking of earlier – and without moving a muscle, without speaking or touching or fucking anyone, he could become aroused and start releasing the stink in a thick, invisible haze and turn the entire room into a freaky fuckfest of masculine muscle as powerful and huge and beautiful as himself.

They told him about IGE, about Michael and Carlos and Todd and the rest. How beautiful the men there were, what was happening there and told him he should go, for no other reason than to become more aware and comfortable with his new, improved body and abilities. They told him he was stronger than anyone else on the planet, other than themselves of course.

They told him how they'd come to this place, how they saw him and followed him, because David found him beautiful and because Blake's gaydar said he was a likely target. They told him how they'd agreed ahead of time that to avoid any trouble, they were going to look for a gay man who would want what they could give him, would welcome it and understand it. They told him that not everyone who'd been changed started out liking men – in fact, that David had been straight – but that the change altered that and maybe they weren't in a position to make those kind of choices for someone else. David had objected, saying he wouldn't go back for anything, but Blake insisted.

They told him why he had two pricks, and how they had been changed, were now truly extensions of his powerful form and not just sex tools, how the muscles of his cocks allowed them to swell and grow and flex, to become rock hard but still pliable, and that he could cum at will if he wanted to. And they tried to tell him he could fly.

He didn't believe that until they showed him.

Then they told him why they were there.

"Boredom, I guess," admitted David. "At least in part. And also curiosity and, what, hunger, Blake?"

The darker man nodded. "Chuck – he's one of the other members of the team – Chuck disappeared about three days ago, and it didn't take much to figure out where he went. Then the suspicions were confirmed when these two guys showed up at IGE and told how this guy came into a bar and, well, did to them what we did to you." Blake looked slightly sheepish. "They said he told them that he was going out to see how powerful he could be, how much bigger and more beautiful, that he was going to look for men to transform and be transformed by them. And, frankly, it sounded like a hell of a lot of fun to me. And so I went to David and..."

David was already smiling. He hung his arm across Blake's shoulder and finished the story. "Blake comes up to me – I'm fucking our friend Steven at the time, you have to understand – Blake comes up to me and says he wants to discuss something. Okay, so, I'm fucking Steven's ass and I say, 'Blake, could this wait about, oh, ten minutes? I'm fucking Steven's ass.' And he agrees, because that's the kind of guy he is, and about ten minutes later..."

"Because that's the kind of fuck he is," added Blake.



David rolled his eyes. “Anyway... Blake says to me, ‘Let’s take a few days off and get back into the real world and have some fun.’ And I’m like, ‘What kind of fun?’ And he’s like, ‘Let’s go find some beautiful man and have our turn being the ones who get this started instead of always coming in on the tail end of things,’ so to speak.”

“Right, because I was so totally turned on by the stories of what this was like, making a guy go freaky huge, and I wanted to make it happen. To see it happen. Start to finish.”

David agreed. “We both did. Usually, this process is controlled. I mean, it’s pretty obvious why, right? But there was no way a guy like you’d ever get the chance to change like we did. For me, it was an accident of sorts. I was changed by a rainfall of transforming spunk. Literally. Quit laughing, I’m telling you the truth, Bobby! I could smell the smell, you know the one you smelled it yourself. And I followed that stink like a dog in heat until I found this place where the guys were fucking each other’s brains out in the sky above.”

“Holy shit!”

David grinned. “I know! So they were basically cumming constantly and it was falling to the ground and I stepped in it and, whammo, new David.” He flexed his form, and the huge muscles bulged.

Bobby looked at Blake. “And what about you?”

“Strictly by invitation. That’s how it worked. Someone who was transformed recommended someone else. Someone who turned them on, was a great fuck, whatever. Then they’d get sent a package that sort of took them to step one. A little taste of what they could become. Literally, because it was a tiny vial of Transform that I drank. But for whatever reason, my body took to the stuff like a fish to water.”

“Before Blake, I was two feet smaller than I am now.” He looked over at his friend, “And I never said thank you, did I?” He kissed Blake deeply, squeezing his ass. “Thank you.” He slapped that ass, then, and Blake wiggled his brows.

“So you guys... you’re lovers?”

Blake and David both laughed. “Fuck, no!” David looked at Blake. “I mean, I do love the guy, and I’ve certainly made love to him...”

“Is that what you call it?” Blake teased.

David punched his arm playfully. “But I’m not in love with him, if I can use a cliché. I love all the guys. Do anything for them. But I haven’t found someone that clicks like that. If I was to pick one? It’d probably be Steven. There’s something about him that just keeps bringing me back to him. Maybe that’s love, but I’m not sure yet.”

It was a little weird to watch these two huge men play like they were. The gibes and soft punches and ass squeezing. They were just kids – like he was. “But some do? Fall in love, I mean?”

Blake nodded. “Like we said, it doesn’t change who you are, so if you’re in love with someone before, you’re in love after. Jeremy and Jeff, these two IGE guys, if their love was as strong before as it is now, there’d be nothing that could ever separate them. And there’s Michael and Carlos. They just seem to be made for each other. But even when it is love, there’s no jealousy – why would there be? Fucking is fucking, but love is love. We all share, we love each other, but there are special bonds, sometimes. Kisses mean a little more, the heart pumps a little harder when they’re around, stuff like that.”

Bobby’s demeanor changed slightly. “So, you’re not in love with anyone, either?”

“Uh oh,” smiled David. “We’ve got a romantic on our hands.” Blake only shook his head, remaining silent. Bobby nodded, but his smile grew just a little more beautiful. David looked between them, one eyebrow arched, then he said, “Uh, so, Blake’s under the impression that you’re a virgin.”

Bobby almost stumbled. Blake looked decidedly uncomfortable. “Um, well, technically, yeah.” He looked at Blake again, locking eyes with him. “You can tell? Is that part of..?”

“No, Bobby, I could tell that no matter how I looked.” He tilted his head and a cascade of darkness fell across his gaze. “How old are you?”

“Seventeen.”

“Just came out?” Bobby nodded. Even though he now stood twelve feet high and could probably demolish a house with his bare hands, he felt small and embarrassed all over again. “And it wasn’t good, I take it?”

“Parents threw me out. Well, I left, but they made it clear there were no objections. And high school, back where I was, it was a nightmare. Redneck jungle.”

David smiled broadly. “Damn, but you have the cutest accent. I love that little spice in your voice. Is that Arkansas?”

Bobby smiled. “Tennessee. Thanks. I used to try to hide it – like everything else about me, I guess. Anyway, I hitched up here and work out at the Texaco on I-17.” His brow wrinkled. “But I guess I don’t anymore, do I?”

Blake shrugged. “Could if you want to, I guess. Not sure why you would, exactly.”

David said, “You’re changing the subject.”

Bobby actually blushed. His whole, huge body seemed to join in. “I’m trying to, yeah.”

“What for? Don’t you wanna fuck?” His voice was a deep chasm of desire. A dark pit of masculine fire. “As I remember, you were as hard as steel when we walked over. I wanted to swallow you then and there, buddy. I wanted to fuck you so good you’d walk funny for a week.”

Blake shook his head. “You’re so tactful, David. Bobby, what we did to you, it wasn’t very fair of us. No warning, didn’t really give you a choice.”

“I’m not complaining,” he answered quickly.

“What I’m trying to say is that you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to. You never do.”

“But if you allow yourself,” said David, “you’ll be amazed at what you can do.” He approached Bobby and stood very close to him, their bodies almost touching. “But I won’t touch you without permission.” He stepped even closer. Bobby felt the heat of his body, but there was no sex scent now. Only the scent of David, the very personal essence of him. He wasn’t forcing anything, he wasn’t using his capabilities at all. Just the two men, standing very, very close. “May I touch you, Bobby?” His voice was soft and deep. Bobby felt a thrill when he heard his name.

“Yes.”

“Where may I touch you? Tell me what to do.” Blake’s eyebrows rose, but neither man saw that. David was showing impressive restraint.

“Kiss me,” Bobby asked him. David leaned forward and pressed his lips to Bobby’s. Still, no other parts of their bodies were touching. Both men had their eyes open, Bobby was leaning into the kiss, wanting it to go deeper. David asked, very quietly, “Where may I touch you? Tell me what to do.”

“Put your hands on me. Put your hands on my chest.” David’s palms were rough and warm. His thumbs rubbed against Bobby’s nipples, bringing them to erection. They swelled under his touch.

Blake wasn’t going to let this happen without him. He circled behind Bobby, standing as close as David, the roots of his pricks feeling the fur on Bobby’s ass. He leaned in, placing his lips to Bobby’s ear, and asked, “Where may I touch you? Tell me what to do.”

Bobby sucked in a breath. His cocks writhed under his constraints, wanted so badly to be caressed and fondled. “Kiss my neck,” he instructed, “move your hands onto my stomach. Feel me. Feel my muscles, my power.” Blake’s touch, softer than David’s, landed on Bobby’s hips and crawled around his body. Blake kissed his neck softly, licking his skin, sucking gently. His hands caressed Bobby’s rippled belly, feeling its tight, firm brawn and the silken hair all over him.

David kissed his mouth again, playfully darting his tongue inside. "Where may I touch you?" he whispered. "Tell me what to do."

"Hold me," Bobby said. "Grab my dicks. Grab me in your hands. Stroke me, David."

Blake's fingernails dug into Bobby's pubic forest. His touch was knowing, gentle but insistent. Bobby felt the firm flesh of Blake's cocks pressing between the hairy globes of his ass. Blake licked his ear. "Where may I touch you? Tell me what to do."

"Oh, god," Bobby said. Blake smiled. David's body pressed against Bobby, chest to chest, brawn to brawn. Their nipples rubbed each other as David's rough grip grabbed onto Bobby's twin pricks and traveled up and down the shafts. He squeezed them to firmness. They wound around his hands like snakes and bathed his touch with thick strands of lubing precum. David kissed Bobby harder, his expert handling of the cocks educating Bobby in exactly how wonderful they were.

Blake's hands moved around Bobby's body, allowing David to press himself, his muscle, against Bobby. He shoved his hips forward and his muscled cocks squirmed between Bobby's ass cheeks. "Where may I touch you?" he asked. "Tell me what to do."

"Fuck me," begged Bobby. "Fuck my ass, Blake. God, oh god, fuck me hard."

Blake's hands moved between Bobby's legs and pried them wider, adjusting the boy's stance as David continued masturbating him. Blake kneeled down and sniffed Bobby's balls, stuck his tongue between his legs and licked his tight, puckered hole. Bobby couldn't control his man scent, and it was thick and rich and powerful down here. He shoved his firm tongue against the entry, teasing it, teasing Bobby with the hot wetness of his mouth. If he was going to be the first to break the boy in, he was going to do it right. His hands grabbed Bobby's ass and spread his muscled cheeks. He dug his face in and starting rimming Bobby like an expert – which he was. To prepare the way for what was to come, when he would thrust his own immensity inside and fuck the lucky kid into heaven.

David's kisses became more needy, lustful, filled with passion. Bobby's hands, which had been clenching at his sides, came up and wrapped around David's huge form. He felt so huge, so powerful, slick with sweat. He rubbed his fingers through the rough burr of David's hair, the strength of his squared jaw. Their tongues danced and wrestled inside their steamy mouths. It felt wet and hot and good, so good. He could hardly breathe, but he didn't care. He was gaining control of his powers, becoming more aware of what he could do, how powerful he truly was. He could feel everything magnified, feel David's coarse touch on his cocks, his amazing cocks, and Blake's hot breath against his ass. Blake was licking his ass, digging his face between Bobby's cheeks, shoving his tongue up his hole. It felt amazing, incredible, better than anything he imagined. He opened himself to Blake's mouth, then felt something else, something harder and more insistent at his back door, and realized they were fingers. Fingers kneading his tightness to

blossom, to open, to welcome what was to come. He gasped in his kiss and felt David bite his lips. Their eyes met and some knowledge passed between them, both knowing what was happening to Bobby.

David loved this part. He'd been hot for Bobby's ass since setting eyes on him, and learning that he was a virgin sent him into overdrive. But Blake told him that this wasn't going to be another IGE conquest. He couldn't bend the guy over and plug in. And David could see that, he understood that. Bobby was probably scared shitless as it was. Wanting something so badly, but scared to ask for it, or even try it. Blake said this was how to do it. Put Bobby in control. Let Bobby go just as far as he wanted to. And he would want to, and his transformed body wouldn't let him deny it.

Blake said, "Let me do him first. Prepare him. I can be gentle and you..."

"I'm gentle when I need to be."

"You're gentle when you want to be. That's different."

"No one ever complained before."

"I'm not complaining now, believe me. But this is different. Even those guys Chuck did, you saw 'em. Experience was written all over them! They dove into the deep end before they knew there was water in the pool. But this kid, I mean look at the dude. Guaranteed, that guy hasn't been near another dick besides his own. Ever. He's not the sort that'll drop his drawers when we walk in the room. He'll be cautious and, frankly, you could hurt him."

David gazed down from their perch overhead as the gym doors shut out the night behind the little guy. Damn, he was so cute! "Okay. You first."

Bobby felt like he'd died and found heaven. His day could not possibly get better than this. Not only was his desire becoming fulfilled – those two gorgeous men were making love to him – but even his fantasy was coming true. He was one of them! He was a muscular stud with looks that kill and a cock, no, two cocks so huge and fat that anyone who saw him would think they were dreaming.

And finally he was getting some! All the pent-up sexual frustration was being released. All the times looking at a guy and wishing to be with him, to see him naked, to touch his skin and kiss him and swallow him whole and feel his hot hardness inside, all that was happening. And, man, it felt better than he ever thought it would.

He heard Blake's voice from below. "Where may I touch you?" asked again. "Tell me what to do."

David knelt down, then lay on his back, positioning his head under Bobby's dicks. Bobby bent himself forward. His ass opened, his hole well lubed and ready for whatever Blake could give him. "Fuck me," he said.

Then he was being filled up. Deeper and deeper. A pain like fire erupted but was quickly replaced by a different flame, one that heated his whole being. Inch after inch of one of Blake's fat pricks came into him, sliding in deeply through a slick trail of precum, a flood of it, easing the way. Slowly, pushing itself inside. He felt it move, a live thing, felt it swell and twist. Then Blake was fucking his ass, pumping him with steady thrusts, and it felt good, so good. He arched his back, felt the muscles of his chest stretch and swell. He felt so strong, so powerful. Then David was sucking his cock, hand jobbing his other one. He buried himself down David's throat, felt his new cock being massaged, grabbed and swallowed in a hot, wet tunnel. He was cumming down David's throat almost immediately, unable to contain himself. He'd never felt anything like this, a constant thrumming orgasmic rush that overwhelmed him. Then something was at his lips, something hot and hard and slick, pushing his mouth open and sliding itself inside.

David felt the power and heat of Bobby's fresh load inside him. He hungered for him, felt renewed and fulfilled. It was better than ever before, like some pure male essence that touched him and expanded inside. Whole and firm and hot. He lifted himself up, floated effortlessly under Bobby, and pushed his pelvis to Bobby's face, lubing up his pricks and pressing them toward the beautiful boy's mouth. His throat muscles closed on Bobby's cock and milked him, he could feel his other prick swell in his grip and his arm was suddenly hot and wet with more of Bobby's seed. He could feel Bobby welcoming his own dick inside. Then both of him. Bobby's was blowing both of David's huge cocks, and the thought and the feeling made him so hot, he started flooding the kid with his own powerful cum, pumping it inside from his churning balls.

Blake pumped Bobby like a piston. Bobby's ass grabbed onto him and pulled him in, didn't want to let go. It was like his body needed this, needed to be fucked hard, fucked full and completely. Blake moved his other prick toward Bobby's hungry asshole, it pressed itself in beside its twin and they were alternating their strokes, double fucking the kid to ultimate sexual bliss, and Blake started to cum.

Bobby felt himself filling up with pleasure, an erotic gratification so complete and overwhelming that it flooded through him, a thick tide of perfect pleasure. He was approaching something, something immense and powerful, too powerful to contain. His body was pulsing with its power, its strength. He could feel it coming like an earthquake, like a hurricane, like a wall of flame. Bigger and bigger it grew, inflating, bulging, swelling inside until it erupted outward and enveloped them all.

Blake felt something erupt through his body from the pricks buried deep inside Bobby's muscular bulk. It was lightning fast, something like heat, a sensation he could feel as it approached, thrumming through his cocks like some ultimate orgasm, then it exploded through him, filled him beyond control, a white hot flash of sexual pleasure so intense that it blotted out everything else. He started blasting his load into Bobby, unable to keep control over his body under the onslaught of erotic bliss. His balls emptied their load into Bobby's ass and the flood pushed out, so full and fast was its flow.

David was sucking Bobby's prick, his grip sliding over the other one, when he felt it building. He could feel it along Bobby's cock inside his throat, in the flood of cum filling him, it was pulsing out of Bobby's other cock and through his hand, up his arm, it was entering the pricks thrusting down Bobby's throat, enveloping them, enflaming them, some quicksilver throbbing heat of... then he was inundated with it. An orgasm so strong, so complete, so full and powerful that his whole body, every huge muscle, shook from its force. Perfect bliss, an explosive blast of it, erupted.

It lasted only moments, but its power left all three men gasping and sweating. David fell onto the floor, filled up with Bobby's spunk, feeling so strong and satiated. He could feel his body still pulsating from whatever just happened.

Blake was practically thrown back from Bobby, ejected from the combined power of his own uncontrollable blast of cum and the huge orgasmic detonation. He fell onto his ass, both cocks still hard and pumping out his load. It fountained from him.

Bobby collapsed on the floor, breathing hard and fast. His vision was clearing – it had gone black as the blast of orgasmic bliss erupted from him. He could still feel the lingering effect of the explosion, his entire form inside and out was tingling and throbbing with the pleasure he'd manifested.

Blake was shaking his head. His fountains were receding, he was soaking his bright pearlescent load back into his body. David started to laugh. "Holy fucking shit, that was incredible. Bobby, what the fuck did you do?" He looked over the boy and his eyes

widened. Because Bobby was growing bigger – bigger again in front of his eyes. “Blake! Blake, look at Bob!”

Then they both watched as the 17-year-old kid started getting bigger. He was lying on his back, his 12-foot high muscle-packed body slick and gleaming with sweat, and they could see his chest rising like bread dough. He was expanding, growing thicker and meatier with even more brawn. Blake stood up slowly and looked down as the young man’s legs lengthened and swelled. His thighs were huge, and finger thick veins popped up all over the muscle and started to throb and stretch under his skin, branching out along the muscle, feeding it even bigger.

A look of content pleasure was painted on Bobby’s features. His lips curled into a smile and his closed eyes were calm, not pinched. David could practically hear the muscle developing, as if Bobby was made of wood that was curing. His arms and shoulders were swelling with huge boulders of power, and more of the thick veins appeared and plugged into that brawn, making it larger still, growing by the inch in seconds.

His neck was as thick as a tree trunk, but his face stayed youthful, serene, beautiful beyond words. A sudden shadow of bristles grew across his cheeks and chin and upper lip, and he was soon sporting a full beard, reddish gold. The hair on his chest increased, a full furry forest of copper curls that highlighted and accentuated his still developing muscle.

David sat forward, moving to balance on his arms and leaned over Bobby’s growing form, watching the hair spread across the mountainous expanse of the kid – no, the man’s chest. His nipples were bigger than silver dollars, big round deep brown caps with rounded pointed tips climbing up through the jungle of reddish hair. His stomach seemed to swell huge and round, firm and fat, then the skin collapsed down over his huge rippled abdominals like plastic wrap and sunk under his chest cavity. More of those blood veins erupted across his belly leading down his form, across his small waist and flat pelvis where they split and multiplied as they found their way onto the surface of his twin wonders which were suddenly bloating up like water balloons.

He had monster cocks. Huge, thick, masculine tools with fat, long shafts and fist-sized heads. The helmets swelled and blossomed, plump and juicy. His hips seemed to rise up, and David realized it was Bobby’s ass. His ass was firming, growing rounder, thicker, a perfect bubble butt of brawn. He legs relaxed outward, but whether that was because the size of his balls were forcing them apart or because the size of his thighs kept increasing, it was hard to tell.

Bobby moaned, a deep satisfied sound that came from somewhere inside that gargantuan chest. One huge hand lifted off the wooden floor and rested on one of his new monster cocks. It curled against his touch, rubbed itself into his grasp. He smiled and opened his eyes, looking up at the ceiling, then over at David’s face. He had a look of wonder and shock. Bobby’s brow arched, and he said, “What’s with you?”



His voice was like two mountains rubbing together. Impossibly deep, impossibly full. A sexy growl that crawled under your skin and rattled your bones.

“Me?” David smiled and sat back on his ass, shaking his head slowly. “What’s with you?”

Bobby didn’t seem to realize what he meant, although he felt a little strange and a lot great. The after-effects of that super orgasm or whatever it was – but now that he thought about it, that’s exactly what it seemed like. What it felt like. He was already in the middle of the most powerful orgasm ever, a continuous pleasurable process so deeply intense that he could feel it everywhere, not just from his dick, when it went into overdrive and he had an orgasmic orgasm. His body delivered a mind-blowing, brain-bending, blindingly powerful surge of perfect sexual bliss as a climax to his climaxing. Anyway, he was feeling that throbbing, thrumming pleasure still, everywhere. But wasn’t that normal?

He turned over to his side, looking at David, then over at Blake. As his gaze shifted across the room, he caught sight of his new dimensions and the soft carpet of burnished copper that covered him. A sudden smile found its way to his lips and he sat up.

He was bigger. He was even bigger than before. And he was getting bigger still. “Shit,” he rumbled, “too cool.”

He stood up, a towering mass of raw muscle. He was growing larger everywhere, every bulging mass was pumping bigger, harder, fatter with brawn. He clenched his fists and flexed his arms, watching the muscle twist and swell. He bent his arms slightly and his biceps bulged into firm, round balls of force, the veins suddenly welling up and visibly pulsing. He stretched his arms wide and Blake and David watched his lats inflate, expand out and up to meet the low, rounded contours of his growing triceps. They could see his arms stretching outward, lengthening as they filled up with more and more power. Bobby’s chest was swelling out and across and down, the furry forest growing to cover his expanding dimensions. The crevasse between the globes of his chest deepened by the inch as he continued to grow.

Bobby bent his arms into a double bi, and David almost came again. So much power, so much muscle, so much man standing there. His arm muscles bulged fatter with brawn. He had a silky coat of hair under each arm, and the sexy scent of his maleness flowed outward from him. He was smiling like a little boy, his bearded face retaining all his youthful zeal and beauty while refining its edges and curves into a seriously masculine countenance. He bent his arms down into a most muscular pose, and his whole form bulged massively, his vascular power overwhelmed with veins that pulsed and throbbed, driving the size of every perfect muscle larger and larger.

Bobby could feel the thrumming pleasure of his muscular development and increasing size start to subside. He relaxed his form and closed his eyes, wanting to savor the feeling of growth while it lasted. David and Blake watched the branches of blood sink into the

muscle and all but disappear, leaving Bobby a map of muscular perfection. Every fiber was deeply etched, every striation of power showing clean and beautiful under his skin.

The meaty slabs of his chest heaved as he breathed. The carpet of body hair that had been spreading as he grew now acted like a silken coat, heavy in all the right places and just a hint of hair in others. The light seemed to catch the gleaming follicles and make it look like he was glowing with power.

His head nearly reached the high ceilings of the gym, now. He looked another yard taller than either of them, at least. And so much muscle. So much raw power packed on every inch of his tall, wide frame. His eyes opened and he reached up to rub his chin, surprised to find a beard there. His fingers brushed through his facial hair and he smiled, which only made him look more handsome.

And David thought, ‘Yeah, he’s not cute anymore. He’s goddam handsome. He’s a man.’

“Wow,” Bobby said at last, his huge voice booming, “if that’s what losing your virginity means, why didn’t I do this a long time ago?” They all laughed and Bobby looked down at Blake and David as they approached him.

“How’s the weather up there?” joked David.

“Ha ha ha, very funny.” He reached his hand toward David, his palm open and welcoming, his fingers wide. “Why don’t you come up and find out?” David reached toward Bobby’s hand, their skin connected, and Bobby gave David another shot of transformation.

He gasped and his legs nearly gave out. It was a version of that sudden overwhelming super orgasm all over again. It erupted everywhere at once, not shooting up his arm and into his system but from within and without his entire body. His DNA was exploding, refining, improving, distilling itself yet again. He felt himself expanding suddenly all over, his muscles bulging, flooded with strength and power, power beyond what he imagined were his limits only a moment before. He sucked in deep breaths, filling his lungs with the warm air in the room, and the smell of men and sex. His lips twisted into a smile as the throbbing bliss of sex swam through him as he grew larger still.

The same network of veins appeared on his skin, threading their way across his expanses like the branches of some magic tree. They erupted outward from the deep crevasse of his chest, they sprang forth from his neck and shoulders and crawled down his arm, splitting and growing and spreading, forcing his thick, heavy muscles to expand, swell, fatten with renewed strength. His biceps burned and throbbed as they swelled larger and larger. He bent his head back on his powerful neck as his shoulders grew and split and grew again. He was moaning with ecstasy, feeling his strength growing, his weight and size increasing. His legs were blooming, the muscle swelling and engorged, feeding deeply on what his changing body was feeding them.

The veins all raced toward the center of his form, like lightning across the sky, and thousands of tiny pulsing threads wound around his cocks, seeming to thicken them just by being there. Then his pricks were suddenly swelling and lengthening, his huge sex tools growing fat and broad and lush. The heads drooped lower and lower, ripening like fruit, swelling and pink and perfect. Both cocks were throbbing with blood, pushed bigger and longer by the second, rushing to match the overwhelming development of the rest of David's body.

He stretched, his arms pulling wide, bending his back. His chest was exploding with power, the top pectorals splitting away, the bottom pecs swelling and distending, forcing his thick, juicy nipples to point towards the floor. Their tips drooped like his cock, firm, fat and ready for sucking. The muscles along his arms were stretching, swelling, growing bigger and more powerful. His belly erupted with fist-sized abdominals pressing against each other for capacity.

He straightened his frame as he felt the transformation slowing. He was pulling in deep, slow breaths and his immense chest rose and fell. His skin was almost translucent, the muscle beneath so broad and huge with force. He was a muscle monster, a vascular giant so cut and defined that he looked almost skinless. But he retained that pale pink perfection of his alabaster flesh, his huge nipples now a deep ruby and dipping toward the floor. His face, though, was pure David. A young Adonis with a burr of platinum and a frost of hair across his prominent chin and high cheeks.

He looked over at the young man who did this and smiled broadly, giving his friend the thumb's up. "Good stuff, Bobby." They both looked down at Blake.

He shrugged. "Say when."

David's smile grew playful. "When," he said with soft thunder, and he released his male scent at Blake. Full strength, no holding back.

Blake dropped to his knees and the room shook. He started breathing heavily, his whole body inundated with the powerful orgasmic rush of power that slammed through him all at once, devouring what he had been and starting to rebuild him into something better.

His shoulders started to swell like balloons, growing fatter with brawn. The growth spread down his arms, across his chest, over his belly. Everything was suddenly developing, swelling out and growing thicker with muscle. Then the blood kicked in, sending his growth into overdrive as hundreds of tiny veins appeared everywhere under his sun-browned skin and started to pulse and swell.

In no time, the veins had grown huge, as big as fingers, bigger even than that, pumping fuel to his muscles and forcing them to grow more and more powerful, bigger, fatter, broader. He threw his head back, eyes closed, drowning in the bliss of growth and power.

His arms were hanging at his sides and Blake and David watched his chest start to swell outward by the inch. Bobby whispered, “holy shit,” and all David could do was nod in agreement with his assessment. Blake’s development was massive, the two globes of his upper body inflating with brawn. They could see his thighs swelling, now. The thick wedges were getting huge. They could see the fibers of each muscle under the skin as they grew. His legs were stretched, but that didn’t stop the growth. He just kept getting bigger.

He slowly lifted one leg and planted his foot on the wooden floor, then he rose to a standing position, growing more huge as he did so. His neck was as wide as his head, a thick tree trunk that was spreading wider still. He clenched his fists and bent his arms, sending his biceps into ecstatic spasms of growth. The veins suddenly swelled and his arms were impossibly fat with brawn, muscle so huge and dense that it threatened to overwhelm his arms.

He turned and they watched his back widen. It had been two yards wide, and from the looks of things, it would be gaining another yard before Blake was done expanding. The muscles bulged like snakes under the skin, writhing for space as they developed. His shoulders were mammoth mountains, and his ass was smooth and round and beautiful, two muscular globes of perfection. He flexed his muscles and they magnified outward, his lats flaring thicker, bigger, wider, fatter with obvious and copious brawn.

David stepped next to Bobby, hanging his heavy arm across the young giant’s shoulders, scratching his chest nonchalantly. “Big one, ain’t he?”

Bobby’s eyes were saucered. He thought he was getting used to the impossible – the past 30 minutes seemed like days, he could hardly remember what it felt like not to be overwhelmed with strength and surrounded with masculine beauty so amazing that his prior fantasies were wiped clean from his mind – but watching these men, and himself, further develop was beyond belief. Blake’s body was transforming in front of his eyes, an act he’d missed both times it was happening to himself because he was so overwhelmed with the sexual gratification that accompanied this.

And he began to understand that they were no longer men. That they were changed so intensely, so deeply, so completely that power over the elements wasn’t out of the question. He’d felt that power himself, seeming to float in midair except that what he was doing was using his augmented strength, a power so huge that there was nothing else to compare it to, and physically using the very elements of the Earth to perform seeming feats of magic. Hell, what was happening in front of him defied all logic and reason.

Blake’s development was finally slowing, the veins receding, his muscles no longer inflating. He lifted his head and his eyes burned with power. “Mmmm,” he moaned, a smile sliding across his lips, “now that’s the stuff.”

Bobby reached up and placed his hands on the overhead rafters. He knew they were 18 feet above the ground. He leaned forward, grasping onto the roof, looking exactly like a kid hanging off the bars of a jungle gym. “Well, I’m happy.”

“Careful with your grip there, Bobby. You could bring down the roof if you’re not careful.”

He withdrew his hands quickly, looking embarrassed. “Oh, man, sorry. Sorry! I think I’d better.. um, how do you shrink?”

Both Blake and David did so, returning to the bodies Bobby saw them in when they all first met. “You just do.”

“Oh,” he said. And then almost without thinking, he found himself slowly receding toward the floor. His muscles compacted and his frame shut up like a telescope until his stood eye to eye with the other men, only 6 ½ feet tall. “Um, how am I managing to compress all that volume of... of me into this?” He pushed his hand against his chest – and it was as hard as stone. “Oh.”

Blake nodded. “Yeah, your muscle’s all there. So’s your strength. You just compress it all and become like this black hole of a man. Super concentrated power. Your muscle is so dense like this, you feel like a marble statue.”

“Well, a warm marble statue.” David rubbed Bobby’s ass. “And all your feeling’s still there, still as stimulating as ever.” He twiddled with Bobby’s hole before passing his grip back across his butt, squeezing gently. “Notice how your skin feels soft?”

Bobby pressed his hand to his arm. It was almost exactly like feeling a rock covered with soft suede. The hairs on his arm were also soft as usual, not coarse like he expected. He flexed his hand, bent his arm, watching his body behave normally, the muscle flexing and stretching to accommodate. But when he touched himself, he was hard steel. “Weird.”

“Only slightly, when compared with... other stuff.” David glanced at the ceiling and arched his brow. “Anyway, Carlos kind of explains it this way; the transform stuff breaks down barriers between your head,” he said, rapping his knuckled on Bobby’s skull, “and the rest of you.” He ran his hand down Bobby’s killer body, brushing his fingers on one of his dicks and passing the Touch to him. “Everyone has control over certain physical attributes. You can jump when you tell your legs to bend and thrust, you can lift a glass to your lips without missing and your throat and mouth drink. That’s all pretty standard. What this junk does is give your brain total control over everything, on top of which it retools your DNA, sort of cleans you up and leaves the good parts, then turns those up a few notches.” He looked at Blake. “Did I miss anything?”

He shook his head. “That’s pretty much it. Control gets easier and easier. Even the physical morphing and changing your looks.” Blake looked at Bobby, tilting his head slightly and squinting. “Speaking of which, you keeping the beard?”

Bobby reached up and felt his face. “Dunno. What do you think?” He turned his head back and forth.

Blake was making a face and shaking his head. “It’s not really you.” He shrugged. “On the other hand, I was never very fond of facial hair on anyone. Except Tom Selleck.”

“And Kevin Klein,” added David. “Dude looks funny without his mustache.” David ran his hand over Bobby’s head and grabbed up a wealth of his curling locks. “I’d rethink this look, too.” He glanced at Blake, “no offense, but I like a guy with short hair.” Then he shrugged, mimicking Blake. “Just a preference.”

Blake placed his hand against Bobby’s chest and combed his fingers through the copper carpet. “Keep this, though. This is very nice.” His hand traveled up Bobby’s broad chest and wound around his neck. He pulled the 17-year old over and planted a lingering kiss against his lips. When he pulled back, he said, “Oh yeah. Definitely lose the beard.”

“You said we could look like anything we want to?”

Blake and David both nodded. Blake said, “Haven’t found any limits so far. Hair color, eye color, skin color, body hair, facial hair, nipple size, muscle size, vascularity... we get all the options. But we stay essentially the same.” As Bobby watched, Blake very suddenly morphed into a different look. But even as his eye color darkened to hazel, and his skin lightened, and his hair became as blonde as David’s, and he grew slightly taller and slightly more slender, as his chin grew prominent and his ears shrunk, when dimples appeared on his cheeks and his nose widened, he was still, essentially, Blake.

So Bobby went through a few changes in the mirror until finding a look he liked. The guys told him he’d be able to change appearance without a mirror pretty quickly, once he became innately familiar with his new body. All he’d have to do is picture the appearance in his head and his body would conform.

He kept a lot of his new-grown bulk, he liked the intimidating factor of it, and decided that the beard wasn’t quite him, but he liked David’s 8 o’clock shadow, the ruggedness of it. His hair was conservatively cut, less military than David, more male model than Blake’s surfer dude locks. “You really have a Brad Pitt thing, don’t you Bobby?” He only smirked at Blake and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. “You will only realize you already are your deepest fantasies when you become your truest self.”

David’s features twisted up. “Who the hell said that?”

Blake smiled a tiny smile. “Michael.”

“Oh, well, fuck, of course he’d say that.” David was air-jerking while he rolled his eyes. “Michael already is every guy’s fantasy.”

Bobby perked up. “Even compared to you guys?”

“Don’t short change yourself, Bobby, you’re not exactly a slouch yourself. But, yeah, Michael could make a dead man cum even before the change. He just has... something. It’s more than beauty and strength, it’s something deeper. When he looks at you, you wish he’d never stop.”

“So, he’s perfect?”

David shook his head. “Nah, the guy takes himself way, waay, wa-hay-hay too seriously. That remark is pretty typical of him. If he’d just stand there, you know, looking great and just, you know, fucked your brains out – then, yeah, maybe he’d be perfect.” He laughed.

“Michael’s the guy with Carlos, right?” David nodded, scrubbing an itch on his scalp. “So they’re the ones I should thank for all this?” He bent his arm and watched his muscle swell. Again, David nodded. Bobby lowered his arm. “And how does a guy thank another guy for giving him everything he ever dreamed of and more?”

“Personally? I’d fuck his brains out.”

Since Chuck's departure, the men at IGE had all been "upgraded" by the Team. There was no longer a wall that prevented the transforming potential from fully manifesting. Blake's addition to the population and his body's improvement of the capabilities and transferring powers made it possible to share with everyone the full potential of what being a transformed man meant.

What Carlos found interesting, since he'd more or less designed this process, at least in its infancy, was that although every man received presumably the same advanced formula of Transform in one way or another – some had it literally fucked into them, others were changed with a touch, a caress, a kiss – and they were all improved to their perfected forms, every man was his own man. They were essentially capable of exhibiting the same size and strength, but each body accepted and manifested the changes according to that man's original form.

Carlos was sunning himself on a broad glade of glass, the sun warming his skin as the breezes cooled him, looking across the landscape at the various masculine figures all around him. His golden eyes glittered and a smile lit his Hispanic features as he observed the results of what he had started so many months ago.

There was Stephen, standing under the spreading branches of an oak. As the shadows and sunlight shifted and filtered through the tree's fluttering leaves, the man's muscled form fell into relief. He was talking with someone... it looked like, yes it was Leo, the man whose invitation brought Blake into their midst. Leo was one of three completely bald men at IGE, the other two being the dark god Jeremy, whose chestnut skin clung so tightly to his brawn it looked like he was dipped in chocolate, and one of the newcomers, Teddy, who seemed to find much sensual pleasure in his smooth pate.

Stephen was very tall and quite hairy, possessing an overall muscularity that didn't overtly bulge in any one area, but seemed to bulge everywhere. He was just big, while Leo had exceptionally broad shoulders, a barrel chest and thick, fat thighs. His butt, Carlos noticed with a raised eyebrow, was also fairly pronounced, riding high and firm on his small hips. And that signature mustache on his upper lip which fairly well hid most of his mouth, except for the pouting pink of his lower lip.

Stephen was furry everywhere, with a soft brown carpet that coated his powerful form sometimes so thickly that the skin could not be seen, only the shape of the man's muscle. Leo had body hair as well, as black as the night on his pale pink flesh, but more patchy, growing very thickly in some places but with only a light dusting in others. He had a broad triangle on his wide, huge chest, starting just below his collar bone and cascading down to a thin trail that traversed the cobbled real estate of his belly until it erupted wide and heavy again above the roots of his twin monsters. His butt was exceptionally hairy as



well, growing into a very dark forest the deeper one went until his sweaty curls looked like ocean waves against the red pucker of his asshole.

Yet both men had the same amount of Transform flowing through them, giving each equal capabilities that theoretically would alter their genetic structure with like muscularity and height and breadth. But he guessed that Stephen had a good foot and a half on Leo in height, while Leo probably gained that difference back in the width and thickness of his shoulders and upper back. He heard the men laugh, both now gifted with powerful rolling baritones but Carlos could easily differentiate the men's voices.

The human animal was a magical creature, indeed.

He looked to his left and saw one of Chuck's recruits, Ray, planting a lingering kiss on a short-haired man's mouth. Carlos squinted slightly and shaded his eyes, recognizing the huge, freckled taper of Reggie, or one half of the Greeting Squad as Reggie and Justin dubbed themselves. It was unusual to see one without the other, but just as that thought occurred, Carlos noticed movement behind Ray's wide-planted legs and realized that Justin, the olive skin of his hands grasping Ray's hips, had his face planted between Ray's muscular butt cheeks and seemed to be doing an excellent job of eating the man's ass. Ray's hands were doing an equally expert job of kneading and teasing Reggie's beautiful butt while their cocks were twisting and writhing against each other in some highly-charged dance of erotic bliss.

Carlos lay back on the grass and cast his gaze upward, where he could make out at least three pairings of the result of his DNA dabbling floating in the sky of blue. He could easily recognize Teddy, Chuck's other newcomer, by his almost bull-sized upper body. He was even bigger than Leo in that respect, his torso a bulging map of power so thick and huge that he looked like a top about to keel over sideways. Maybe that was why he enjoyed being in the air so much. Ray and Teddy, needless to say, fit right in at IGE. After getting Chuck's full treatment, they were both bulging examples of the miracle of Transform.

Ray had been around long enough to be able to teach some of the guys at the complex a thing or two about pleasuring a man. Carlos figured that owning a gay bar, a guy gets an education in the things other guys like, the things they look for, the things that turn them on before they get turned on. A look, a smile, a move, he knew them all intimately and used them all expertly. His eyes had a depth of wisdom in them that surpassed what anyone else pretended to know. When he kissed you and you looked into those eyes, you felt like you alone existed on the Earth in that moment. His hands were lethal, finding those places you needed to be touched, stroking and fondling and caressing exactly as necessary, entirely as required. He became a sort of Big Daddy to a lot of the younger men – even though physically he looked no older than anyone else.

Regaining his youth wasn't particularly important to him. He liked the life he'd lead, had no regrets, and was very comfortable having left behind the uncertainties of youth. But

the rebirth of his body, or at least its 100,000 mile overhaul, left him feeling like a man with a mission. And that mission was education and sharing everything he knew.

Sex moved up a notch after he had been with you. He slowed down the guys that moved too fast, taught the hungry ones the utter pleasure of waiting, teasing and carrying out on whispered promises – or threats. He used words like he used his hands. He could talk a man into cumming by telling him what he was going to do to him – and then he'd make them cum even harder by doing it. And he did it for a long time. Stamina was never a problem with Ray.

If Ray was a man with a mission, Teddy was a kid in a candy shop. He was in constant motion, fucking and being fucked almost non-stop since arriving. With their arrival yesterday, the population at IGE was now up to 22 men, all gifted with the full, seemingly unrestrained powers that Transform released. And today their number would be increased by two. Carlos's partner in crime, Dr. Lassiter, was due to arrive. And he was bringing with him another young man whom Carlos remembered from the lab, a boy (as Carlos remembered him) named Kevin.

Carlos ran down the list of men in his head, closing his eyes as his body luxuriated in the sensual pleasures it seemed to find everywhere, at this moment enjoying the soft whisper of the wind against his naked skin and the scent of the firm, moist earth and soft green grass under his back. There was Todd and Chuck, the first two, himself, Jeremy and Jeff his native American partner. There was Leo, who brought Blake. And Reggie and Justin.

He smiled thinking of those two, who always seemed to be together but never just together, preferring to share their seemingly psycho-sexual connection with others. It was like the two of them had some silent ability to know exactly what to do in any given situation, what to say to make someone comfortable, where to move, when to push or retreat, how to share so intimately and equally that they were almost like one person. Having them greet new arrivals, a task they took on themselves using that same alien form of agreement, was a natural. Reggie and Justin had never met before coming to the compound, but there was an instant connection in them immediately and they'd been inseparable since.

Then he thought of the "accidental" Team members who'd been drawn to this new form by the Scent, the powerful masculine aroma all transformed men gave off which elicited the same reaction in any man who was exposed to it, but never quite smelled exactly the same from one man to the next. David, Stephen, Sam and of course Michael. Carlos found his brow momentarily furrowing as he wondered where Michael was just now, and almost the moment the thought entered his head, a shadow fell across his vision.

Then he felt lips pressed to his own and the singular scent that was Michael filled his senses. He leaned forward and pressed his mouth to Michael's, making the kiss of greeting become something more passionate and welcoming than perhaps Michael first intended. But the other man fell into Carlo's trap willingly, and the kiss became an embrace as the two men lay together on the sunny hill and shared their love openly.

“Hello,” said Michael softly, when the kiss finally broke off. His hand reached up and gently moved aside a long lock of Carlos’s silky hair. Every touch of their flesh was magic.

“Hello, yourself. Where have you been?”

Michael smiled and twisted onto his back, looking up into the blue sky. “Here and there. Nowhere in particular.” A breeze ruffled the grass around them, tingling Michael’s skin. He wrapped one arm behind his head and closed his eyes. “This is nice.”

Carlos moved his head onto Michael’s chest and settled his muscled bulk on his lover’s amazing and beautiful body. He felt Michael drawing breath, felt the tight hardness of his muscles, the silken smooth perfection of his naked flesh. Michael started drawing lazy circles on Carlos’s chest with a light, drifting finger. Carlos reached down and fondled Michael’s dicks, feeling them welcome his touch and rub eagerly against his hand. “Yes,” he agreed.

“You anxious?”

“About?”

“About Dr. Lassiter’s... about Jerry’s arrival.”

Michael felt his lover’s shoulders shrug against him. “Not particularly.” He sighed. “I’m looking forward to it, more than anything. I think he understands why I left. At least, I think he does now.” He turned over, folding his arms across Michael’s broad body so they could talk face to face. “Why did you ask that?”

Michael smiled. Carlos was always so inquisitive about everything. “It’s unlike you to be so pensive. I saw you out here alone, so quiet, and you seemed to have something on your mind. I’m sorry if I interrupted.”

“You have permission to interrupt any time, Michael. I prefer your interruptions to anything else I could possibly be doing.” He rubbed his thumb against Michael’s erect nipple, bending his head slightly and sucking it into his mouth, teasing it with his tongue as Michael’s face screwed up into an expression of sexual pleasure. Carlos pinched the cap between his teeth and tongue and then released the swelling pleasure point, licking it for good measure.

“As you wish,” he answered.

“Actually, I was thinking about this place. The guys, here. Their uniqueness.”

“Yeah, I seriously doubt you’ll find men like this anywhere...”

“No, I meant from each other. There’s still so much I don’t understand about this process, how it’s working, why it’s evolving. And what will happen.”

“What will happen?”

Carlos nodded. “When you consider how far we’ve progressed in a matter of weeks, consider where we might be in a year from now. How will the process have altered us by then? It seems to me that we’ve unleashed something in the male of the species with this process, this formula. When you think about it, finding Blake wasn’t too difficult at all. Consider how many men there are on the planet, and we were worried after less than two dozen recruits that the process had found its zenith. But Blake proved that assumption wrong. We were worried for no apparent reason.” He smiled. “I’m not concerned, just curious.”

Michael returned his smile. “How unusual.”

Carlos went on as if he hadn’t heard the sarcasm. That made Michael smile even brighter. It was one of his favorite things about Carlos, that when his mind was on-track with something, pushing it off was nearly impossible. Luckily for their sex life, that characteristic extended into everything. Carlos was looking in the distance, watching where Ray and Justin and Reggie were moving into some new position. Hips started thrusting, and there was a definite grunting and moaning coming from their direction. It sounded feral, untamed, almost animalistic. “I was thinking how different we each are.”

Michael laughed, bouncing Carlos with his chest. “And thank god for that.”

Carlos flicked Michael’s much-tortured nipple with his finger. “No, I mean physically.”

“I reiterate, thank god for that.”

Carlos sat up, looking down at Michael, taking in the whole of his perfected body, it’s massive muscular growth, the appearance of the skin that covered his powerful brawn, the soft glistening glory of the curing hair on his groin and under his arms, the swell and bulge of his biceps and shoulders as they bunched, the smooth muscled power of his chest and the jewel-like beauty of those nipples he was playing with. “You’re so beautiful.”

“I return the compliment most sincerely.” And he meant it. His eyes drifted down the dark, ruddy skin on his lover’s body. The unnatural perfection of his form, the way his muscles flexed and bulges with the slightest movement, the innate power manifested everywhere, the bulging strength on his belly and the massive, overhanging brawn across his chest.

“But you don’t look like me, do you see what I mean? Yet we share so much at a genetic level, as if we were brothers.”

“I’m not sure where you’re going with this, but if you start using words like incestuous I think you can count me out.”

“No, no, I don’t mean that at all. In fact, you may have hit on a point I was missing. What I meant was that since the transformation process is passed between us, we hold pieces of each other inside. At least, that’s what I was thinking. But I couldn’t account for the reasons why we all appear so different even as the size and strength of our bodies increased at the same rate.” He stood up and started to pace. Michael, having seen this many times before, turned on his side to watch. He loved to listen to Carlos when his brain was in gear, and he loved to watch the man move. The combination of smarts and the sensual, strong strides always made him hot. “We know that we are the sum of all the genetic material through our lineage. I have this form taken through the blood of all my mothers and fathers going back literally hundreds of years. Thousands. But it comes down to me, in the end. I am that sum, but I am also my own man.”

“Mmm hmm.” Michael’s eyes watched the ass of the man flex and bulge. It was sleek and powerful and round and beautiful. Deep depressions on each side accentuated its smooth, firm power.

“And the transformation process was aimed at only the masculine aspects, to heighten their capabilities and then accentuate them. And also to allow me to have full control over my body, to be able to manifest any need or desire as easily as I instruct my legs to walk, or my eyes to blink.”

“Yep.” Michael sat up and stretched his legs in front of him, leaning back on one arm while the other began to stroke one of his pricks to ripeness. He stretched his frame, feeling his strong body flex and pull, each muscle growing tight along his belly. He tensed his ass and made his pricks – both of them – swell and harden. He twisted their sensitive muscled flesh around his touch.

“But there are feminine aspects, too. The mother and the father, and Transform wasn’t designed to infiltrate those features, so they stay intact, or as intact as the process allows.”

“Uh huh.” His gaze lingered on his lover’s legs, their flexing power, so thick and firm with muscle. The soft, slight hairs that covered them were shining under the sun’s bright glare. He knew how soft they were.

“So perhaps it is those aspects that lend us our individuality. That’s why we each stay essentially the man we were, but become a perfected version. And there are Triggers, so to speak, men in the population whose bodies are somehow more attuned and welcoming of the changes and, in fact, in their transformation they themselves transform the process, refine it fuller, unlocking more powers and capabilities than Jerry or I ever considered possible!” He stopped, having come to a conclusion. “Of course! It was there all… what are you doing?”

“Jerking off. If you can’t tell, I must be doing this wrong.”

Carlos could feel himself growing suddenly firm and hotter. “Do you need some help?”

Justin and Reggie were on the dock when Jerry arrived with Kevin. They might have been enjoying their session with Ray, but duties are duties. And this was one they particularly relished. After all, it gave them first go at the new arrivals.

The Greeting Squad enjoyed their augmented bodies as much as or more than any other guy at IGE, but they also knew that intimidation was not a very welcoming aspect. So they agreed – silently, of course – that they'd continue to greet new company at a size and height that displayed a promise of what was to come for them as they finalized the transformation, but not so big as to seem frightening or threatening.

Justin waved his arm and hollered at the incoming boat. "Greetings, Jerry! Hello, Kevin!"

"Welcome to IGE, gentlemen." Reggie smiled broadly as he extended his hand to the men while Justin tied the boat to the dock. Both men were naked and glorious as usual, but had taken the trouble to tuck up a twin and allow the remainder to hang in mute glory, not attempting to demonstrate the advantages of two fully muscle-controlled cocks at this particular stage of the men's reception.

"Well, shit, if you aren't the most beautiful men we've seen so far – especially after only your initial treatment!" Reggie wiggled his brows at Justin as he approached, walking with not ineffective sensual grace toward where the three men stood.

Jerry had taken his shirt off on the boat and wore only a pair of kalki shorts, no shoes. He's cut his hair himself, tired of attempting to control his mane of soft silk, and it was now slightly below his shoulders, hanging long and straight. His skin was bronzed as if kissed by the sun gods, and he had a broad, bright smile on his face. Kevin was wearing an over-sized tank top (that wasn't oversized in the least on his magnified frame) and a pair of black lycra biking shorts. His wealth of red-blond curls was tied back with a big rubber band and hung down his back in a cascade of shifting color. His face was beautiful, with wide clear eyes and a high brow. He was smiling, too, and trying to keep from getting hard as he looked at the men greeting them. Jerry and Kevin were each standing just under eight feet tall, or about a foot and a half shorter than the Greeting Squad. "Thanks," Jerry answered. "You guys aren't so bad yourselves."

"I've been working out," Justin kidded. He raised his right arm and bent it, allowing his bicep to swell huge and full under his deeply tanned skin. It looked like it was being inflated. "Does it show?" Jerry felt something of his own inflating in the face of such an awesome display of power. Justin, who never missed a thing, reached his other hand to Jerry's crotch and rubbed his burgeoning manhood through his shorts. "Thanks for the compliment, but let's wait until we're properly introduced."

“I thought that’s what we were doing,” added Reggie.

Justin slapped his forehead, said, “My gosh you’re right!” and leaned over to Dr. Lassiter to plant a deep, wet kiss on his mouth as his fingers deftly unsnapped him and ripped his fly open so his hand could more easily crawl inside the man’s shorts and start to pleasure his newest friend then and there. He grabbed Jerry’s heavy dick in his grip, poking deep into his shorts to find the nozzle that he knew would be releasing a copious flow of lubing juices that would make all this playing so much nicer. He smiled down at Jerry’s astonished face and said, “What? Never had a welcoming handjob, before?” He looked at Reggie. “I bet he’s used to a blow job.” His hand was pulling Jerry’s stiff, red prick out. It was a glistening tower, pumping a heavy flow of clear honey from the tip. Justin’s huge hand was slowly stroking his inches, coated with his lubrication, feeling the man getting harder and harder. “I do apologize, Jerry. How very rude of me.” He bent down and applied his lips to the head, wrapping his tongue around it and sucking it inside his hot mouth, swallowing Jerry’s precum with an easy hunger. His eyes never left Lassiter’s for a moment.

Reggie turned his attention to Kevin, placing his hand against the ribbed material covering the young man’s bulging chest. “You must be awfully warm in so much clothing,” he said. His grin increased into a toothy smile as he said, “Wouldn’t you be more comfortable in something a little... less?”

Kevin tucked his thumbs into his shorts, bent quickly, shoved them down his thick and powerful legs, stepped out of them, balled them up and tossed them in the water. His huge prick seemed to swell in the open air like a ripening fruit and was quickly firming, lengthening and rising between his thighs. Reggie’s eyebrows rose but his smile never faltered as Kevin said, “Cut the small talk, curly. I haven’t been fucked in three hours. Bring that monster over here and fill me up.”

“Oh, my,” answered Reggie as he watched Kevin pivot around and present his muscular bubble butt. “I love a man who plays hard to get.”

“So, have you seen him?” Leo was leaning against the southern wall of the main building. The sky was violet as the sun left the sky, throwing the contours of his body into soft relief. His dark eyes were lost under the shadow of his prominent brow.

“Who?” Ray’s tongue curled around Leo’s ear. He leaned in close and kissed the man’s neck. Ray found a kindred spirit in the ex-leatherman, two old salts who’d been around and were settled enough in their desires – even if those desires had been pumped to bursting in their new bodies – that lingering, quiet moments such as this one where they could simply enjoy each other’s scent and presence were as highly charged with erotic promise as any of the fumbling thrusts of some of the unschooled “boys” at IGE.



Ray had decided to make this encounter a little more... interesting.

“Kevin, that beautiful new kid who arrived this afternoon.” He gasped as Ray’s expert touch did something unexpected with his balls. “A true beauty, that one. Gifted, or so they say.”

“Saw him,” volunteered Ray, pausing in his kisses. “Another one new to the life, if I don’t miss my guess.”

Leo nodded. He released a shuddering breath. How the hell was Ray doing that down there? What, had the guy grown extra hands to go with his extra dick? “Not...” He gulped, rolling his eyes into his head as he attempted to keep from cumming. “Not gay until the transformation, but from what... oh, god, oh my god that feels so fucking good. Oh, oh god.” He swallowed hard, stretching up onto his toes, scraping his broad back against the rough wall.

Ray grinned, bringing his gray eyes sparkling like a wolf’s in the fading light up to meet Leo’s dark gaze. “From what?”

Leo settled back down onto his feet. His chest was heaving and everything between his belly and his knees was tingling and throbbing. This was Ray’s challenge. He told Leo, who’d been boasting of his sexual prowess and experience to all the young men here, to do everything he could to keep from reaching orgasm. If he lasted twenty minutes, he could do whatever his dirty little mind could imagine to Ray. They were only five minutes into the contest, and it was becoming perfectly clear that he was going to lose. Curiously, he didn’t really mind at all. He opened his eyes and looked into Ray’s, feeling like he was being brought back into this world from the paradise where Ray’s hands had been delivering him. “From what Reggie and Justin said, the boy’s a natural talent.”

“Really.” Ray pressed himself against Leo, chest to chest. His hands re-engaged down below. But what Leo failed to realize about Ray was that having an extra dick, and having two of them capable of independent movement, was a sexual boon that Ray mastered rather quickly. “Can he do this?”

“Oh. Oh, shit.”

“And... this?”

“Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...”

“And especially....”

Leo’s deep tone rose to a piercing scream until he bit Ray’s muscled shoulder as he came.

Kevin and Jerry stood inside the building while Leo was cumming outside of it. They'd spent the day touring of the grounds and had been introduced to most of the other men at IGE, several of whom invited them to participate in the various activities they were currently enjoying, most of which the two men happily accepted and some of which they enjoyed together.

It was amazing to Kevin how quickly and easily he'd adapted to this life. Even with what he knew about how the transforming formula was designed to work on his physiology and metabolism, he would never have thought that he'd be so gay so fast.

Not, he thought, that there were probably levels of gay. A guy was gay, or a guy was not as far as he could see. If he wasn't gay, he wasn't gay, if he was then he was. Kevin never really thought about it much more than that one way or the other. He wasn't gay, he would never be gay (as far as he knew) and if someone else was, who gave a shit? He had a few gay friends at the college, and he was comfortable enough with them that when they flirted with him, he accepted it in the nature it was intended. Or at least, he never believed they actually thought they could tempt him into bed with them.

He liked girls, and he liked them a lot. Their softness, their roundness, the smell of them, everything. He loved fucking them, being in charge, lying against them, hearing them squeal. He loved being inside them, squeezing their huge, round breasts, smelling their hair. Women, he'd long ago decided, were a great invention.

Now, everything was twisted 180 degrees in the other direction. He could still see the beauty of women, but he now saw the beauty of men. He guessed he always did admire the looks of some men, and he knew how much he liked being a guy, having a dick, having muscle and power and strength. Now, when he looked at men, he saw something different – no, that wasn't quite right. He didn't see something different, he felt it. He felt the same hot urgency that he used to feel looking at certain girls.

He could remember when these feelings manifested. They didn't grow gradually, they were just suddenly there, moving in to that space in his brain where he used to get horny for women. He was looking at Dr. Lassiter standing in the doorway of his bathroom. He was wearing a towel around his waist, having just been transformed for the first time. He was struck by the evident strength and size of the man, first. His body overwhelmed with muscular power. Then he looked at the face, at it's beauty, the sculpted, hard lines, the broad chin, the heavy brow. He looked at the line of his neck, woven with tendons and muscle, the pulse of his heart throbbing there. The way the man's shoulders spread wide, huge with brawn, bigger than a hand could grasp.

Then that scent hit him, strong and thick. Ultimate masculinity, condensed into that smell, wrapping him in a sort of heat that started in his shorts and moved across his scalp, down his legs, across his back. A desire, sudden and expected, to touch that man's skin, feel his hardness, kiss his lips.

And he knew that was false, it was something he should deny, but he didn't want to, not at all. He was confused, conflicted, feeling a fear about what those feelings meant, all his hidden prejudices erupting just as strong as those desires. He shouldn't feel like that about another man. He should want to hold him, to touch him, to kiss him. He shouldn't want it at all.

Kevin stood naked next to the man he'd fucked at least a dozen times over the last three days, the man who'd fucked him an equal number of times. He could sense him there without looking for him, feel his weight and size and power, smell him. Jerry – never Dr. Lassiter now, only Jerry – stood stoic and tall, saturated with strength, throbbing with it.

Kevin had engaged in another five or six liaisons that day with men whose beauty was almost beyond belief. They showed him things he knew that he and Jerry probably would get to eventually, but it took experience they didn't have and knowledge of a man's equipment he'd frankly never explored. He realized that what he and Jerry had been doing was just awkward fumbling, based solely on need and lust and without a crumb of education.

There was ass fucking like he and Jerry had been doing, plunging inside over and over, shoving and thrusting, the point being to get there, reach it, cum - and then there was what these men did. Teasing, tensing, playful, masterful, sometimes tender, sometimes hard, sometimes both or all of those things. If he'd learned earlier what he had in only the past day here, he knew a few girls back home who'd be missing him a lot more today. Practice might make perfect, but if you keep practicing the same mistakes, you end up a perfect fool.

And that was just the tip of the proverbial iceberg. He used to think that as a man he had to be rough and hard, but kisses could be soft, so soft, and gentle and wonderful. And their hands on his skin, exploring him, fondling and caressing. God, this was all great! He was learning from them, being taught how to make love, like this was some university of sex.

He looked over at Jerry and saw his smile. He watched the man talking to a guy he once knew as Dr. Carlos Martinez, but whom everyone called only Carlos. The golden-eyed man was gesturing in a manner so familiar to Kevin that he felt momentarily lost. That man should be short, old, pot-bellied. Not twelve feet high, overwhelmed with muscle, possessed of a body so amazing in proportion and ability that looking at him right now, even just speaking, made Kevin want to cum hard and full.

But one valuable lesson he was learning from every man here was control. Control when it was called for, and control over what he could do – and when he could do it.

“So it's all gone? The whole facility?”

Jerry nodded at Carlos. “Shut down. It was inevitable, really.”

“Funny,” Carlos said, shaking his head, “it all turned out much more successfully than we ever planned. I envisioned development on a scale beyond what any man alone could achieve. We’d break down physical barriers that had held us back as human beings and make new men. Better men. And I think we succeeded – except that if any of us charged into a war, we’d just end up fucking every man in site instead of killing them.”

Jerry shrugged. “Not a bad compromise, all things considered.” He looked across the room at his scientific partner, at the man he was now, and let out a long, soft sigh. “Just incredible.”

Carlos smiled and petted his twins. “Thanks. Oh! You mean the...”

Jerry’s eyebrows rose. “Actually I was thinking how much I’d love to fuck you, now that you mention it. And since when did you develop a sense of humor?”

“I wasn’t aware that I had.”

“Of a sort.” Jerry’s head tilted. “Have you been working any more with the formula as it is now to try to figure out what it’s doing and how it’s doing it? I haven’t seen any equipment around, and what with everyone being so damned horny all the time, I was wondering if you’d had any time to do anything.”

“We have some equipment, nothing as elaborate as we had at the facility. We use it to temper the samples we’ve been sending out with the invitations. I was using the original genetic template to reduce its potency and eliminate some of the transferring properties, mostly. Haven’t been doing much pure research, no.” He found his hand was absently fondling his balls and he smiled. “As you’ve said, everyone’s so damned horny all the time.”

“Think we should?”

“Probably. On the other hand, it seems to be doing pretty well on its own, don’t you think?” He displayed a personal sample of just how well Transform was working by performing a double-bi pose so overwhelmed with power and saturated with masculine beauty, Jerry found his augmented dick throbbing with need. “Look at me, Jerry. Just... just look at me.” Carlos moved his hands down the bulging contours of his huge body. The ultra sensitive skin magnified his caresses. He could feel his own massive muscularity, feel the innate power coursing through him, the super masculinity of his transformed body. “I mean, how much better can this possibly get?”

“There have to be drawbacks, Carlos.”

He shook his head. “We thought about all that before injecting Todd way back when, remember? The military raised all those ‘what if’ questions and we had to come up with answers. Yes, there have been a lot of unforeseen alterations to the affected subjects – the men here, me included. You, too, soon.”

“You keep talking about those side effects but other than the enormously increased size of the men, I haven’t...”

“The saturation level of masculine properties created some odd but, I think, really useful physical capabilities and manifestations. In particular, an additional male sexual appendage.”

“You’re shitting me.”

“No,” he answered, allowing his thick and lengthy twin from its hidden confines, “I’m not.” Jerry’s jaw fell open. Kevin said, “Holy shit.” Carlos continued. “It started with Michael. He was already augmented in some way by his father, and our formula pushed his masculine sexual prowess farther, far enough that his body manifested a second penis to accommodate him. He passed this along when he shared himself with us. And, um, well these aren’t like the sexual appendages you’re used to at all. They’re uh, they, well, they sort of... move.” And they did.

They straightened themselves and stood straight out from his body. Then the left one started to undulate like a wave while the other one actually tied itself in a knot. Then they were rubbing against one another, one lengthy wonder twisting around the other in a sinuous dance of evident sensuality. Carlos lowered his hand to the twins and the other two men watched something so sexually charged and unbelievably hot that they found their own pricks throbbing. Carlos slowly ran his touch up and down the shaft of one cock while the other lubed his grip. Then he had both his pink wonders in the palm of his hand and they slipped and slid against each other in a pool of his warmth. They seemed to swell and harden, they could see the pulsing veins along the shafts and the helmeted head bloomed with pleasure. Even as they grew firm and long, he continued to make them move independently. His hard-ons were hard, but not stiff.

It was amazing to say the least. Carlos had become a living, breathing sex machine. A man of seemingly limitless strength and capacity and desire, with a lithe, limber and powerful body that could perform miraculous feats, conforming to any wish and functioning at a level of sexual, sensual and erotic facility so far off the scale that he was inventing a new scale every few seconds. He and Jerry had been designing the ultimate soldier. What they got instead was the ultimate sexual animal. They succeeded in dramatically improving the male capacity for strength and stamina, but in their toying with the other masculine traits to nullify or rechannel their otherwise destructive tendencies, they’d created a man whose hungers for pleasure and gratification and whose abilities to satisfy those same hungers was seemingly inexhaustible.

“Oh, man.” Kevin was grinning from ear to ear. “I want me one of those!”

Carlos looked up. “I hope you won’t be overwhelmed with two. They come as a set.” Then he lifting his hand from himself, wiped his gleaming lube across his bulging chest

and the two men watched his body reabsorb it until he was clean and perfect again. With two fat cocks hanging in luscious glory between his legs.

“Wait’ll I get loose with those in effect! Damn, I can’t wait!”

“You’ve made quite an impression already, Kevin. You’re the talk of the town, so to speak.”

He looked honestly surprised. “Me?”

“Everyone’s curious about you.”

“Because I’m such a clumsy fuck?” It was the first thing that came to his mind.

Jerry almost choked. Carlos said, “No, not at all. And I hadn’t heard that remark, actually – in fact, quite the contrary. I hear words like ‘eager’ and ‘stamina’ and ‘impressive’ attached to your name more often.” Kevin shifted slightly on his feet, looking a little uncomfortable. Being judged on one’s fucking abilities was a new experience, and he doubted that Carlos was being totally honest (although he was), but he said nothing. “What I’m referring to is, and please forgive my bluntness, you shouldn’t be here at all.”

Both Kevin and Jerry said, “What?!?”

Carlos nodded. “The sample I gave you, Jerry, should have only transformed you to the extent that I assume it did, at first. We’ve been removing the capacity to allow initiates to transform others until they come here and get the full treatment. We didn’t want to unleash something of this potential in the wild. Not that you would have gone out and started pumping men full of the stuff, of course, but we couldn’t take the chance that the sample might not reach its intended target. I mean, this is the U.S. Mail we’re talking about. Not the most reliable service I can think of.”

Jerry said, “Makes sense. But then how does that explain...?”

Carlos shrugged. “And so the curiosity, you see. Kevin, you shouldn’t be here. According to what we understand about Transform, Jerry shouldn’t have had any affect on your genetic structure.”

Kevin shifted, looking down at his much-improved body. “And yet...”

“And yet. And Jerry told me that you, in turn, were able to more fully transform his body after your own metamorphosis.”

“Definitely,” answered Jerry before Kevin could speak. “But since we’d seen this before in the lab, I assumed it was part of the process.”

“And it would be, except that we don’t allow it until a man has been fully transformed here. Oh, we can’t remove all of it. I would guess that there are a few lucky gentlemen out there who met our eager membership prior to their arrival here and are feeling a nice little jump in their workout results and probably feel a lot more randy than they’re used to. But they aren’t being made over in the space of a few minutes into hulking muscular brutes with their eyes on every man in range and their libidos on overdrive. They aren’t being transformed, and there’s no reason that Kevin should have been either.”

“Then what?”

Carlos looked at Kevin. “I don’t know, but I have a theory.”

Jerry laughed softly. “Same old Carlos.”

“Some things, as they say, never change. Underneath this amazing collection of masculine pulchritude and boundless strength, I’m still Dr. Carlos Martinez.” He sighed pleasantly. “I’m just one hell of a motherfucking sex riot now. But as I was saying, I have what I call the Trigger Effect Theory.”

“Good name.”

“Thank you. In short, it appears that the Transform process is augmented and altered when it is introduced into certain men. In others, they realize some of the changes but not all. In still others, they are gifted with the transforming effects in full but do not add to them, they don’t absorb and morph the formula and pass its strengthened or altered effects back. But in some cases – Blake would be one, obviously, and it appears that probably Chuck and certainly Michael are, too – in those cases the men’s genetic structure absorbs and alters the effect in some way to varying degrees and they are able to then transfer the newly reformatted formula to other men.”

“But I’ve been fucking the population all day.” Kevin’s student brain was still around, and it was twisting itself around Carlos’s theory. “If I’m a trigger, shouldn’t I have had some effect on those men? And why haven’t I been fully transformed, yet?”

“A fully transformed man has total control over the transforming capability, just as they have total control over every other physical aspect of their new bodies. You would not have been transformed unless, or until, someone was authorized to do so.”

“Okay, but if I was transformed by Jerry, and Jerry shouldn’t have even been able to do that...”

Carlos nodded. “Good point. It shouldn’t have mattered. Unless... Jerry, you haven’t been among our happy little group, have you? You and I have been talking the whole time Kevin was out meeting and greeting.” A light dawned. “You’re the trigger!”

“Me?”

“Your body must have been able to alter the formula, reintroducing the transforming capabilities into it. So you were able to transform Kevin with an augmented version of the serum, which he accepted and added to and gave back to you. Kevin isn’t the trigger... you are.”





## 19

The man was sitting in a darkened booth. A brown glass bottle filled with beer sat on the table in front of him. A pulsing rhythm shook the room. Shirtless and beautiful men were writhing and twisting to the sounds, dancing against each other, their bodies hot and slick with sweat. He was wearing a black T-shirt, one arm laid across the back of the booth against the cool, deep red vinyl. His other arm was resting on his leg. The table in front of him had a glass top, and if anyone took the time to look through it, they'd be able to watch the man caressing one of the biggest cocks on the planet, it's thickly veined shaft emerging from his open fly and lying across his thigh. His large hand was moving against his prick's smooth, warm flesh. He was bathed in the sweet thrill of orgasmic bliss as he watched the parade of male beauty move in front of his eyes.

Another man sat beside him, practically disappearing into the darkness except for the glow of his eyes and the slight gleam of white teeth. It was hard to tell exactly what this man looked like, what his features were, how big he was in comparison with the other. Many of the men in that room would've felt more than a little nudge in their Jockeys if they realized he was shirtless, and the thick, broad muscles of his chest, like two fat hams, bulged so large that he almost appeared to have breasts. They were round and full, but not with fat or milk but muscle, rock hard and meaty.

The first man had a sideways smile on his lips, one end twisted up to create a deep dimple on his arched and sculpted cheek. A thick shadow surrounded his full lips, a black mustache and goatee imperfectly shaped, a hard brush of night embracing his face. Eyes as equally dark gazed out on the dance floor from beneath a heavy brow. They were

narrow, and the smile never touched them. He had a shock of short hair on his head, unkempt and shiny. His skin was olive, not looking sun-kissed but born that way. He warm breath exited slowly from a body that would be standing 6-foot 4 inches if he stood. His demeanor was relaxed, but wary. His head bobbed slightly to the music, but his hand's sweet manipulations had a rhythm all his own.

The second man's head had a thin layer of hair tight against his scalp, a rough, curling down of fur, pure black. His almond-shaped eyes were also black, so deeply brown that the iris disappeared into their depth, surrounded by whiteness as clean as cotton sheets. His neck was as wide as his head, a muscled beast of a man, whose upper body was trying to burst from his sleek, dark skin. Beneath the table, he wore a pair of black lycra shorts that hugged his assets like a second skin, just as he desired. If the man next to him owned one of the biggest, fattest pricks around, he owned the other. His was a thickly veined monster with a cowed helmet, his foreskin so long it dangled all the way over his plum-sized head. His hand rested against this hidden beast and soaked in its heat. He was pulsing with sex and desire, he could literally feel it in his veins.

Eyes were on them again - the eyes of the beautiful men on the prowl across the unusually textured floor. They couldn't see the one man clearly in the shadows. They knew the other was there, had seen them enter together. They couldn't tell that their bodies had become even more muscled since, hard and thick with sleek power. The white-skinned man's arm bulged and flexed as he leisurely pleased himself. The head of his massive manhood was also hooded in a tight cowl, his uncut foreskin clinging tightly to the swollen, hungry head allowing only the eye of his snake to touch the air conditioned breezes that caressed the long, fat shaft. His shirt clung just as tightly as that foreskin but refused to reveal the tight rippled brawn of his belly, or the huge heavy globes of muscle that hung from his chest. And there was no way to tell that the blue jeans he wore did absolutely nothing to hide the fact that his ass was high and round and perfect.

The place was called The Wet Bar, because at midnight that odd, pimped rubberized floor would be funneling away the water that would begin pouring from the ceiling. A warm constant rain that would make clothes cling and make sweat-slick bodies glisten in the flashing lights. The men and boys in various states of undress were getting juiced up for the wetness to come. They all thought they were hot, masters of beauty, they thought they oozed sex.

The men in the booth actually could. They could ooze sexual pleasure from every pore of their altered bodies. They could breathe sex from their lungs and blow it across your naked flesh and make you cum. They could touch your skin with their transformed hands and send you to such deep spasms of ecstatic bliss that you'll think you died and went to heaven.

One man's name was Chuck, and Chuck had a plan. He was simply waiting for just the right moment to spring it. He'd been outside IGE now for a full week, and had been

enjoying every minute of it. He felt like the Johnny Appleseed of muscle, leaving his seeds across the land and forcing things to grow and grow.

The other had been a young man in the park.

He was running through the green hills, his muscular and athletic body moving effortlessly. All the man's muscles were in stark relief under his dark skin. He had a fuzz of black hair cut very short on his scalp. His body was wet with his sweat, it ran in rivulets in the valleys between his huge and deeply defined muscled form.

Chuck lounged on a bench, shirtless, wearing a pair of cut-off jeans. His legs were planted wide as he leaned his hard, muscular torso back against the wood. He was the height he now nearly always assumed while "in disguise," 6-foot-4. His looks changed from one encounter to the next. This time he was a smooth-skinned beauty. His muscles bulged hard and engorged beneath pink, perfect skin. His turquoise eyes sparkled in the light and he wore a shaggy cut of brown hair, loose and hanging just over his ears. An inch of his ample prick dangled out of his shorts.

He leaned back, bent his arms behind his head so his biceps bulged like melons and let out a thin, intense layer of his scent, strong enough to entice any man who came within 20 feet of him, but not strong enough to do anything more than that. He closed his eyes, smiled, and waited.

He'd learned pinpoint control over his transforming capabilities with a little trial and error. He knew that the guy would be unable to help himself, he'd have to approach. Whether he was gay or not, Chuck didn't care. He was a beauty hunter. He found the most beautiful men and drew them in. What happened next, he left to fate.

But it always ended the same.

"Hey! Hey, dude!" The voice was deep, powerful, almost musical.

Chuck opened his eyes and looked at his target. The guy was about 24, he guessed. His body was sleek and fit, his skin so dark it was almost black, his muscles well trained and bulging. He looked almost like Todd had when Chuck first greeted the transformed man at the door on that first day. He was a huge specimen, beautiful and healthy as an ox. Chuck thought he probably spent a lot of time working out to perfect his impressive form because his legs were just as defined and hard as his upper body. "Hey," he answered.

The guy approached him, not even breathing hard. "You better tuck yourself up. They'll arrest you around here for hanging out like that." He was smiling, though whether that was amusement or desire Chuck didn't yet know.

Chuck's grin touched the other side of his lips as he sat forward. He looked down, placed his hand under his fat prick and gently pushed it back into his pants. The crotch of his

shorts bulged hugely. “Thanks for the tip. I’m Chuck.” He offered his hand. It was the one he’d just used to adjust himself. His masculine smell lingered on his palm.

The guy took it easily. They touched, skin to skin. “Frazz.” He shook Chuck’s hand. Chuck’s grin grew teeth. “I know, I know,” he said, smiling back, “but it’s actually short for Frazier. I just don’t think I look like a Frazier.” He stopped and posed. “What d’you think?”

Chuck just kept smiling. The guy had much to be proud of, and his easy-going attitude was probably the result of knowing how good he looked, and that he could probably pulverize anyone who so much as blinked in a way he didn’t like. “You from around here?”

Frazz nodded. He put his hands on his hips and started to stretch his hamstrings. “Other side of the park. Near the river? You know it?”

Chuck shook his head, eying the guy’s basket. There was something long and limp in there. Something that wanted out. “Just flew in,” he said. He rubbed his arm with his hand, accentuating its size in comparison. “I was wondering if there was a gym around. I’m feeling the need for a little pumping.” He gazed at Frazz.

Frazz’s brows rose on his lovely face. His eyes were as dark as the rest of him. Chuck wondered if Frazz shaved himself, or if all that clean, beautiful skin was naturally bare. He realized that if they were to stand next to each other, they could be twins. This guy was already huge. “Looks to me like you just came from a gym. Pretty impressive.” He took a step toward Chuck and started to stretch his other leg.

“I can never be too big,” he answered. “I think I’m addicted to size.” He watched Frazz’s face as the other man’s eyes glanced down to his package. He wondered if he was allowing himself to get too large. He could feel the cold teeth of the zipper pressing against his firming flesh. He started to bend his arm, flexing and bulging the bicep, and the action drew Frazz’s attention away from his package. The arm seemed to get larger with each flex. “You look like a pretty athletic guy yourself, Frazz.” He urged a soft push of the potent power of his Voice into the name, pumping a throbbing hint of his overwhelming masculine power into the five little letters. “You like a good workout?”

Frazz slowed and straightened. “Sometimes.” He took another step toward Chuck. His eyes were again cast on Chuck’s bulging basket. Now he did seem to be breathing a little harder. His huge chest rose and fell, the nipples forced toward the ground by the very size of him.

Chuck nodded and leaned back again, his arms resting on the bench’s back. The movement pushed his pelvis forward, and his dick again made its ample presence known, this time the head was nearly drooping off the edge of the bench. It seemed to be crawling forward along Chuck’s heavily muscled thigh, swelling as it grew. “Tell me something, Frazz.”

Frazz's mouth opened slightly, but all he did was nod.

Chuck's hand lazily curled in toward the slabs of power on his chest, His fingers lightly brushed against one large nipple, the thumb plucking its high tip. "What's a guy do around here," he asked, his baritone a rough rumble, "if he's on the prowl?"

Frazz swallowed. "Prowl?" His own voice practically growled the word, and his thick lips bent into a grin. He felt hot, his skin was slick and glistening with sweat. He could smell his own sweat, and something else mixing into that earthy scent. Something spicy and hot and passionate. Why was he dropping to his knees?

"Yeah, Frazz. If a guy, say me for example," Chuck said, moving his hips forward on the bench. His cock was now a good three inches out of his shorts, "needed a little action, and he needed it immediately, where would that man find it?"

The sun felt very hot. A cool, dry breeze swept along the gravel pathway. Somewhere, someone was playing tennis. Somewhere near. Frazz could hear the thok of ball and racket. Someone was shouting something. The gravel bit into his knees. He didn't look down, didn't notice that his legs were bulging as the muscles stretched tight. His abs looked better defined as well. His already rippling belly was slowly being upgraded by a bulging collection of rounded power. He leaned forward, placing one hand on the ground. His arm was bulging with fresh brawn, the skin growing shiny and thin. "Where?"

"Yes, where," repeated Chuck. His dick was insistent. Its skin was darker even than Chuck's tanned flesh. The head was wrapped in a tight hood of skin, and the shaft was thick with throbbing veins. A gleaming drop of precum swelled at the tip, a dome of salty love wanting to prepare the way for its enormity. The seams of the denim cut-offs were slowly unraveling themselves, splitting open as his meaty legs bulged. "Can you help me?"

Frazz leaned forward and placed his lips to the glistening top, kissing Chuck's lengthening tool gently, reverently. His tongue moved out of his mouth and licked the tangy droplet off, looking very red emerging from between his large black lips, licking it inside where it bathed his mouth with a thickly masculine musk. He put his lips to the helmet and sucked it inside, wrapping his tongue around its firmness, feeling its heat against the roof of his mouth, how hard and huge it was. He moved forward, welcoming it inside, it reached forward and rubbed against his throat. Frazz's eyes gazed upward at Chuck's beautiful face, his smile, his eyes.

Chuck reached down and brushed his Touch against Frazz's cheek. The other man shuddered and moaned – Chuck felt the sound all along his length. He was slowly transforming the man pleasuring him. It wasn't fair, really. What choice did the man have? Chuck's sexual arsenal was unbeatable, indefensible, overpowering. The moment the young man had come within Chuck's sites, he was a done deal.

Frazz raked his teeth along Chuck's prick, so he closed his eyes and shot a sudden wealth of lubing honey down the man's throat. It swam down and sank in, building a heat inside the man, delivering a tide of pleasure more intense than any orgasm he'd ever experienced.

Which made Frazz very happy. He reached up and grasped Chuck's ass, as if he meant to pull the huge man all the way inside. Chuck reached down and unbuttoned his shorts. He didn't have to, he could easily have simply ripped them off his steel-hard body. But this felt sexier. A slow striptease even as his cock stretched farther and farther into the man between his legs. He pushed his fingers down into the heat of his shorts, into the moist sweat clinging to his glossy black pubic hair. He softly rubbed his root, touching his rough fingertips to the pulsing stiffness of his engorging beast, then withdrew his hand and smelled himself on his fingers.

He raised his arm and breathed himself in, turning his senses to the soft, wet hair in his pit. His sweat was laced with his man scent, strong and spicy – strong enough to draw another man closer if one happened by. Frazz's hunger for him was almost that strong. He looked down and watched the man's shoulders bulge with new brawn. They stretched and spread, their muscle growing slow but steady beneath the man's dark chocolate skin. He could see the man becoming stronger by the second.

His own thighs were swelling, now. He was growing, too. He was allowing himself to. Just as he was allowing the man swallowing his prick to grow. He fed the man with himself, with his power and his strength. The other man's shorts began to rip. The seam along his ass was splitting open as he grew. The seams along the outer expanses of his burgeoning thighs ripped apart, unable to contain the hard, fresh muscle growing there.

The excitement was getting to Chuck. Someone might come along this path any moment, walking the dog or out for an ice cream. They'd come upon these men, two huge and overpoweringly muscular men. One black as night, the other a bulging tanned beauty. The black one was on his hands and knees, as if in worship. The other man had his hand down his undone shorts, the dark wealth of his sweaty pubic hair spilling out, the root of his huge manhood emerging from the forest and passing forward out the open leg of his splitting shorts. They hung onto his huge frame literally by threads. His muscle was too large for them.

And the black man, a man of equal size and strength, his wide back thickening and growing, his bulging shoulders expanding, was hungrily devouring the white guy's dick. His huge dick. The black man was growing out of his nylon running shorts, the fat muscle of his thighs ripping them apart. He was growing bigger, more muscular, the extreme taper of his torso from his tight, powerful waist to his mountainous shoulders was becoming even more pronounced. Muscle was developing as they watched. Actually growing under the man's dark skin, like snakes moving under black satin.

Then, there was a ripping sound. The observer would look at the man's denim shorts, but they appeared to be still holding on. Then it was clear what had happened, because the

dark man's shorts fell in tatters to the ground, and it was clear to see that the man's balls, his furry sack, were swelling as well. Then the drooping head of his own huge cock appeared in front of those balls. It was actually extending itself, growing also, the fat head ripening as the shaft became longer and longer until the tool was so big that the head touched the gravel between his legs. It dangled literally to his knees. An unbelievable cock, growing between his developing legs.

Then they'd see the white man place his hands on the black man's head. He would look down at the other man with his laser-sharp eyes and the other man would withdraw, allowing the white man's long, stiff prick from his mouth. It would be red, hard and glistening with spit. A long trail of something like honey would droop from its throbbing end to the black man's mouth. And then the black man would stand up, his huge erection wagging like a pendulum in front of the white man's face, and he would lean forward and open his mouth and fall to his knees on the gravel, off the bench, placing his large hands on the black man's ass and slowly swallow him whole.

They were both growing, Chuck resuming his natural size while feeding Transform in stronger doses into Frazz's gargantuan form. They were expanding, growing wider and higher and thicker by the moment. Frazz bent his arms and watched the muscle build upon itself. His biceps split into clearly defined heads, right down the middle. He was pure power, nothing but strength and plenty of it. He watched his own chest expanding in front of him, watched the muscle growing fatter, rounder, bigger than ever, bigger than anything. The white dude was sucking him to hell and back, his mouth was a Hoover, it felt impossibly great. And the guy was twiddling Frazz's tight ass with his fingers, digging and teasing and tickling the entrance to his inner heaven.

He felt something touch his head. He reached up, feeling the leaves of the branches that shaded the bench. The branches that had been three feet overhead when he arrived, slightly out of reach for him. Branches ten feet high. He smiled and closed his eyes, feeling himself growing, getting bigger and stronger, everything he ever wanted. The beautiful white dude was giving him head, blowing his joint better than anyone had ever sucked him before, man or woman. The guy had talent, that was for sure. Was he a Genie? Would Frazz have to pay for this dream? It was a dream, it had to be. It felt so real, so good, so right. He was getting bigger and bigger. He could feel himself getting heavier, stronger, better. His cock was huge. Well, it had been huge before, now it was mammoth. He could feel every inch of it, every sensation, the dude's tongue, the dude's throat, the dude's hands. His dick pulsed and tingled and throbbed with pleasure. It erupted through him like waves, like a tide rising, like something uncontrollable that he could control.

He had control. So much power, in his control. The dude's hands were kneading his ass. He felt fingers enter his tight hole, felt them wiggle and push and play with him, bringing him to new heights of pleasure. His balls were filling up, full of something so hot and powerful that he could feel it, literally feel himself filling up down there. Something thick and hot, something sweet and strong, and so much of it. He was swollen with it, swelling with it, his balls hanging farther and filling up.

He reached down and dug his fingers into the dude's hair. It was so soft. So full and soft and cool. His other hand caressed his own chest, his touch feeling the increasing brawn, the size of his muscles growing bigger yet, still bigger. He was naked and huge and getting sucked on a gravel path in the park. Someone was playing tennis. This was happening. This was real.

This was real.

He started cumming, blasting his load down the dude's throat. It was so powerful, so full and rich, so much pleasure so deep and wide, his toes curled and he pinched his eyes shut. He was emptying himself and filling up the other man. The beautiful, powerful, magical man sucking his huge dick. He grasped the man's hair in his hand and clenched his fist. He was cumming and cumming, feeling like he would never stop.

Chuck swallowed Frazz's load as quick as he could manage, but the guy was a powerhouse, a super-charged muscle machine shoved into overdrive by his transformation. Chuck pushed everything into the guy and still he wanted more. He could feel it, sense it, the need for power and strength was pulsing out of the huge black body. There was no stopping his hunger, no wonder he was already so big.

He heard the man gasp as he spent the last of his huge load and emptied his balls. Chuck could feel his mammoth cock growing limp inside him and he pulled Frazz out of his mouth, savoring every sweet inch of him until they were two men again, not joined by either Chuck's transforming powers or Frazz's huge orgasmic discharge.

"Whoa." Chuck looked up in his natural form, a furry mountain of muscle with piercing green eyes, and met the gaze of the nude giant looking down at him. "Now that's what I call a blow job."



# 20

The two men watched as the lights suddenly dimmed in the place and the water began to fall. Men who weren't already shirtless soon were. Men who had been shirtless started to unbuckle their jeans or shove their shorts off. Everyone knew what the water follies meant. If you didn't want to strip down, you weren't going to be on the floor in the first place.

And magnificent, beautiful male bodies revealed themselves in all their primed and perfect glory. Wet and slick, skin on skin, men danced and fondled and kissed with each other under the flashing lights. The music built to a new level, a loud pulse that sent hips into action whether they wanted to or not – but they all wanted to. Naked flash was everywhere. Tanned hides and black skin. White boys and Asians. Gym bunnies and models, twinkles and bears. Everyone, all kinds, men and men and more men. Dozens of men to choose from.

If that was your intention.

Chuck gazed over to Frazz, his teeth gleaming in the darkness. Frazz looked back, wiggling his eyebrows. Chuck took his hand from his cock and lifted the shirt from his muscled torso, the flashing lights causing his massive strength to look even larger, with deeper cuts and fuller, rounder muscle heads. With Chuck's arms overhead, tangled in the cotton, Frazz reached over and dug his nails through Chuck's dark carpet, feeling his warm fur and the tight, hard strength it covered. His hand traveled down Chuck's rippled form and grabbed his prick, squeezing him hard.

"Oof," the man gasped, then he growled a deep moan of pleasure, firming and fattening himself against the dark man's grip. "We could just stay here, if that's all you want. I'm more than happy to oblige." His cock swelled eagerly.

Frazz laughed, an earth tremor from his mammoth chest. "It's extremely tempting, but I want to put myself to good use." He shifted his gaze out to the floor, but his hand stayed planted. "You said you were looking for more recruits, right?"

Chuck answered, "Yeah. Don't want to get out of hand with this." He followed the black man's gaze out across the room, and the wet and writhing mass of naked male beauty. "On the other hand..."

Frazz squeezed him again, increasing his strength. "Now, now, let's not get greedy. One each is plenty enough for now, dude." He scanned the crowd. "And I have bachelor number one in my sights." He smiled and started to rise from their booth. There was a soft tearing soft as he expanded in select areas to rid himself of his clothing. Then his thighs, cock and ass resumed their perfect powerful symmetry and he stood there, six and a half

feet high, exuding strength and ability along every bulging line of his well-muscled form. He looked down at Chuck and extended his hand. "Shall we?"

Chuck smiled. He stood up, leaving his shirt behind, and literally tore his pants off his furry, rippled body. He was two inches shorter than Frazz, but every bit as huge. His balls dangled like eggs in a sack and his immense prick arched over them between his meaty thighs, a fat length of man meat saturated in sexual capacity. They walked to the edge of the dance floor. "Which one?"

Frazz nodded, leaning over so his voice could be heard over the pounding music. "Five o'clock. Dark hair. Tight ass. Smile to make you cum."

"Hell, Frazz, half the men out there... oh. Oh! Holy shit!" He was very beautiful – but only the most beautiful would do. He was lean and hard, doing things with his hips that should be illegal and promised a very interesting evening for whoever won his eye. He was sleek and cool and danced like sex. "Eat 'im up, Bonedog." He looked around for a long moment, then smiled as he saw his objective. "I got my own dinner to chase."

Chuck slapped Frazz's dimpled butt and headed toward his quarry. Frazz stepped into the warm rain and was immediately shaking his thang, hands in the air, smile on his face, twisting his powerful body like a man possessed by a sexual god. He could dance, and he knew it, but this new body with its amped up strength and amazing dexterity and flexibility allowed him to move like a well-oiled beast. His skin was wet and sleek as he moved through the crowd. Hands were on his body, on his ass, on his dick. Hands caressed him, tried to hold him, wanted to touch him. He twisted away, deigning to kiss this boy's mouth, rubbing his huge hand on that man's ass (digging his touch underneath for good measure), gifting those he looked at with a glimpse of heaven before he stood next to his target and stopped dead.

"Hello," he announced. He stood like a dark pillar in the midst of the fray. Others were watching him now, how could they not? There were other muscle boys out there, men with bodies honed and sculpted, but his was something else again. He seemed to be getting bigger as he stood there, his strength and beauty magnifying, his shoulders growing slowly wider, the muscles along his legs redefining themselves, lengthening, swelling. His breathing sent his chest swelling, larger and larger, but not receding.

The young man turned and looked up... and up... and up before a smile wound across his painfully beautiful face. "Hello, yourself." He looked down. "My, you're a big one, aren't you?"

"You have no idea." Water splashed off his black skin, poured down his body, drained off his cock. He was hot and wet. He held out his hand. "Dance with me?"

Chuck walked across the floor. Chuck did not dance. He moved between the bodies that moved around him, feeling their heat against his skin, feeling the water on his huge form, in his eyes, on his flesh. Warm wetness everywhere. Male beauty everywhere. And there, on the other side of the floor, standing in the shadows, was the young man Chuck wanted to meet.

He stood there alone, watching the others on the floor. His arms hung at his sides and his eyes were very large. His boner pulsed in his pants. Jesus, he thought, why can't I just... get out there? Why do I keep coming here every weekend, torturing myself, watching those guys out there. I'm such a pathetic... holy fuck, what the hell is that coming towards me?

"Hi." The voice of the huge, nude man moved through him. He was the biggest, sexiest thing Edward ever saw. He was dumbstruck, scared shitless, in awe of the man in front of him.

The huge, muscular, beautiful man in front of him. The man's face was smiling at him. Smiling down at him. He was dripping all over the floor. The water was draining off his bulging muscles, glistening off the hair that spread across his chest, and down his belly, the belly that looked like someone had sculpted it, a rippling landscape of wonderful muscle, the hair gathering into a dark trail leading down his huge body and then spreading again, wide and thick, above the biggest, baddest, most beautiful cock Edward had even seen or imagined. "Hi," he replied softly.

"Why aren't you dancing?"

Man, his voice! It was like rocks rubbing together! He could literally feel the guy's voice! "Wrong shoes," he answered.

Chuck laughed. He reached down and scratched himself, sending his huge pendulum wagging. His eyebrow arched as he cast his dark gaze down the lanky young man's frame, past the throbbing meat in his pants, to his Nikes. "I see." He scanned back up the kid's body, which was hard to see under his baggy clothing. Chuck wasn't even sure what attracted him to this, well, not much more than a boy. His face was rather ordinary, he looked thin, weak, sad. "What's your name?"

"Ed. Edward. Ed."

Chuck leaned himself against the wall, planting his hand over Edward's head. "You nervous about something, Ed?" He smiled. He was a towering mass of male sexuality, an overpowering presence, a wet dream in the flesh.

"Oh no. I always have my dreams walk up to me naked and dripping wet, smelling like sex and smiling at me." His brow wrinkled and he managed a smile. "And who might you be, and what sort of cosmic joke is this, and please tell me you're not here to ask where the bathroom is."

Chuck's fingers were scratching the deep, dark separation between the muscled globes of his chest. He was starting to realize what it was about this guy that attracted him. The look on his face, the angle of his body, the sardonic wit. The guy was like a young Todd. And he suddenly realized he was missing his old friend.

"My name's Chuck. I've been sent in answer to your prayers." He started patting down his naked form as if searching for something. "I seem to have left the instructions in my other suit, though." He leaned himself down, closer to the boy's face. "Perhaps you can remind me what it is you wanted, exactly." Then he kissed Edward's mouth, very gently.

Edward's eyes goggled. "That's an excellent start." He licked his lips, drawing in Chuck's taste that lingered on his lips. He felt almost as if he'd just had a hard prick in his mouth. He slowly raised his hand and set it against the huge man's chest. A throbbing pulse of something hot and thick hit him, almost as if the very touch sent a shock through him. He half expected that to happen, but the lingering tingle of pleasure that pulsed through his cock was a pleasant surprise. The man's skin was another surprise. It was soft, warm, silken, incredibly sensual. Edward expected the skin of any man as big and broad as Chuck to feel tight and plastic. He'd never felt anything like it. "Wow," he whispered, moving his hand across the foot-wide expanse of Chuck's meaty breast.

"Yeah, I'm something, ain't I?" He placed his own hand over Edward's, guiding the young man's touch down his body, lower and lower, across every powerful inch until his fingers dug through the wet jungle of his pubes and found Chuck's mammoth manhood. Chuck smiled slightly and pushed a pulse of the Touch through himself and into the boy through the connection. The kid almost came then and there. "Be careful," he said softly, leaning his mouth down to Edward's ear, "what you wish for."

Edward gulped. "Fuck."

Chuck's smile increased. "As you wish."

Frazz pushed his tongue down his target's throat. The kid swallowed eagerly, hungrily, deep-throating the black man's dick-firm tongue. He didn't know it, but he was already changing. He could feel it, probably, but Frazz was sifting the barest whisper of his overwhelming power into his dancing partner's beautiful naked body, and it felt like a clean, pure pleasure, a soft sexual tingle all over his body.

Strength, power, size and masculine essence entered his body slowly, quietly, infiltrating his cells, his blood, his muscle and skin. The two men stood at the center of the dance floor under the warm rain, engaged in a private kiss of such deep passionate intensity that no one else existed. Frazz bent his larger body over the beautiful boy, wrapped his body

in his muscled arms, breathing against him, feeling the other man's body against his own as he slipped his secret strength through their bond.

The boy moaned, breaking their kiss, resting his head against Frazz's mammoth chest. "What's happening," he asked. He looked up into the dark eyes of the man whose arms made him feel so safe and warm. So good. So strong. "Who are you?"

"Call me Frazz," he answered with his sift thunder. "What do I call you?"

"Brian."

A smile lit the dark man's features. His almond eyes joined in. "Having fun, Brian?"

"You could say that."

Frazz watched Brian's bicep. "Want to have some more?" A tiny vein surfaced and began to swell.

"Lead the way, Frazz."

# 21

At The Wet Bar, it wasn't the bathrooms where the action took place. The management knew a good thing when they saw it, so they set up Through The Looking Glass, a set of rooms in the back where those inclined to exhibitionism could perform for those inclined to voyeurism. One entire wall was a two-way mirror, so that the performers could watch themselves from inside the rooms (which was what a lot of them wanted to do anyway) while on the other side of the glass, their audience could see everything that was going on. Another set of mirrors lined the opposite wall, so literally every angle of every move could be seen.

There were two types of rooms, as well. The open rooms allowed anyone inside, so if you saw two (or three, or six, or ten) guys having a great time and you thought you'd like to join them, you could. On the other hand, if what you wanted was something a little less public, you could reserve one of the two rooms for private performances. Chuck and Frazz had each put down their names for one room each, but when they all met up, Chuck and Frazz and Brian and Edward, the conversation lead in another direction.

"Hey Edward," greeted Brian.

"You guys know each other?"

Edward launched an incredulous look up at Chuck's amused features. "Hello? How many high school guys are openly cruising in your town, dude?" He nodded toward the beautiful boy standing next to the biggest black man he'd ever seen. The guy looked almost like he was getting bigger just standing there. "Around these parts, every guy knows every other guy. And usually, we know who they've fucked, who's fucking them now, and who's available." He smiled at Brian. "Thought you were still with Jenkins."

Brian wrinkled his brow. "Shut the fuck up, Ed. I thought you were interested in Brad, but I don't see him around, either."

Edward rolled his eyes. "Oh, yeah, right, Brad and me. That'll totally happen. In my dreams!"

Frazz squeezed Brian's fine ass in his huge hand. "You girls want to take this outside, or you want to show your friends how to fuck?" He looked down at Brian's face, his sculpted high cheeks, his squared jaw, his soft hazel gaze, and planted a long, wet kiss on Brian's full lips. The young man's shoulder bulged under his hand.

Edward was scanning Brian's bod. He licked his lips and said, "you been working out, dude?" Maybe it was just the shadows back here in the waiting room or something, but Brian was definitely looking pumped and primed. He'd always had a gorgeous body to begin with, nearly hairless except for an oval patch on his chest and a goody trail from his

navel downward. The fucker was gifted, that was for sure, some lucky genetic freak with everything in his favor, physically. Tightly muscled without seemingly having to work out much at all, he had the sort of physical beauty that was usually only seen in magazines, and then only after some air-brushing to make the parts all look as well-made and beautiful as Brian. So what if he was an egotistic prick? Who wouldn't be, looking like that? And this evening he was looking better than normal. Better than ever. His body looked firm, bulging a little more than usual, almost swollen with sexuality.

Chuck deflected the observation. "You going to take your clothes off, or did you want me to do that for you." His fingers were already expertly popping the button fly of Edward's 501s having undone the kid's belt almost as an afterthought. His rough, warm hand dug down Ed's Jockeys and found his hard, hot prick. He passed a shock of the Touch to his newest friend and watched the young man's face melt into ecstasy.

Ed gulped in air and reached his hand under his T-shirt, finding his tiny erect nipple and tickling himself to steel hardness. Chuck moved his hand onto Edward's flat belly and leaned down to plant a kiss on his open mouth. He could feel the soft muscles of the boy's stomach firm under his expert touch, feel them awaken to his power, gather upon themselves and develop ever so slightly.

Chuck was really going to enjoy this.

Frazz was starting to feel anxious, though, his body was hungry. He looked over at Chuck and said, "I'm not sure I can wait."

Chuck smiled back. "Yes," he answered, "you can. Believe me." He moved his hand onto the dark man's hugeness. They shared each other, Chuck and Frazz, passing their innate strength and sensuality back and forth through their skin. "Feel the power inside? Feel your strength? That strength is control. You have control. You control everything. It's part of you, now." He noticed that Brian was paying attention, his face determined. The kid was smart as well as beautiful. "Are you ready?" he asked him.

Brian tilted his head slightly, a lock of his drying hair sliding across his painfully handsome face. "Ready for what?"

Then Chuck kissed him, allowing a slim thread of the Touch through the connection, flooding Brian with pleasure, with intense sensuality, with a hint of the core of his power made real. "For what's next," he whispered with his deep, powerful voice pumped thick with male power, gifting the 18-year-old with more sexual joy in that second than he'd probably ever experienced in his life so far. It was only the softest sigh of what Chuck was capable of, of what was inside him, of what swam through his essence, of the pure, absolute, overwhelming and perfect male sexuality and power he possessed in every cell of his body, in every fiber of every super-condensed muscle, along each nerve-ending of his silken skin.

The door opened and three men stepped out through a fog of steam. A strong scent of sex and cum accompanied them. Their skin was slick and ruddy, their eyes glazed. It must have been quite a session. With a slim, satisfied smile, one of them said, “s’all yours,” so Chuck and Frazz came to a silent agreement and all four men entered the stage, prepared to give a show that no one who saw it would ever forget.

The room was small, about 12 feet square. All four walls were mirrored, the glass wet with perspiration that dripped down their reflections. Edward gasped when he was suddenly confronted with the site of them all, at the sheer impossible strength and beauty which these two men possessed, an intensity of masculinity that overwhelmed him when he saw himself between them. Even Brian, whom he would have said could make a straight guy hard, looked almost puny and insignificant.

Almost.

But his own reflection stared back at him aghast, and he felt himself shriveling in his shorts. He was glad he wasn’t naked, yet. And catching site of Brian, he saw that the other guy was also feeling a bit out of his league, which was probably even more shocking for him.

The lights in this room were much brighter than they had been out in the bar, and the pure size and development of Chuck and Frazz was suddenly extremely obvious. They were mammoth, incredible, impossible. Did men who weren’t drawn really look like that? Did real men, flesh and blood men, possess such power, so much raw sensual force? He watched them move, looked at their faces, at the bulging masses of muscle lining every perfect inch of their towering forms. Edward was 6-1, but Chuck looked like he was 6-6, and Frazz was even taller than that. Brian, at 5-10 – at least he thought he was 5-10, but he looked now to be matching Edward’s height, and Ed still had his shoes on – Brian managed to hold his own in the looks department, at least. Jesus, that guy was gorgeous. And man, did he look good wet. Brian’s gaze couldn’t help but fall toward the available views of the other men’s crotches, and he swallowed hard. He started to doubt his mouth could open big enough to even start on Chuck’s monster, and it wasn’t even hard.

He looked at Frazz’s black beauty and his face registered his shock. Again, outside, the dark man’s dimensions were sort of hidden by the lack of lighting, but in here it was plainly evident that the guy was a genetic freak. Cocks that big only existed after he’d Photoshopped them, morphing their dimensions and pasting them on more beautiful bodies. But there was absolutely nothing wrong with Frazz’s body, and his prick didn’t need even an inch of morphing to make it more erection-causing.

And Edward found that his shriveling had managed to reverse itself again. He also noted that Brian was having no difficulty keeping himself up for the events they were about to experience, no matter how painful they turned out to be. And these men did not in any way, shape or form appear to be bottoms.



He hoped his ass was up to the challenge.

Brian was also sizing up the competition. He was the kind of guy who had absolutely no trouble with his body. He loved it, loved himself for it, spent countless hours posing for himself, getting off on himself. He knew he wasn't the only one. And usually, there was no one more beautiful than him. He knew he was lucky, and he sometimes wished he weren't such a prick about it, but he just couldn't help himself. He'd been born liking how guys looked, and so far, no other guy looked as good as him.

Until now.

He thought he got a good look at Frazz out on the floor. The guy could dance like a motherfucker and do things with his hips that made Brian wonder if the guy's skeleton was made of rubber. And he'd certainly felt enough of the man to know that the muscle was all there and as hard as a rock. He'd never felt anyone – or anything – as hard under the skin as the tall black man with the almond-shaped eyes and full, sensuous lips. He was almost as wide as he was tall, and whatever vitamins his mama fed him as a kid helped him develop about the biggest, baddest, most amazingly firm and meaty prick he'd ever laid hands on. The thing, even flaccid, was thick and heavy and firm. It felt almost like the rest of him, like a muscle at rest.

As he stood naked next to the guy now, he realized he'd underestimated Frazz's size by a hell of a lot. If he wasn't standing near this lesson in human anatomy, he'd have sworn his own body never looked better. His arms looked full and muscular, his chest felt strong and heavy, and their dancing must've been a lot more physical than he remembered because his belly was shredded, every bulge of his abs was staring back at him. Damn, he thought, I look fuckable.

And the other guy with Brian, that Chuck guy who kissed him and literally made his knees weak and sent such a deep, hot thrill through him that he almost started cumming right on the spot, that guy was certainly no slouch either. Frazz has a hairless body made of dark chocolate, but his friend owned a man's man's body, a hirsute glory of male beauty with dark fur in all the right places and his skin was a burnished olive, born kissed by the sun gods. Looking at their faces, he swore they were like 21, maybe a little more or less but not much. There was certainly no wrinkles around the eyes or mouth. These weren't the old fags who tried to pick him and his friends up in the park, these were guys his age, but where the fuck did they keep guys like this? And how the fuck can he get the keys to that place?

Brian met Edward's gaze and saw fear on the guy's face. They weren't really friends, they just knew each other on sight. Everyone knew Brian, he made sure of that. And Brian knew Ed because the guy was always around, always cracking jokes, a pretty funny guy by all accounts. He looked at him and seemed to notice for the first time that he had really pretty eyes. Long lashes surrounded them. His hair looked good, too.

Damn, he thought, how come I never noticed that before. Suddenly, he wanted to see what the guy looked like under those clothes. He always assumed he was some rail-thin white corpuscle, but now that he really looked, the guy might have a pair of serious shoulders under that T-shirt, and damn if his arms didn't have some definition to them, too. He figured there had to be some reason a guy like Chuck wanted a guy like Brian. At first, he thought it was just domination, taking advantage of some small kid, really fucking the shit out of the guy. But now...

"You're still dressed," Chuck said, and he slowly sank to his knees. He bent down and untied Edward's shoes, removing them gently. Then his socks. He tossed them in a corner. His hands moved up the Levi's and tugged them off his hips, pulling them back down his body.

Edward stepped out of them, feeling Chuck's grip returning up his leg, climbing over his calf, the long, strong fingers on the back of his thigh, climbing along his skin, through the soft hairs on his legs. He looked down at the man, at the size of him, at the distinct folds of muscle on his shoulder, the massive overhang of the two rounded globes of his bulging chest, the cords of muscle in his neck. His hair looked like black silk, stylishly messy, straight and fine and full. Chuck's hand nudged under the elastic bands of the legs of his Jockeys, pushing up and under, onto his ass. Their eyes met as Chuck looked up, a sideways smile crawling across his lips as he said, "Nice ass, Edward." He grabbed it in his huge hand, kneading the flesh. Then his middle finger was tracing down between the firmness of his butt cheeks. He was stretching the material, his whole hand under Edward's tight briefs, his other hand now finding his burgeoning prick, rubbing the hardening limb through the Y-fronts.

Chuck was slowly, slowly passing Transform to Edward through his touch. He glanced at Frazz and winked, his familiar half-smile on his lips. Frazz looked at Edward and watched the muscle of his thighs subtly flex. The soft roundness of his leg showed some sudden definition that just as quickly evaporated. Chuck said he could control it utterly, said Frazz could too. Control, he said, was the key.

But in the two days since he'd been utterly transformed to what he was now, a man of seemingly unlimited strength and inexhaustible sexual appetite, a guy of almost unbelievable beauty whose merest touch could create cascades of pleasure in any man he chose to give it to, who pumped out a supply of some scent that could draw a man from across a football field into his strong, bulging arms. A genetic freak of such outlandishly positive proportions that if he were not himself, he would never believe the story.

But he could sense all that pent-up power pulsing through him. He was a conduit of physical strength and sexual force, a tool for the flood of unrestrained male brawn contained in every cell of his being, in the very essence of him, and it manifested in a hunger so strong, a hunger for male flesh, for the feel of skin on skin, the tingle of attraction, the deep, full thrum of sexual satisfaction, that he was almost overwhelmed by it.

And the power, so much power inside him. He could feel his strength, the hardness of his huge muscular size contained in the small package he was wearing now, an appearance that didn't even hint at his actual size and strength and devastating beauty. The first time he caught a glimpse of his improved face in a window, he froze in awe and felt his arousal amplify ten-fold. Seeing Chuck in his natural state had been shock enough, but if he was perfectly honest with himself, he liked black men, black skin, men like him with thick lips and fat muscle and high, round asses. And he was the most amazing black man he'd ever seen.

So much power inside him wanting out, wanting to grow and expand and explode. Muscle on muscle on muscle, bigger and bigger, fatter and fatter, stronger and stronger. He wanted to fill the room with himself, let his monster cocks out, let himself be all that he was.

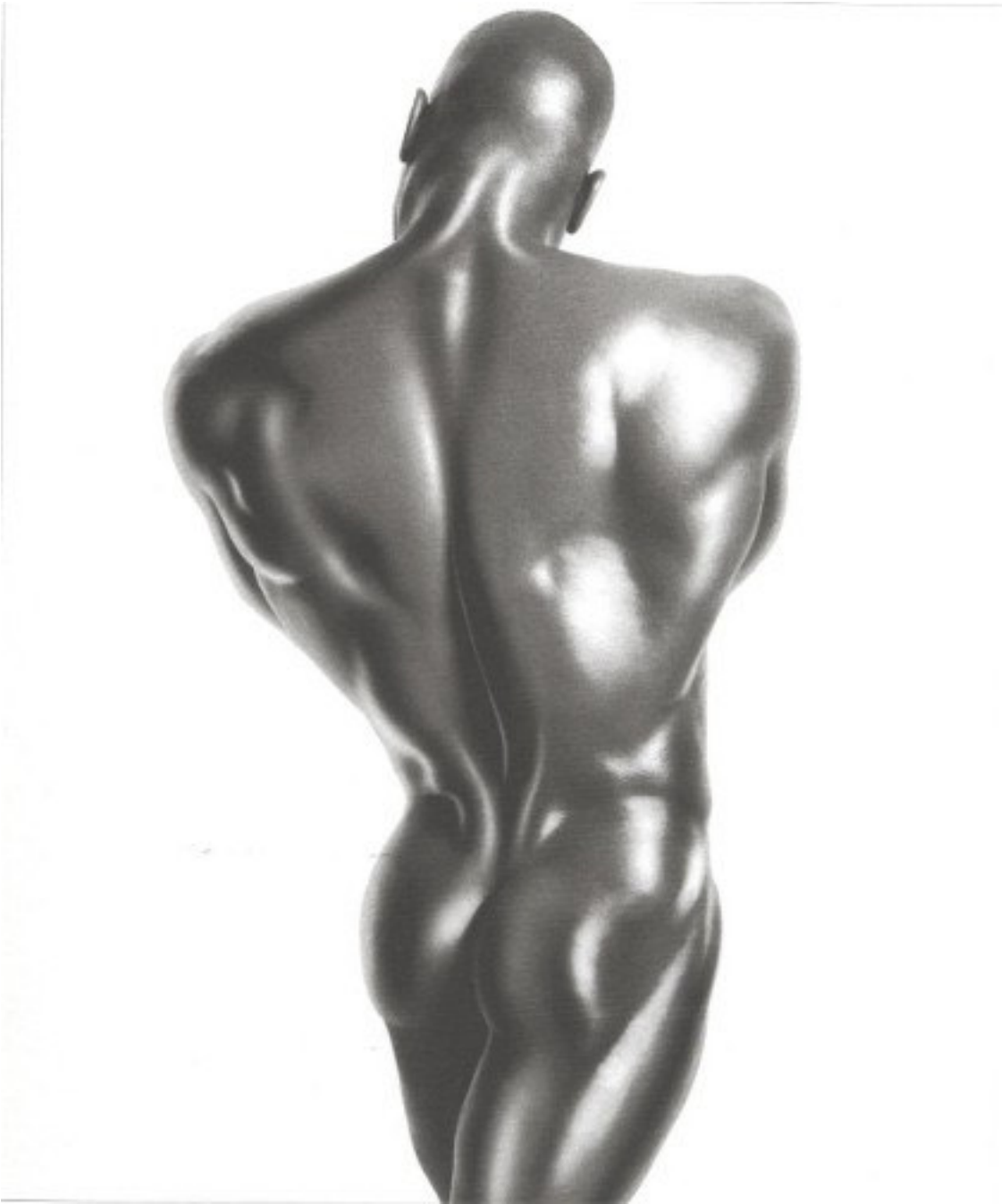
But he knew it wasn't time. Not yet. Chuck had a plan. "Time," he said, "Time is the playground." They were lying in each other's arms, muscle against muscle, Chuck's dick buried up Frazz's ass, Frazz's dick buried inside Chuck, their muscled flexibility twisting and screwing. "I was changed in minutes. I changed you in seconds. I could transform any man in a moment, just by touching him. I could inflate him with my strength, shove everything I have at him." Frazz moaned a deep rumble, seeing in his mind's eye a parade of men suddenly growing, exploding with power and muscle, their huge bodies tearing through their clothing, their features suddenly perfecting, their eyes clear, their hair a shimmering cascade, their forms pumped to overflowing with strength and sexual prowess and a hunger to fuck deep and hard and full. And Chuck, that sideways smile on his bearded face, leaking a thick cloud of masculine scent that enveloped every man he passed and instantly transformed them into supermen. Chuck shoved himself deeply into Frazz's ass, sending an eruption of the Touch through the thick inches of his prick, raising Frazz to a new plateau of pleasure. "But I want to watch someone change. Watch him grow. Watch the time pass as he realizes what's happening to him, stand behind him when he looks in the mirror and starts to see himself bloom." Chuck kissed him then, sharing the Touch between them, overwhelming him with sex. "Imagine that, Frazz."

He gasped, gritted his teeth, almost unable to contain all the sexual power Chuck was delivering. "How much time?"

"One day." Chuck kissed him again, shifted his hips, plunged deeper still and swelled inside his playmate. "I don't think I could stand it for much longer than that. I get so hot just watching you, dude. Fuck, you're beautiful." His hands moved along Frazz's bulging arms, squeezed his bicep. "And so huge. I want to make someone huge, but I want to control them. I want control."

Frazz felt a hand on his bare ass that pulled him from his reverie, and turned to find Brian's incredible face close to his. "What are we waiting for?"

Frazz smiled. "Not a god damn thing."



Chuck knelt before Edward and looked up at the young man's face. Man? He looked still a boy. His skin was smooth and hairless. He was breathing slowly, deeply, his small chest expanding, the smooth ripples on his belly swelling and contracting. Chuck could feel the boy's fear and excitement coming off him in waves. He sensed Edward's apprehension at Chuck's size and strength, that Chuck would do things to him that hurt, or that Chuck would make him do things he didn't want to.

Chuck's hand brushed against Edward's flat stomach. He held a tingle of the Touch in his skin and allowed the boy to feel a hint of the pleasure Chuck was capable of delivering. The kid might be scared, Chuck thought, but the pulsing hardness hiding behind his briefs displayed that he was also very excited. If Chuck was any judge, all he had to do was lick the kid's prick once and the boy would cum in his face.

But that just wouldn't do.

Chuck's application of Transform was now pinpoint perfect. He knew how it worked, what he could do with it, how he could give it in doses that kept him in control of what it was doing until he gave it all over to the men in his power. And what he planned on doing with Edward was to let him taste the power, to actually feel it building inside, but not allow him to manifest physically unless Chuck willed it. He would push his control of Transform as far as he could.

So when he pulled Edward's shorts off his hips and watched his steel hard half-foot prick bounce and wag once it was released, when he licked the shaft with his hot, wet tongue and kissed the glistening coat of precum from the tip, when he opened his mouth and swallowed him whole and began to feed the kid dose after dose of Transform, he let Edward feel the power, but kept his growth harnessed.

Edward's body shook. He couldn't believe this was happening. He expected that the huge dude who appeared out of the warm dance floor rain wanted him to bottom, wanted to rip his ass open, or at least wanted Ed to suck him off and then leave him alone. But what was happening was almost more unbelievable than the man's appearance.

Chuck's touch against his skin was like magic. The slightest brush of flesh on flesh sent his brain boiling. He thought he was going to cum at any second, scared that he'd be done before he even got started. He tried to calm himself but the guy was relentless, feeling him up, undressing him, peeling his shorts off and sucking him dry.

Edward was no stranger to a blowjob. He'd given plenty and learned how to give the best. He'd gotten plenty, too, from friends in their basement rec rooms after wrestling around, from guys in the locker room when eye contact had established a mutual desire, even one time at Disneyland during a class trip after hand-jobbing his friend Gary on Space Mountain Gary had returned the favor in a bathroom in, of all places, Fantasyland.

But what this muscleman knew about giving head was leagues beyond any sort of pleasure Edward thought possible. He might fantasize about having the greatest blowjob

in the world performed on him, but what he was feeling between his legs was better even than imagination. It felt like two mouths were working on him. No, three! Four, six, a dozen! Lips and tongues all over his cock, and his cock was mammoth, not his average 6 inches but now a foot-long porn star beauty, a swollen rod of sex flesh bulging so big and hard that he could hardly stand up straight to support it. He felt hyper masculine, like his cock was growing bigger as the guy sucked him, like his balls were swelling and dropping and bulging with cum, and his cum was hot and thick and sweet, a flood of sex waiting inside and wanting out.

And he wanted to cum so fucking bad. It was a pain, a sweet beautiful pain building in on itself over and over. He was on the edge of orgasm and he couldn't cross over. He could feel it, physically feel his orgasm pushing hard against some wall it couldn't get through, and still Chuck sucked his dick, and still his load of cum built up, and still harder he wanted to release it, but he couldn't.

It was so good. Oh, god, so good. His body shook with it, he couldn't stop shaking.

Brian's brain was having some trouble coping with what he was experiencing, too. When Frazz kissed him, when their lips met, he felt a rush of desire so strong that he wondered where it came from. He was physically attracted to the big black man -- who wouldn't be -- but what he felt in that kiss didn't zero in on his crotch, it seemed to spread all through him like lightning, like a syrup of pleasure that sank into his cells and blood and made him hot all over. Then the guy smiled at him like he knew exactly what Brian felt, like the guy had done something to make him feel that way about a kiss.

Frazz said, "What do you want to do?" and Brian's eyebrows shot up. 'Me?' he thought, 'he's asking what I want to do?' So he said it out loud. "You're asking me?"

Frazz's hand was on his back, moving downward, pulling them together. Brian could feel Frazz's huge prick pressing on his belly. Jesus, the guy must be 6-foot-6, at least. His cock felt hot, firm and anxious. Frazz nodded and squeezed Brian's ass, his hand easily holding one whole cheek and he kneaded the flesh hungrily. Brian gasped and closed his eyes as another sudden rush of passionate sexual pleasure erupted all through his body. He could almost feel it settle into his chest and start to grow there, like a fire inside. He could feel Frazz's powerful muscles pressing against his own firm, young flesh. The guy was huge and hard everywhere. And it felt like he was getting bigger. "Fuck me," he said at last, "Fuck my ass."

Frazz's left brow arched, and his smile arched in chorus. A dimple appeared on his sculpted cheek and his eyes seemed to flash. "You're not scared?"

Brian shook his head. "I want it to hurt," he answered. "I want to feel how big you are. I want you to split me wide open and ride me. I want to take you on." His hand had found

its way to the root of Frazz's thick cock and he tried to squeeze it. His eyes saucered when he felt how firm it was already.

Then it was like Frazz sensed what Brian wanted, and his grip found the fat dick suddenly more pliable. Frazz just smiled. "I'll fuck you," he said. "I'll fuck you like you've never been fucked." His face leaned down and he whispered a rumbled promise into Brian's ear. "I'll fuck you so good you'll cream buckets, kid." When their eyes met again, Brian felt like the guy was going to eat him alive.

And now Frazz's thick, giant cock was buried inside him. When they started, he thought his ass was on fire. Pain exploded like a bomb as the fat inches entered. He couldn't believe how much precum the guy manufactured. He'd stroked himself to hardness in no time and there was a stream of clear honey pouring from him like the guy hadn't fucked anything in days. He let Brian – not made him, let him – stroke that huge prick at the end when he was ready and Brian had never felt anything living that was so hot and hard. He'd used "steel hard" before to describe himself, but Frazz actually was. His chocolate pole stood up straight and true and thick. Veins covered the surface and they seemed to visibly pulse with blood. The helmet was so big Brian could imagine himself gagging on it. And the precum that coated the prick and his hand was slick and smooth.

All he wanted was to feel that cock inside him. He wasn't sure how much he could take, but he wanted it all. And it looked to be 11 inches long and thicker than any prick he'd ever seen.

The pain enflamed him but his ass accommodated Frazz's monster with surprising ease. After only a few slow fucks, the pain seemed to dim and was replaced by a shimmering sexual pleasure so deep and intense that he felt like fainting or dying. He wanted it to last forever.

And it wasn't very long after their coupling began that Brian started feeling like Frazz wasn't lying. He felt his load building, his prick stiffen and his balls catch fire. They felt leaden and heavy, as if they were inflating, and he was ready and willing to start creaming buckets any second. His whole body trembled and he'd never felt so strong and powerful in his life. He felt like he did after a workout, like his muscles tingled and throbbed, like his body was growing muscle with every pulse of his heart.

Frazz slid inside Brian's firm ass and slowly pulled out. With each thrust, he was feeding the guy more Transform. His prick was coated in the slime of his precum and he allowed a shimmering throb of the Touch through the tight skin of his cock. He'd shoved himself inside without restraint, letting Brian feel how big he was (but not how big he could be) and letting the kid feel the pain of a truly huge prick, just like he wanted.

Power was what he fed him. Strength and power. Frazz didn't have Chuck's innate control so he was having a little trouble parceling out what he was giving the kid. He watched the form bent over in front of him carefully, seeing the muscle want to grow and bulge. Brian was becoming more defined, he could see it. Slim bulges appeared on his

shoulders. His latissimus flared outward, stretching wider. The triceps swelled. But it was happening slowly, slightly, cunningly. He was giving his strength on top of strength – the growth would come. Frazz looked over at Chuck to see what was happening with the scrawny kid, Edward.

Chuck didn't know if there was anyone watching or not. He imagined they were. Who could resist seeing him and Frazz putting on a show? He felt eyes on him and realized it was Frazz, looking over at him while plowing the beauty's ass. He returned the glance, smiled and nodded. The guy was getting bigger. He could see it. His beauty was being honed like a diamond, carved to perfection.

Chuck was similarly fucking Ed's rosy buttocks. Edward's feet were planted on either side of his head. He was deep inside the kid, and looking back at him he could see that his body had changed in the few minutes they'd been together. His thin frame was filling out. He looked fit, not thin, but certainly not muscular either. The ripples of his belly were more pronounced, his formerly hairless torso now had a dark whisper of fuzz extending upwards from his pubes and surrounding his small nipples. His chest was now constructed of two clearly forming squared hemispheres hanging off his slightly larger, more rounded shoulders. His face seemed to have a shadow of fuzz along the jaw and over his upper lip. His eyes were a deeper blue, clearer than before. The changes were all evident if one were paying attention, but probably not to anyone standing on the other side of the glass walls.

At least not yet.

He twisted his prehensile dick inside and Edward groaned. His voice seemed deeper, now, but maybe it was just that his groans were. They'd been at it for about 15 minutes now and Chuck was still holding onto Edward's ability to cum. The boy looked almost beyond pain, held at the edge of releasing his ample load as his body amplified its strength and slowly changed itself into a man of such powers and abilities that Edward might think it was all a dream.

And Chuck knew he'd picked correctly. He could feel Edward straining toward that goal. He wanted Chuck's muscle. He wanted power and growth and beauty. He wanted to strut and fuck and fly. It was like a fire inside him. His balls rested against Chuck's groin underneath his red, shiny dick. Edward didn't know it yet, but he was a full inch bigger than he had been when he walked in this room. His balls were hot on Chuck's skin, churning and ballooning with his powerful cum.

Chuck smiled and looked down at the kid's hard prick and allowed a spurt of growth into it, watching it stretch and bulge and suddenly he had yet another inch of dick to play with. So he wrapped his rough hand around the kid's hard-on and slowly stroked him, moving his grip up and down the thick shaft, pausing to rub the shiny head. Edward was leaking a wealth of precum that spilled down into Chuck's dark fur and across his



asshole. He smelled of the man scent, it was coming from him now. They slid in a puddle of their combined lube, and Chuck closed his eyes and released a whisper of his own powerful male scent into the room.

Edward shuddered again and pulled his arms wide. A shit-eating grin was on his face. Chuck watched Edward bend his arms and pull strength and size into them. The biceps balled up into small mounds and Chuck, seizing the opportunity, fed them with power. They swelled, veined with blood, growing fatter before his eyes. He let loose a flood of the Touch through their connection and watched Edward swoon. His prick looked painfully hard, felt red hot in his hand.

So Chuck released him, and watched the fountain of cum fly from his 8-inch cock. At the same time, nozzles in the ceiling started to rain down more of the warm water on the quartet signaling that it was time to get cleaned up and get out for the next session. The water cascaded along Edward's growing body and in the deluge, Chuck released more transform and watched the kid's chest swell. The shadow of whiskers along his jaw darkened, and his face resolved into a more masculine, more handsome version of what it had been. He opened his eyes and shouted as he came. His cum was hot and thick, splattering on Edward's chest and Chuck's hands where it disappeared, his body's absorption of the transforming cum hidden by the rain falling on them.

As the rain began, Brian straightened his body back against Frazz's and he started to cum, too, shooting his load out in a thick, constant stream that seemed to him to last for minutes. He came buckets, emptying his balls and feeling the ecstatic bliss of his most powerful orgasm ever throughout his entire body. He felt strong, energized, and vitally alive. His hands caressed his body and he thought he could feel power there, and muscle that hadn't been there before. The feeling made him cum even harder, if that was possible, and he felt Frazz flooding his insides with a powerful rush of cum. They came together, and it didn't occur to him at the time that he was now almost as tall as his black lover, almost a half-foot taller than he had been.

Frazz wrapped his strong arms around the young man and released his pent-up sexual power into Brian, feeling an equal charge of masculine power coming back the other way. He bit down onto Brian's shoulder and felt the muscle swell under his mouth. His hands cupped Brian's chest and he made the globes bulge with growth. He rubbed against Brian's hard nipples and shifted his hips, driving himself in for a final deep fuck as he released more of his own transform into the beauty. The guy's body shook against him, shuddering with pleasure and power. He watched Brian's abdominals swell and bulge in the mirrored wall.

Edward's face resolved into one of heightened male beauty, the jaw squaring and firming, the chin becoming more prominent. It looked almost as if the warm water that cascaded over them was melting away the young, slightly sad looking boy he'd been and delivering a young man of increased strength and obvious sexuality. His cock was still streaming its load, and it was swelling and lengthening itself as he came. New veins

appeared to climb across its expanse and feed its growth. Chuck watched his torso, seeing the cleavage of Edward's chest manifest more strongly as his muscles developed. He shook his dark mane from his eyes and looked into one of the mirrored walls, watching his protégé grow, watching his body redefine itself, and he saw that Brian was enjoying a similar fate under Frazz's expertise.

He mouthed the words, "slow down" to his chocolate-skinned friend, and Frazz smiled and kissed Brian's neck. Brian was looking way too fine by far, his innate beauty and powerful young body pumped full with Transform and starting to clearly demonstrate the increased male capabilities and sexual prowess he'd soon realize at full power. His body was exploding from the inside, and from the outside the guy was becoming so incredibly handsome and sensual that Chuck doubted he could control himself once they left this room.

The water stopped falling. Frazz reached down to stroke the last pumps out of Brian's amplified tool and Edward wound his arms up and grabbed the back of Chuck's head to kiss the hairy giant's lips. Chuck withdrew from his ass and they stood. Ed's balls had emptied themselves and his enlarged cock was subsiding, growing limp between his legs but hanging visibly longer with a thick shaft and fat, full-lipped helmet. His body had been similarly improved, now much more muscled but nowhere near as huge as Chuck or Frazz. Still, had he taken the time to look on his reflection, he'd have noticed immediately that his body was not the same one he'd had when he walked in that room.

Brian, however, did notice. He couldn't help it. His amped body now capable of complete sexual recharge and immediate re-engagement even after the fullest, longest fuckfest, his eyes were drawn to the rounded perfection of Edward's ass as the guy he'd seen around but hardly noticed before bent to retrieve his sopping clothing from the corner of the playroom. Ed's butt looked primed and ready for pumping, two globes of tight, firm beauty with a dark hint of hair erupting outward. Hair Brian swore he hadn't seen there before.

When Edward straightened and turned, wringing his pants out, Brian watched the other young man's muscles bulge and flex as he twisted the jeans around. Edward's biceps looked like baseballs, tight round masses of evident power. His shoulders bunched and bulged. His neck was corded with more muscled beauty and his whole body looked much better wet than it hinted at dry. He was beginning to see the guy in a whole new light, and he whistled a wolf call at him, wiggling his eyebrows. "Fuckin' a, Edward, why the hell have you been hiding that body from me all this time?" He scanned the tightly muscled form of the guy from toe to head, and then almost did a double take when he saw Edward's chiseled features, and the sudden shadow of facial hair across his high cheeks and prominent chin. "Jesus," he whispered, and his hand went toward his crotch.

Edward paused in his laundering to look across at Brian, seeing now in the bright light the results of Frazz's carefully applied transforming powers and what they'd made of the guy. Brian's innate beauty had been pumped up a notch higher. His body was noticeably taller, and his muscles were noticeably larger. The fine, athletic build he'd honed through

what were undoubtedly hours of gym work was now a collection of powerful, bulging masses of perfectly tuned power that glowed with straining might under his smooth, wet skin. Edward stood frozen for a moment as he stared at what he saw, at the dick-hardening physical magnificence of the other guy's form.

It wasn't just that his body was beautiful, or that his muscles looked so amazingly formed and developed, or even the perfection of his face – it was all of those things put together in a package of such amazing balance and obvious strength that for a minute Edward thought he was dreaming what he saw before him. And, amazingly, even after just having been fucked into heaven and cumming the biggest load of his life, he started to feel hot and bothered all over again. It felt like his heart was using all its strength to pump his cock hard and full, like all his blood was rushing into his prick at the sight of the man across the room from him.

Edward felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up at Chuck's smiling face. "See something you like?" he asked. His voice seemed to drip with sex. It was a deep, masculine rumble that promised hard, hot pleasures and invited thick, muscular participation as it coated him in sensual delight and invaded the pleasure centers of his brain. He'd never heard anything else as sexy as that.

He gulped. "What happened?"

Chuck shrugged as he pushed Edward and his collection of clothing toward the doorway. He was smiling a sideways grin, thinking that the clothes in the guy's arms wouldn't fit him anymore, anyway. He thought, looking at the kid, that he'd managed to add about 40 pounds of muscle onto his frame in the 15 minutes they'd been together, distributing it evenly about his formerly thin body and turning up the masculine drives a few notches along the way. He probably shouldn't have added the facial hair, but he couldn't resist. Edward needed something sinister for his boyish looks, and the shadow accentuated his incredible features perfectly.

Frazz seemed to have overdone it a little with Brian, in Chuck's opinion. There was no way to disguise that the kid was bigger and taller than he was before. Plus, Jesus, look at that face! Brian could make any guy – and that would probably now include straight guys, too – cream their jeans if he just looked at them. If he then proceeded to put on a little strip show, pulling up his shirt to reveal the rippled perfection of his belly, then further on to show off his thickly-muscled chest and its almost obscenely large nipples, all while his biceps bulged and his thighs and calves flexed and that fat length of manmeat hung like a coiled snake in his Calvins... Frazz was building himself someone so amazing to look at that Chuck wondered that Michael wouldn't feel a little jealous.

Edward had a more traditional handsomeness to him. Chuck could already see it. There was a big, brute, hairy man hiding inside his slim body. He'd be a handsome beast, probably with a dick that could choke a horse, with big, blocky muscles all hard-angled and meaty. But Brian would be nothing short of perfect. His genetic make-up was built on a foundation of human sensual beauty, and Transform would only continue to

intensify it. He was sex on two legs – or three legs by tomorrow morning, it looked like. Fuck, what a pole between his legs! “How you feeling, Brian?” he asked, feigning nonchalance.

Brian practically growled. Or purred. He was looking rather feline, what with the flexing perfection of his naked muscles. And he moved with an effortless grace and overt sexuality, his hips almost swaying as he walked. “Fucking unreal,” he announced. His voice now hinted at the power it would contain, the power to seduce and charm and enchant the target of his desire. If he realized what changes he’d attained, he wasn’t acting surprised. Chuck wanted to fuck his brains out then and there.

This was turning out to be more fun than Chuck imagined. “You got a place we can go?”

Brian paused and turned. The full frontal assault of him was like opening your first gay porn magazine and seeing a beautiful naked man for the first time. Chuck had been straight before being Transformed, but he was amazed at the depth of the carnal emotions he felt in that moment. He tingled like a virgin, feeling very anxious indeed. Chuck thought that Brian knew how to use his body, was innately comfortable in his skin, and knew that others wanted to look at him. That self-confidence came off him in waves, and his smile was like cumming. Or maybe it was just that he wasn’t yet aware of his appearance and affect on others, and Chuck found that pretty fucking hot, as well. “I know another place, yeah.” He looked at Edward, “How about we show off these two at Jesse’s?”

Edward smiled to hide his shock. He’d never been invited over to Jesse’s before. He wasn’t in that league. “Sure,” he said. “that’ll be fun.”

Whether or not the two younger men realized what was happening to them yet, Chuck and Frazz didn't know. They acted like nothing out of the ordinary was happening, and maybe it was just the fact that what was happening to them – as they were developing into supermen – was so unbelievable that they simply chose not to believe it. They weren't experiencing the drastic changes that men in their situation usually realized, so maybe they simply decided to accept the bonuses and ignore the implications.

Whatever personal choices they were making to deal with what was happening to them, Chuck and Frazz decided not to press their luck. It was a turn on watching these hot young things turning into boiling hot young things without the usual explanations. It was a little like watching a fantasy come true.

Edward was still holding onto his clothes as they stepped from the room, and he couldn't have missed the look one of the guys waiting outside gave him. He probably would have been experiencing a fine blow job except that the next guy out of the doorway was Brian, and his appearance acted like a magnet to the steel of the new guys' dicks. They stiffened so fast seeing his naked form it was funny. At least it was to Chuck, who laughed out loud, and Frazz, who surrounded Brian's more powerful torso with one heavily muscled arm, dropping his touch to Brian's swollen nipple and twisting it teasingly. 'This one's mine,' he said silently, pointing a meaningful dark gaze at the erect contenders, and the sheer overwhelming size of him meant no one was arguing.

"Who's got some wheels?" Chuck asked.

Brian spoke up. "My truck's out back."

"Perfect. Let's go."

Brian asked, "Can I get my clothes first?" Edward was starting to sort out his own sopping threads and looked over at Chuck as he said, "Why?"

Brian posed, a hand on one hip, his other drifting down his rippled contours. "You're suggesting we just...?"

Chuck grinned, leaning against Frazz's enormity like the wall of muscle he was. "I don't know about you two, but my friend and I weren't quite done in there. I'd love to do a little dirty dancing with Ed in the back of your pickup, and I'm willing to wager that, assuming we can fit Frazz's bulk inside your cab, he'd be more than willing to give you a few tips on how to give head in a moving vehicle." His eyebrows wiggled.

"Fuckin' A," grinned Brian. "But I still need my keys." He started walking out to the dancefloor when Frazz wound up in front of him, placing a hand against his chest. "I'll

get them, beautiful. From the looks those dudes just gave you, if you go back out there, I'm afraid you'll never get back." He kissed him deeply, pulling their bodies together, muscle to muscle. He flexed his muscle dick against Brian's firm body to let him know exactly what was coming back for him.

Edward seemed frozen in place. He wasn't even blinking. Chuck wandered over and removed the clothes from his arms, balling the soggy stuff up and tossing it over in a corner. "Something on your mind, stud?"

His head shook slightly. "You want to..."

"Fuck you."

"...in the back..."

"Of Brian's truck."

"...while we ride..."

"Over to Jesse's place." He smiled as he leaned down to make it very clear. "I'm going to fuck you in the back of Brian's truck while we ride over to Jesse's place. We're going to be naked and sweaty in the back of that pickup truck. The night winds will caress us. And I'll stick my dick inside you and grind you to heaven. I'll pump you sweet and hard and full, and everyone will see us. And if you're very good – and the ride is very long – you'll fuck me and teach me everything you know, Eddie. You'll fuck my muscle ass with your big, hard dick. You'll cum like thunder. In the back of Brian's truck. Where everyone can see us."

Edward lifted his lips to Chuck's ear. "You don't have to be so dramatic, you know. You could just stand there and look gorgeous and you could fuck me forever."

Chuck laughed out loud again. "Damn, Ed, you are so like Todd it's scary."

"Who's Todd?"

"Don't get your balls in a twist, he's just a friend."

"Like Frazz?"

Chuck considered for a moment. "Sorta." He looked at Brian, who was watching them. "What are you looking at?"

Brian smiled. Ed felt something inside him heat up at the sight. "Two handsome fuckers," he said. He moved his gaze over to Edward's body and his eyes twinkled. "Damn, Ed, you are one hot little stud. Where have you been hiding yourself?"

“Me?”

Frazz reappeared jingling the keys. Chuck said, “just in time,” and they headed for the exit.

Frazz and Chuck walked behind Brian and Edward toward the truck. Frazz’s eyes never left Brian’s floating ass. “Chuck?”

Chuck’s attention was similarly engaged by Edward’s gluteus. “Yeah?”

“How long can we keep this up?”

“You know me, Buddy. I can keep it up forever if I want to.”

“No, I mean, these guys have gotta start figuring out something’s up. Now we’re off to the pad of some guy named Jesse and if he knows Brian, he’s bound to see what’s... developed.”

“Yeah, he’s turning into one fucking hot little piece, ain’t he?”

“But, so, if this Jesse guy...”

Chuck shrugged. “So what?”

“I thought the object was to keep this all secret.”

Chuck nudged Frazz and directed his gaze down where Chuck’s second prick was suddenly hanging free and easy, his twin monsters making love to each other as they walked. “There’s no way to keep this a secret for long, Frazz.” The twin disappeared and Chuck was left with just one of his massive pricks, which now swung like a pendulum as he walked. “Don’t sweat it. If things start getting funky, just follow my lead.” He grinned. “I think we’re in for a very interesting evening.”

Edward’s stiff prick was nestled between Chuck’s ass cheeks. They were laying in the back of Brian’s truck, back to front. Edward had never felt anything like what he was feeling now. He could smell Chuck, the scent of the huge man was filling his lungs and floating in his head. He smelled rough and hard and so, so male. He was like the essence of male, like there was no one else who was the man that Chuck was.

When he penetrated his muscled ass, a tingling sexual charge erupted up his prick and through his whole body. That dark, tight hole was like some magic cave where his cock was never so happy. He didn’t even need to fuck the guy – just the feeling of himself

inside his ass made him incredibly happy and more satisfied than he ever felt before. His body was vibrating, like there was an electrical charge passing through him, but the electricity was raw, powerful sex. His balls churned and felt hot and hard. He could feel his body against Chuck's bulging back, his hands caressed the man's silken skin, and every inch felt energized with muscular might and sensual power.

"Edward?"

The voice resounded in his head, his name made him harder inside Chuck's ass. "Yeah?"

"Who's Jesse?"

Chuck squeezed against Ed. He moaned. "Bri... Brian knows him. I only... oh, Jesus... fuck..."

Chuck smiled. He was transforming the kid in slow, throbbing waves. Power on power. He couldn't see the guy's body, but he could feel it. He could feel it getting stronger, getting bigger. "A high school kid?"

Ed shifted his hips, pushing himself further inside, if that was possible. "Not sure. College I think. What I hear is... oh, fuck, that's so good. Shit, yeah! Oh, fuck!"

"You won't cum yet, Edward. Don't worry."

"Holy shit. Oh man, oh man, oh man."

"Jesse?"

Chuck felt Edward's teeth in his shoulder. He was biting hard. "He's got a brother, I think. I think... oh, unnnngg, oh shit. Yeah. Oh, yeah. Brother... Joseph. Joe. Fuck, oh fuck me."

"Jesse and Joseph. Cute."

"Very cute. Fucking... fucking amazing." Edward's body shuddered. Chuck was saturating him in male scent and the Touch, double-barreling the kid into sexual overload. "S'what I heard."

"You've never seen him? Jesse?"

Chuck felt the soft warmth of Edward's hair brush his neck as he shook his head. "I... shit... oh, fuck me, fuck... oh, Jesus on a pogo stick! Oh, fuck!"



Brian was having some trouble concentrating. Frazz felt like a vacuum on his prick. He felt huge inside his warm, wet mouth. Gigantic. Bulging, bursting, fat and hard and hot. He wanted to cum, but couldn't. He wanted to cum very much.

"Before I saw you two guys," he said softly, "I'd have sworn that Jesse was the finest piece of ass on God's green earth." He was talking about their host, trying to keep his mind centered as he drove, trying hard not to lose total control while the amazing chocolate-skinned man blew him six ways to Sunday. How such a huge mass of muscle managed to get himself in a position in the cab's front seat to apply such a concentrated effort on his prick was beyond him. He had to be some sort of contortionist, as well as about the strongest, biggest and baddest motherfucker Brian ever met.

"Jesse is about 6-foot-6 or something. Fucking... uhhh, ummmm, oh... fucking huge dude. And hung. Dude is hung with a hose that could almost... shit, oh... almost put yours to shame. Shit, oh shit, that's good. Man, that's so, so good. And then his brother. His brother's name... brother's... oh, good fuck, yessss.... Joseph! Joseph. And if it weren't for Joe, Jesse would be the most beautiful... most beautiful... Joe is fucking unbelievable, oh yes. There. Right there. Oh, damn!"

Frazz's head came up. "Something wrong?" Brian's huge prick throbbed at his cheek. His eyes and teeth glowed in the cab's darkness. He kissed the cock gently, sucking against it's hard heat.

"Sorry," said Brian, regaining control of the truck. "You're very, very good at that."

Frazz raised his head and kissed Brian's lips. "Thanks." He could feel Brian's heightened strength, his increasing size, his muscular growth. He saw that his face was even more beautiful, even more amazing. Before he reapplied his mouth to Brian's painfully hard dick, he reminded Brian, "We were discussing the two most beautiful men on the planet, as I recall." He swallowed Brian whole.

"Yes. Right. Fuck! Yes, anyway, Jesse says he's 22. Joseph is supposed to be something... oh, golly. Fuck. Oh, man. Okay, that was really nice, right there. Um, Joseph is supposed to be only 16 or something, but if you put them together, you couldn't... oh my god. Fuck! Fuck! Shit! Fuck! There it is! Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!"

Frazz never spilled a drop.

"Damn."

"What?" Edward sounded groggy. His was soaking in sex.

"We're here."

“But I haven’t cum... aaaahhhh!”

Chuck allowed the kid to release his second flood of the night. “Yes,” he said, “you have.”

They stood on the sidewalk in the warm night air, four naked men. Ed now stood only slightly shorter than Chuck’s 6-foot-4 height, so Chuck compensated by allowing himself to stretch a bit taller. Edward’s body was showing definite signs of improvement. His chest now had a slight stubble of hair erupting from between a set of pecs that were more definite than the flat chest he’d had. His shoulders were wider by inches, and his face had taken on a more masculine appearance, with a heavy brow and a prominent nose. His lips looked slightly fuller, but perhaps it was just that his cheeks were higher and his eyes narrower. His cock, still slightly firm from the extended fuck session in the truck bed, was thick and long.

Brian had similarly grown and expanded, his chest showing definition that hadn’t been there before. Two rounded hemispheres of muscle hung from his larger frame, with those juicy big nipples dangling off the edges. The caps were huge, too, sticking out from his muscled melons like little dicks. His rippled collection of abdominals was growing very discernable, even in the night’s shadows. He brushed the hair from his eyes without seeming to realize that it was longer than it had been, and darker. His plain brown hair was now shiny blue-black, as were his lashes and arched, narrow brows. His body was a collection of smooth, rounded muscle that collected in thick wedges and fat balls. A split was forming on his shoulders, and the muscle of his thighs and arms was becoming very clearly defined and separate. He looked like a junior bodybuilder, now. Power and strength seemed to come off him like a heat.

“Looks dark,” volunteered Frazz. He’d allowed his form to grow, too, attempting to keep the young guys off balance.

Brian started up the walk. In the darkness, it was hard to tell how much larger he was, and how much more attractive. He still moved with a feline athletic grace that made the other three men breath a little faster. Chuck realized that Brian was giving off male scent, now. He could smell him like sex. It was coming off him as the air drifted past, leaving the other three in a fog of his growing strength. “I didn’t see him at the Wet Bar,” he said, his tone soaked with power. “Maybe he went out.”

He knocked as the others approached. Chuck’s arms wrapped around Edward and he bathed him in a cascade of the Touch. His head lolled as the pleasure washed over him and he started to rub his prick. Brian looked over and laughed slightly. “Just hold on, Ed. We’ll get you a new playmate soon enough.”

“Something wrong with his old one?” Chuck was smiling, too, though.

“If I know Jesse, there’ll be plenty to go around.”

A voice from the other side of the door asked, “Who is it?”

“Brian,” he said quietly. “I’ve brought a few friends. I think you’ll like them, Jess. Open up.”

The door opened. Out of the threshold strode a man whose presence seemed to hit Chuck and Frazz like a lightning bolt. From the look on his face, he felt the same way. “Who... who are your friends, Brian?” He looked at Frazz and Chuck, then saw Brian and nearly staggered. “And where the fuck did you get hold of some Transform?”

# 24

Joseph was anxious to see Aaron. Technically, Aaron was the 16-year-old's older brother's friend, but he considered him his own friend as well. It was cool to hang out with a college dude, and Aaron was totally cool with the scrawny kid hanging around all summer. At least, he never said anything to him about hitting the road, not like his own brother, Jesse, who never missed an opportunity to treat him like shit.

Joseph knew all about Jesse and Aaron, even though his brother was all trying to lie to him before like he'd care they were butt buddies. Aaron told him a while back about it. Aaron was cool. Since then, Jesse'd cooled off a lot more, too. And now being around the two guys was a lot more fun.

Most of the time.

Aaron was such a surfer dude it was almost funny. He had a shock of white-blond hair, sun-bleached from dirty blonde, and his skin all over was tanned a deep brown. Except his had a tan line that Joseph could see sometimes, that showed how white he was, really. He had blue eyes and a ready smile and, if Joseph paused to consider it, a tight, hard body with a nice chest that showed off the constant paddling he did. His body was sleek and beautiful. At least, Joseph supposed it was.

Jesse, his brother, had a more sculpted frame, less athletically graceful, more hard bulges. He only spent time on the beach improving his tan or playing volleyball. He'd gained his muscles at the gym, after months of training. He'd had a thin body like Joseph still had, but now it had filled out so well that he took to wearing tank tops almost all the time.

The two guys were now completely open about their relationship. Their mom even knew, although she didn't seem all that comfortable with it, yet. And Aaron had taken Jesse to meet his parents, who according to Jess were so agreeable about their relationship one might think they were gay themselves.

Joseph was having feelings of his own, and he was wondering what to say about them. Plus, he was more than a little curious about what they did. The way Aaron talked about it, it was nothing. It made sex sound a lot less mysterious and a lot more, well, silly. "You jerk off?" he asked one time.

"No," Joseph lied.

"You're fucking me. Everybody jerks off."

"I don't." Joseph was lying, but this open talk about stuff he'd never even think of talking about with anybody was making him feel horny, which he found weird. He usually got really embarrassed thinking about this stuff, but Aaron's open attitude and gregarious

nature, along with looking at the guy's handsome face, was making Joe feel something else entirely.

Aaron pressed him. "Never?"

"Nope."

"You've never been watching, like, Baywatch or sneaked a Playboy under the covers with you and had some fun with the monkey?"

"I..."

"Yeah?"

"Well, maybe."

"Okay." He smiled and nodded. "And you liked that, right?"

"Yeah."

"It's okay to admit it. Like I said, everyone's done it. Because everyone likes it. I've done it. Jesse does it. Jesse does it a lot, come to think of it. Your mom and dad probably did it, but maybe they don't anymore. Your teachers at school – yeah, even the butt ugly ones." He shrugged, taking a swig from his Coors can. Aaron wasn't wearing a shirt and a trickle of sweat trailed between the sleek muscles of his chest. He had some hair there, and around his small, very dark nipples. He had one leg perched on the arm of the couch and when he scratched his crotch, the head of his dick poked out from his shorts like a turtle. It looked funny, like it had a sweater on.

Aaron noticed the kid staring at his crotch and he tucked himself back in. "Sorry, dude," he said. Aaron liked Joe. When he got a little older, he was going to be a serious heart-breaker. But no matter how beautiful he was, he was still two years shy of legal. Plus, you just don't fuck with your lover's brother, no matter how old or pretty he is.

"Yours looks different."

"My what?" Joe nodded his head toward Aaron's shorts, his bright eyes darting toward where the tip of his dick refused to hide completely away. Aaron arched a brow when their eyes met again. "It does?"

Joseph nodded and settled back on the couch. "Funny, sort of."

Aaron pulled one leg of his loose shorts back and exposed his cock again. "Doesn't look funny to me."

Joseph thought that was cool, that Aaron would just pull out his dick like that. Like it was nothing. Just two guys on the couch. Two buds. Him and Aaron. “There’s too much skin.”

“Oh, I get it. You’ve never seen an uncircumcised cock, before?” Joseph shook his head. “You know what that means?” He shook his head again. Aaron yelled, “Jesse, your little brother is seriously uneducated!”

“No shit, Sherlock.” Jesse rounded the corner of the dorm room and set a bag of Fritos on the table next to a shiny black box with the letters IGE on the lid. The box was half-open and there was a sheet of paper and a couple of tiny bottles next to it. He spotted what was hanging out of his lover’s shorts and asked, “What the fuck are you doing?” He wasn’t angry, he sounded more amused than anything else, even laughing slightly.

“Joe wanted to look at my dick.”

“And you show your dick to just anyone who asks?”

“When they’re cute I do.” He smirked at Jesse then shoved sideways against Joseph, who laughed.

“Put him away.” Aaron re-tucked and reached for the corn chips. “Gross, you were just playing with yourself and now you’re going to eat with that hand?”

“Chill, Jess. I stick your dick in my mouth and you never complain about that.”

“Ewwww.” It was a gut reaction from Joseph.

“Sorry, Joe.” Aaron popped a Frito in and started munching.

Joe’s lips pursed, then he blurted out, “So, how come you’re gay?”

Aaron almost choked when he started to laugh. Jesse said, “Yeah, how come you’re gay?”

Aaron looked over and asked the kid, “How come you’re straight?”

Joseph felt himself go cold, but he was going to say it. “I never said I was.”

Now it was Jesse’s turn to choke. “Pardon me?”

Joseph took in a breath. “I never said I was straight.”

“Well, this is an interesting development. Since when are you gay?”

Joseph shrugged. “I dunno. I dunno if I am or not. How do you know?”

“It’s really pretty easy.”

Jesse folded his arms across his chest. “Oh, is it?”

“Sure. Okay, Joe, we were just talking about jerking off. And when you jerk off, usually you need a little visual assistance to move things along, right?” Joseph nodded. “If you’re straight, that usually involves women. I mean, even if you’re gay, you can appreciate a beautiful woman. Women are beautiful creatures.”

“Some women.”

“Some women, yeah, that goes without saying. Anyway, so there’s that feeling you get when you look at certain people though that goes beyond just thinking they look good. There’s something more that happens, sometimes, and you can feel yourself, um, really, really appreciate them. Things about them. If you’re a straight man, you get that from women. If you’re a gay man, you get that from men.”

“But I think you look good.”

“Well, uh, thanks and all. But when you look at me, have you ever wanted to kiss me? If you pulled out Mr. Happy right now and you wanted to get off, would you think about someone like me, a person with a dick and muscles and an Adam’s Apple with hair on my body and not a tit to be seen anywhere, or a woman with soft skin and round breasts and soft shoulders and like that?”

He shrugged. “I dunno.”

“Well, okay, what makes you think you’re gay?”

“I don’t think we should be talking...”

“He brought it up, Jesse. I think he wants to talk about this. We’re pretending everything hunky dory with your brother, here, hanging out with us, everyone’s cool, no one’s uncomfortable. But if he’s not cool with it, or he’s confused, you think we should just smile and nod? Would that have helped you three years ago?”

Jesse sighed and then sat on the floor. “So, Joseph, what’s up?”

“I’ve been... I’ve just been...”

“Look, Joe, just be honest. Confusion is natural.”

“Confusion and jerking off.” Aaron laughed. So did Jesse. Joseph was happy the tension was broken.

“Well, I mean, when did you know you were gay, Jesse?”

Jesse's brow furrowed. He never thought he'd be talking about this to his kid brother, but Aaron was right. It was all better to have everything out in the open. "A long time before I admitted it to myself, that's for sure. Um, I think I was twelve or maybe even younger. I'm not sure I remember. Anyway, I do remember that when I realized that I was starting to think about sex, about getting off, it was when I saw some guy instead of some girl.

"I can remember just staring at this one guy, Russ, on our block. Remember Russ? He lived a couple of doors down, was always working on that Mustang of his. A classic he bought as a junker, he told me. And he'd be outside working on the engine, digging around in there, and he'd be strutting around in his oily T-shirt, and some cut-offs and I hadn't seen anything like him up close. He had a really nice body, Aaron. Classic. Big chest, huge arms. I think he was just some macho guy, into cars and beer and working out. Probably 19 or so at the time, never seemed to mind me hanging out. So I'd ask about how he got so big. He'd let me feel his arm when he made a muscle. I'd squeeze it, I remember it was so hard and I could feel it bulge under my fingers."

"Stop, Jesse, I'm getting horny." Joseph thought Aaron was making fun, but he saw that his dick was starting to tent his shorts. His eyes lingered on the site and then Jesse cleared his throat.

"Sorry," Joseph said, and he started blushing.

Jesse's eyes narrowed, and then he continued. "So, yeah, I started hanging out more and more with Russ. You were a pipsqueak still shitting your pants, Joe, not much fun for me."

"If you were 12 then I was 8! You used to ditch me and..."

"And you'd cry and I'd get smacked. Meanwhile, I was sitting over at Russ's watching the way his shoulders bunched when he stretched and the way his chest had a separation and the way his belly had these round rippled muscles – he'd lift up the T to wipe his face and show off some abs you could grate cheese on -- and I was feeling pretty good about that, but I think I was just believing it was hero worship."

"Instead of muscle worship, huh Jess?" He smiled, kicking across at Aaron's leg. "Well, don't leave us hanging out here, so to speak. What made you start wondering if something else was up?"

"Well, when I was beating off in the bathroom – and don't laugh, Joseph, I notice that you spend a good few minutes longer in there when I'm home than you used to – when I closed my eyes I was thinking about Russ. I would see his arms, the round bellies of his biceps, the smooth tanned skin that coated them, the way his stomach muscles tensed when he was getting up off the cart from under the Mustang. I sorta thought that everyone did this. I mean, no one talks about their whack-off time with their buds, and if I was weird I sure didn't want to know it.



“Then pretty soon Russ was asking if I wanted to work out with him.”

“No shit?” Joseph saw that Aaron’s hand was resting on his crotch now. And was there a wet spot on his shorts leg?

“And he was just really cool about it. He had some weights and a bench in his basement and he’d take me down there and show me how to lift, making sure my technique was good. He had all these bodybuilder mags down there and I felt like I’d discovered heaven. He’d let me borrow them, thinking I guess I wanted to improve my technique but I just used them for some nighttime hand jobs, and this was while you were asleep in the next bed, Joseph.” He laughed. “I was really getting off on all those pictures of these huge guys and their massive bodies. I was so into it. And I’d go back over to Russ’s place and watch him work out, probably spent a year, a year and a half watching that guy grow bigger and bigger and then, one day, he moved away. Probably went to college or something, or just moved out. Whatever.

“Luckily, he left me some muscle mags and told me to keep at it.”

“And you did!”

Jesse smiled and flexed his arm. A decent bicep jumped up, swelling there like a hard ball. Joseph had to admit that he admired that about his brother, that he looked like he could kick serious ass. It was a look he wanted, too, but he’d never pursued it because... because...

“I’m like that, too.”

“Huh?” Aaron’s response was just as quiet.

Joseph looked up. “I’m like that, too,” he repeated. “Like what you said, Jesse. And I was... I’m ashamed of it so I never look. I stay away from the gym because I don’t want to... I don’t... I don’t want to...”

“You don’t want to like it.” Joseph nodded. “Because you watch the bodybuilder shows on ESPN and at the guys in the audience and you think, ‘I’m like them. I like bodybuilding.’ Right? But you know it’s different, because they’re into the size and strength out of admiration. But you aren’t.”

“Right,” admitted Joseph.

“But you want to know what?” Aaron leaned over and whispered, “Some of the guys in the audience, and some of the guys on stage, are into for the same reason you are, kid.” He smiled and winked. “It ain’t no secret that there are plenty of guys just into guys, and plenty of them are there so they can go home and be with all those muscled studs and feel their muscles and, you should excuse the expression, get fucked.”

“So, you’re telling me you’re gay, Joe?” Jesse was looking over, and his expression was odd. Like he was holding his breath or something.

“I guess so.”

“Hot damn, Joe. Let me be the first to welcome you to the family!” Aaron reached over and surrounded the kid in a tight hug. Jesse stood up and wasn’t exactly beaming with pride, as far as Joseph could tell. In fact, he looked worried. Aaron looked into Joseph’s face and then followed his gaze toward Jesse. “What’s your problem?”

“Not sure, I guess. I think... I mean, I think it’s great that you’re able to say that, Joe. But I wonder if it’s true.”

“Your brother just admitted to you something you didn’t even admit about yourself to yourself until you were 20, and you’re giving him shit about it?”

“No, it’s just, I haven’t really heard it from him, yet. You sound sort of tentative, Joe.”

“I guess... I guess I am. I mean, I’ve never done it with anyone, so how do I know for sure if that’s, if I’m...”

Aaron leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, looking Joseph in the eye. “Joe, I knew when I was 14. I mean, I just knew it. I didn’t care about what most of my friends cared about in that department. They’d be all over a Playboy one of them swiped from somebody’s dad and you could see them getting all hot and bothered. Titties, you know? Big bouncing boobies put ‘em in a lather. But I never felt it. Not with that. But it was sort of like how Jess described it with me, too. Only my neighbor wasn’t an older dude fixing his car, it was my best friend. He was the first.”

# 25

Joseph gawked. “At 14?”

Aaron nodded. “Hey, I was a horny little guy. I didn’t plan it or anything, we were just horsing around and whatever. But he was this really beautiful kid. I mean, he was beautiful. Like an angel, you know? And I wasn’t bad, if I say so myself.”

“You were a little runt with a nice face,” interrupted Jesse. “Your mom showed me pictures.”

Aaron shrugged. “Maybe, but he must have seen something you didn’t. Anyway, like I said we were horsing around like two little dudes. Which, y’know, we were. It was in his basement rec room, which is so typical, but whatever. So, it was all hot and we were wrestling around and he takes off his shirt. He had this tight little body, already looked pretty strong, hard little bod on him, and he was all slick and sweaty and I looked at him and could feel myself getting hard.”

“You’re lying,” Jesse said. “You were fourteen years old and getting an erection from another kid?”

“You want me to tell this story or not?” Jesse shut up and sat down. “Fine, okay Joe, so I’m standing about three feet from this kid and his chest is heaving cuz he’s breathing hard and I’m breathing hard, too and he looks down and sees me getting a hard on, right? And so I try to cover it up but it’s no use, the beast will not be tamed. As Jesse can attest, when I get going there’s only one way to get me down. And my hand against my stiff little prick was making me even more aware of how it felt, and how he looked, and then I’m going all red and feeling uncomfortable and thinking, well, maybe feeling like a total dork will make my woody go away. And then I look at my friend, kind of scared and embarrassed, right? And guess what he does?”

“Kicks you in the balls.” Jesse rolled his eyes.

“Well, nope, but my balls are involved in this part. So I’m standing there frozen stiff, you should pardon the pun, and he starts undoing his belt. His hands are unbuckling his Boy Scout belt and then his fingers are unzipping his pants.”

“You are so full of shit.”

Aaron shook his head. “Hand to god, it’s all true. So he pushes his pants off his hips and steps out of them and he’s standing there in his briefs and they’re kind of clinging to his body, right? And sort of see-through from his sweat, because they’re cheap Sears shorts or something. And I can see it.”

“What?”

“What do you think, dumbass? His stiff little member is as hard as mine. And he smiles this weird smile and comes over to me and moves my hand away from my crotch and he goes on his knees...”

“You are so full of shit!”

“And his hands undo my pants, and unzip me, and open my fly.”

“So full of shit!”

“And he reaches into my pants and pulls down my shorts and my little man springs up at attention. I’m as sweaty as he is, and my prick is all slick and shiny. The head was already out of the foreskin and I was getting harder and harder, so hard I felt like I was going to cream right there. But he puts his hand on me and looks up at my face, and my jaw must have been hanging on my chest, and he leans forward and starts giving me head.”

“Shit!”

Aaron’s eyebrows wiggled. “Now, considering I’d never had anyone’s mouth on my dick before – hell, I’d never even considered it, before – I was having a good deal of control trouble. And it was probably only about a minute later that I blew my wad. And this kid, he didn’t swallow, he sort of choked. I guess he wasn’t expecting me to cum so fast. So he pulls off and hand jobs me until I’m done, and I squirt about ten times and I’m just this little revving engine, I’m cumming on his chest and his belly and he’s smiling all the time, just smiling and smiling. And I finally finish and I don’t know what to say. But then I find out I’m not supposed to say anything.”

“You’re supposed to return the favor.”

“Fuckin’ a, Jesse. Little tight body stands up in front of me, his dick is stretching his shorts and there’s a wet spot on them and he pulls them off his body and tosses them over to where his pants and shirt are and he’s standing there all lean and firm and beautiful in the dark basement room, hair wet with sweat, skin gleaming, his soft little pubes moist and glistening and he pulls my shirt off over my head and I’m shoving my pants off and my shorts and then when we’re both naked, he looks down at his stiff member – and believe it or not, mine is still semi-hard even after blowing my load – and I get his drift and I say something stupid like, ‘I’ve never done it before,’ and he just smiles again, he’s a cool little fucker, and he leans forward and kisses me on the mouth and I’m thinking, he just had my dick in his mouth and now he’s kissing me and I get pretty fucking hot all over again. I’m thinking, ‘fuck, this is great, this is perfect, this is what I want,’ and I go down on him, he smelled sort of sweet and sweaty at the same time, but the stink turns me on even more and I’m looking at his cock, he’s bigger than me I can tell, and I’m wondering how to stick it in my mouth, but he goes, ‘kiss it,’ and I do. I kiss it, and it’s

hot. And hard. And I press my tongue against it and lick it, and he sort of sucks in a breath and says, 'yeah, that's good. Suck me, Aaron. Please. Suck my dick,' he says. So I did."

Joseph looked over to see if Jesse was as erect as he was. Jesse was slowly massaging his groin with the butt of his right hand. His cock was outlined against his jeans. Joseph wanted to reach inside and adjust himself, he could feel the eye of his cock shoving against his shorts.

"It was pretty weird, I have to admit. But I was so into it after I got started, I wanted to eat him alive. I was sucking so hard on him that when he swelled before he came, I never even noticed. But I swallowed his load like a hungry dog. I sucked him dry and kept on sucking. Man, I was in heaven. I felt free and so fucking good. My 14-year old body was pumped with adrenaline and all I wanted was more. I didn't feel embarrassed or anything, I felt fucking alive!"

"And that was it?"

Aaron nodded. "Like I said, that was the first time. Just us giving each other head. We graduated to more and better things pretty quick – I mean, after that I just couldn't keep him out of my mind, couldn't wait to get my hands on him, suck him off again, taste that boy in my mouth, feel him drilling my ass. The first ass fuck, Joe, it hurts like a motherfucker. We didn't even think about lube, until after. Lube up your knob, Joe, you can't lube it enough."

"How long were you two together?"

"Jealous? We lasted all through high school, even through a few fucking around experiments on both our parts, seeing if the girls turned us on like we did each other, seeing if we could tempt other boys into bed. He was a little jock, that one, was on the baseball and football teams, built himself up rather nice. I was on the swim team, so I stayed... pretty much like you see me."

"And what was this prodigy's name?"

Aaron smiled, glancing at the open IGE box. "Peter."

"Not... now you are shitting me." Jesse laughed and reached for the tape that was inside the box. "Your first fuck is on this tape?"

Aaron nodded again, smiling broadly, as Joseph asked, "What is that?"

"Got this today, Joe. You might be interested in what's on this, too, if muscles drive you nuts. You like muscles?" Joe sort of shrugged, but he was turning red, too. "Yeah, you like muscles. Well, what we have here is probably a joke, but Jess insisted we go through the hoops and now here it is, just as promised."

“Here what is? Jesus, Aaron, what is it?”

Jesse answered instead. “Supplements or something.” Joseph looked perplexed. “Aaron’s friend Peter calls him out of the blue and gives him these really weird instructions about going to some Web site and responding to some invitation to see this thing and,” he said, reaching for the two bottles, “a sample of some stuff supposed to change your whole life. Same shit they sell in comic books. Charles Atlas and all that. Secret muscle growth formula. And the tape Aaron is loading in the VCR will explain it all for us. Should be a riot.”

The TV screen was black as the tape started.

Then a voice started speaking through the TV’s speaker. It was a masculine voice but so rich in tone and depth that it seemed to fill the room and reach out to each of the men in the room and demand their full attention. And their cocks’ attention as well. It was a voice that wrapped itself around them, set their short hairs tingling, made them glad they owned dicks, dug under their skin like a tide of deep pleasure. They could hardly hear the words for the feeling it gave them. Each fell silent and stared at the screen, feeling hot and bothered and getting hard as the first few words were spoken.

"Greetings to you, Aaron Matheson. Thank you for your interest in our services. This tape has been prepared especially for you. My name is Michael, and I am the president of IGE. Before the presentation begins, a few words of warning in the interest of full disclosure.

"This video tape may only be viewed once. There is a magnetic device inside that erases the oxide tape as it enters a special chamber after it has been played. Once you have started the tape, do not attempt to stop or pause it. Such actions will render it immediately void of material. These precautions are in place for our protection - and yours.

"Do not discard the blank sheet of paper in the box. If you have done so, please retrieve it now. You will be given instructions at the end of this presentation concerning deciphering the contents thereon.

"Finally, do nothing with the vial of Transform until instructed.

"Viewing this tape from this point will provide you with most of the information you will require to decide if you wish to take the next step - a visit to our facilities. We do not make our processes and supplements available anywhere outside our facilities. If you elect not to follow through on your inquiry, your deposit will be returned to you. You will have no further contact with IGE.

"Again, thank you for your interest."

Joe was rubbing his hard prick through his jeans when silence replaced the man's incredible voice. If he bothered looking over, he'd have seen that Aaron had pulled his cowed tool from under his shorts and was slowly pleasuring himself. Jesse had both hands down his unzipped pants.

He watched as the screen gradually faded from black to white, the center of the TV showing the IGE logo.

And then he was confronted with the face of the most beautiful man he'd ever seen.

"Hello, Aaron." The man smiled, and Paul gasped. "My name is Carlos. I am a scientist here at IGE and, I'm proud to add, one of the first benefactors of our body perfecting processes. You'll not I don't label what we do bodybuilding or body improvement, for it is much more than that." The camera started to slowly pull back, revealing that the man, Carlos, was standing in a white room. As the angle widened, it also revealed that the man was shirtless, and what it revealed about his body was nothing short of impossible to believe.

Joseph could hardly breathe. He was overcome, his pubescent hormones were being driven berserk. Aaron was standing up, shoving his shorts off his hips, whacking away without a care. Jesse had managed to shove his shorts down and his other hand was crawling under his tank top, caressing his belly and chest. It was like the room was suddenly saturated with sex. "Our process is very simple and involves one ingredient. We call it Transform, and a small sample has been included in your introductory package." The man's chest was broad and thick, his shoulders looked like bowling balls. His arms were cabled with strength. His lats flared wide and heavy, widening from his tight waist and an amazing - was that a 10-pack of abs he was sporting? Good God, they looked like apples under his bronzed flesh. "As you can see, the results are rather staggering."

So saying, the man began to illustrate the muscular development of his amazing and beautiful body. Aaron moaned, his was jerking off with wild abandon at the site of so much power, so much sheer masculine beauty and ability. Joseph's teen prick was painfully hard and throbbing. He could feel his load building. His body was suddenly very hot. Jesse looked over at Aaron and licked his lips as he scanned his lover's tight muscular form, then locked his eyes back on the muscled superman on the screen as if imagining what Aaron would look like with that body.

Carlos slowly bent his arm, keeping his eyes on the camera so that his electric, golden gaze was on Paul's eyes. The bicep on his arm began to bulge obscenely, swelling larger and larger. The head split in two and the muscle continued to grow, getting impossibly huge until it filled his upper arm, its sheer size matched by the tricep on the underside. His forearm was a mass of cabled glory. He paused there, the muscle tensed at its most bulging glory - and then, impossibly, the muscle seemed to swell larger still. Were the fibers swelling and splitting? Was it actually developing, growing larger, even more muscled before his eyes? And as this was occurring, as the man's arm swelled to ever larger proportions, his face remained calm, serene, absolutely beautiful.

Carlos relaxed - if a body of so much muscled glory could be said to be relaxed - and he smiled again. "In case you have some doubts concerning my voracity, I'd like to bring in someone you know to give you an idea of the changes we're able to accomplish. Peter?"

Carlos then walked away from the camera, giving the trio a shot of the most perfectly formed ass any of them had ever seen and something that wagged between the man's legs that teased at anyone's sense of disbelief. Then another face filled the screen, and Aaron, Jesse and Joe all lost it at the same time.

"Hey Aaron. Long time, no see."

"Oh my fucking god."

"Jesus H..."

"Holy cow."

Aaron and Jesse both looked at Joseph and laughed. Then, when Peter spoke again, all eyes were riveted to the screen.

What Peter had become was nothing short of male perfection. If Carlos was amazing to see, Peter was beyond belief.

His body was a rock-solid mass of bulging power. Smooth, fat muscles twisted and flexed under his copper skin. He had a short shock of deep black hair on his head, and his eyes were turquoise. His face had the sculpted beauty of a Roman statue, with a broad chin and prominent cheekbones. When he smiled, like he was now, his whole face lit up. He shook his head slightly as he lifted his hand to scrub it through his dark brush of hair. The bicep on his arm balled up and swelled like a balloon. "I know it's hard to believe. And you haven't seen me in a couple of years, but this wasn't what I looked like three days ago."

The camera started opening to a wider shot. "Three days! Aaron, this stuff, this stuff is amazing. I mean, look at me!"

And they did. They saw his mammoth chest, cut down the center with a deep cleavage between the powerful globes. A dark dusting of black fur spread across it like a forest on a deep brown mountain range. Finger thick cables of power stretched forth from that deep valley, pumping his flexing chest to enormity. He had a tight, hard belly of rippling perfection, also dusted with his black soft fur. Amazing obliques pointed the way to a cock of such proportions that all three guys wished they could cum all over again.

The man was too beautiful and too powerful to take in all at once.



“Believe it Aaron. It’s all true. Take it, buddy. Then come here and join me and get the full treatment.” He spread his powerful arms wide and that dick-hardening smile returned. “All you have to do is accept the invitation.”

The screen faded to black again, and the voice, that beautiful voice, returned.

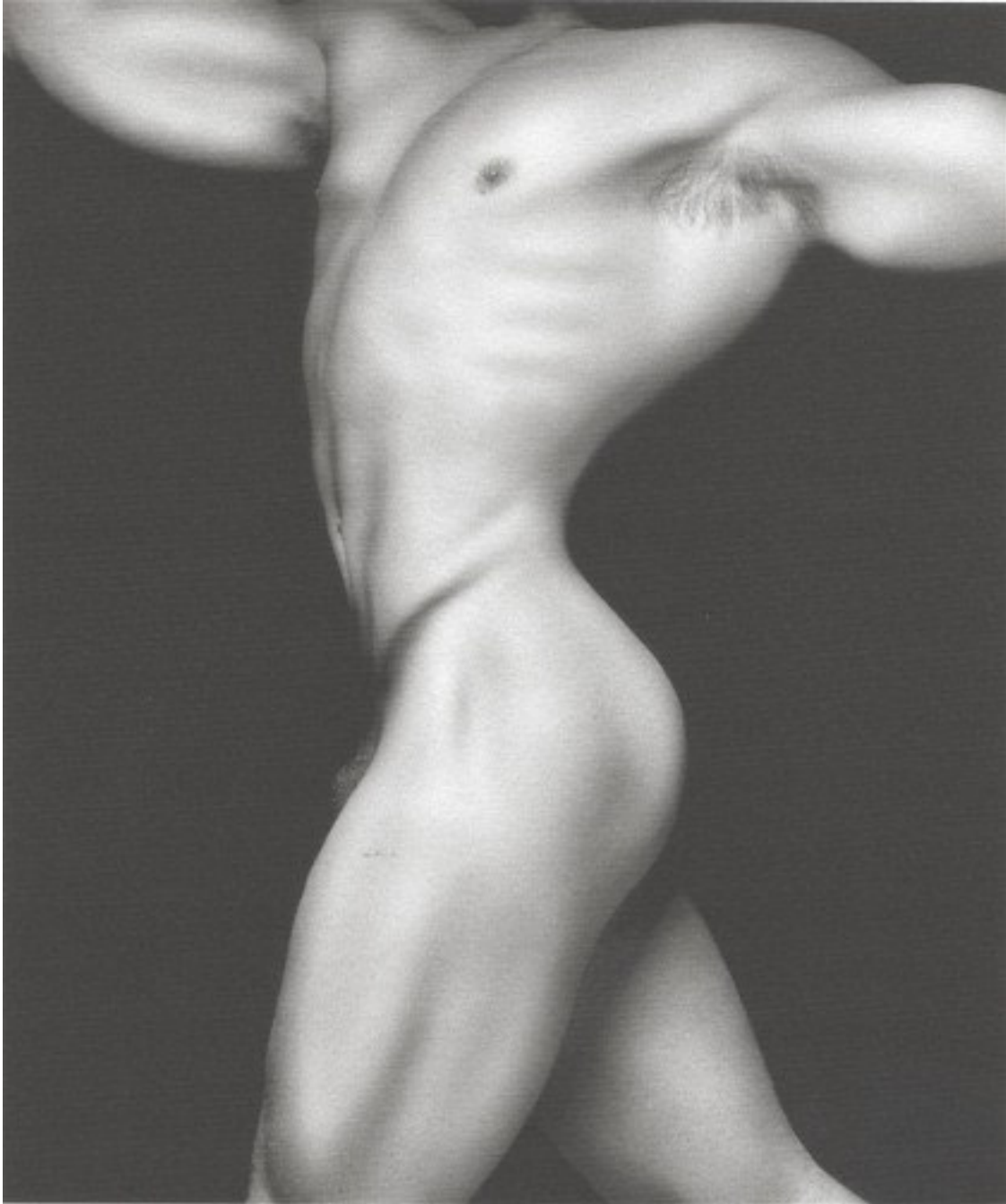
"Our results are guaranteed. To experience for yourself a small sample of those results, we invite you to try Tranform now. The vials in your package, Aaron, were prepared especially for you by Peter. The dosage has been diluted and is approximately 1/100th of a full-strength application. You will experience incredible physical changes that will only hint at what can be yours should you accept our invitation. These changes are permanent and non-reversible.

"We recommend that if you decide to sample the product, disrobe first and do so alone while standing before a mirror. You will see and feel results immediately after swallowing first the clear liquid, then the white. As you've no doubt noticed from the two men in your presentation, the enhancements are all-inclusive.

"If you choose to take the next step and join us here at IGE, further instructions are included on the sheet of paper. Simply submerge the sheet under hot water to reveal the information. The data will be displayed for approximately 15 seconds before the sheet dissolves entirely, so be prepared to write down what you see.

"Congratulations on being accepted as a candidate, and we hope to hear from you soon. You may eject the tape at any time. This presentation is concluded."

A slight humming was the only sound in the room coming from the VCR. The guys stood stunned, and then looked at each other.



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Aaron, naked now, his hand covered with his spunk, said, “Holy fuck.”

Jesse was looking at the vials. “This has to be a joke. A trick or something. Rewind the tape and see...”

Joseph, tucking his sticky cock back into his shorts, pressed the rewind button but nothing happened.

“This is just fucking insane.” Jesse looked at Aaron. “Was that Peter?”

“I think so, yeah. Definitely looked like him – or at least, what I remember he looked like. But he was never that fucking gorgeous when I knew him.” Aaron looked at the vials, too.

It was Joe who asked the question they were all thinking. “Is there only enough for one person?”

Aaron took up the two vials, seemingly unaware of the sticky cooling cum on his hand. He looked at Jesse. “You want to do it?”

“Fuck yeah. If I can look like that guy – or even come close?”

“You’re pretty fucking beautiful already, asshole.”

“Can I do it?”

Aaron and Jesse both looked at Joe. Then Aaron looked at Jess and said, “What do you think?”

“I think... I think if we dilute it in water? And then make three equal doses. Then we can all do it.” He was grinning. “Besides, I still think it’s some fucking joke or something.”

There were six mugs altogether sitting on the kitchen sink. While Jesse still wasn’t believing his own eyes, he took the task very seriously and was careful to extract every tiniest drop of each liquid from the vials. Now, as recommended, the three guys stood completely naked holding one mug.

Joseph couldn’t help looking at Aaron’s body. He’d always admired the guy’s sleek, muscled lines and the way his bright blonde hair contrasted with his deeply tanned skin. The area where his shorts would normally be was pale white against the copper, and his uncut dick was shaped like a cigar, thicker in the middle and then thinning almost to a tip because of his long foreskin. He could see the edge of his head under the cowl of pink flesh, but it was otherwise completely hidden.

He glanced down at his own dick, which had shrunk in the open air as if scared, which he was, sort of. He thought he looked thin and pathetic, with no chest and stick legs. He didn’t have any hair on his body, only under his pits and above his dick. He felt exposed and a little embarrassed when he compared himself to the other two guy.

And Jesse, he had to admit, looked pretty amazing. He was used to seeing his brother’s meaty arms and shoulders when he wore the tank top, but he hadn’t seen him naked for a few years, not since they went skinny dipping in the lake when they were kids.

Now the full impact of Jesse's regimen of pumping iron and morning runs made itself obvious. He was a hunk, no doubt about it. If Joseph could forget he was his own brother, Jesse would definitely be one of the fantasy men he dreamed about. His skin wasn't as tanned as Aaron's, but it was very beautiful, really healthy looking. His chest was amazing, Joseph never imagined it was so big. And Jesse's cock was so much bigger than his! It looked huge! Maybe because he was semi-hard, probably excited by seeing Aaron naked or something. Still, he wondered if his would grow as big when he got older.

"Ready?" Aaron was smiling as he lifted his first mug.

Jesse shrugged, lifting his, too. "Willing and able." He looked at his kid brother. "You're sure?"

Joe nodded. And then he gulped it down. "Tastes like water."

Aaron sort of blinked then he drank his, too. Joe watched Jesse's Adam's apple bob as he poured his mug down his throat. "Weird," he said. "It's like my mouth is all oily or something." They all stood looking at each other for a second, then traded their empty mugs for the second set.

"This is it," Jesse said ominously, "no turning back."

"Fuck it," laughed Joe, and he drank.

The second mug felt like it was warm as it touched his lips. The liquid poured down his throat and the warmth spread, and started to grow hotter. His breathing grew more tense as he felt his body getting hotter. "Hot," he said, looking at the other.

Jesse nodded. His hands were on his torso, as if he could feel the heat under his skin. Aaron set his mug down and just stood there, eyes closed.

They didn't have a mirror in the place big enough for them to use, so they decided to use each other. "Do you feel anything?" Joseph spoke to Jesse, but Aaron answered, "You mean, other than the heat?"

"Yeah."

Aaron nodded. "Something, yeah. Just not sure... oh, man, something feels good." He opened his eyes and looked down. His dick was getting hard. "Must be something like Viagra. I'm starting to feel very horny."

Jesse smiled and nodded. "Oh, yeah." His hands had moved down and he was petting his half-hard cock. Joe watched it jerk and arch. His brother's cock was growing to erection.

Then he felt it too, strong, very strong. His whole body felt good, but his cock was tingling like he was stroking it. He looked down and watched himself inflate, his tiny dick growing quickly. "Whoa."

"Impressive, Joe," Aaron said. When Joseph looked up, he could see something happening to Aaron.

"What is this stuff," he asked, watching Aaron's arms. They were hanging at his sides, but Joe could see the muscle start to get defined. More defined. It was like the separate muscles were pulling apart from each other, the skin sucking against them as they... as they grew! His muscles were actually growing! "Aaron! Aaron, look at your arms!"

Aaron nodded. "I know. Look at your belly."

He did. Although he hadn't felt anything but that pleasurable glow, his stomach was suddenly showing ripples of muscle. He put his hand on them, feeling their hardness, and could feel them growing! "Oh my god."

Jesse was bending his arms to bulge his biceps. "Look at this! Fucking look at this!" Each time he flexed, the muscle seemed to retain some of the bulge, and then bulge bigger next time. "Awesome! This stuff is fucking awesome!" Jesse's chest started to exhibit some of the growth, now. The two tight globes showed fresh striations of muscle stretching across them, muscle that swelled and filled in, building his chest into two distinct mountains.

"Awesome," he whispered. Then he looked at Aaron and said, "Whoa."

"What?"

"Your face."

Aaron's hands went to his cheeks, across his chin. "What?"

Jesse shook his head in disbelief. "Fucking gorgeous, dude."

Joe looked up, then sort of laughed. "Holy cow! Aaron, your face!"

Aaron looked over, his eyes widening. "What about your face, Joe? Look at your little brother Jesse." He glanced down. "Did I say little? Fuck, dude, you're getting bigger than Jess!"

He was. His dick was in overdrive. Already hard, and he hadn't even touched it, his tool looked bigger than it had ever been. As he looked down, he saw his own chest start to mature, the flat halves filling in with power. At first they were flat, hard plates of muscle, but that was changing quickly. "This is so cool." Even as he said the words, his voice seemed to deepen.

Jesse watched his brother grow in front of his eyes. His brother's face looked incredible, beautiful, and getting better by the second. He even seemed to be getting taller. He was

sprouting, his body getting taller at the same rate it was growing bigger. He noticed his brother's hair seemed to be growing now, too. It was starting to hang in his eyes.

And Aaron's swimmer's body was getting seriously buff. As he watched, he could see his skin tone even out. It was actually darkening around his middle, and darkening all over. His skin looked tight and smooth against his growing muscles. He now had a totally ripped set of abs and his chest rivaled what Jesse had owned.

Had owned, because Jesse's chest was still going at it, getting bigger and wider. The tingling sense of growth was everywhere now. He could feel it like a sort of sensual pleasure, as if hands massaged and caressed him everywhere. He rubbed his thumb across the head of his prick and felt a slickness spreading and, looking down, he was leaking precum like a faucet. "Oh, man, so good," he said softly, and closed his eyes.

Aaron smiled at his lover's evident pleasure and then touched his hands to his own tool, finding the same spill of clear precum starting to come from his growing monster. And he could start to smell a scent in the hot room, the smell of men, a thick musk of sexiness and power that filled his head, made him hornier still, hungry with lust.

Of the three of them, the changes were affecting Joseph the most. In the space of time since they'd downed the Transform, Joe now looked almost as old and as tall and big as either Jesse or Aaron. He was becoming a man as Aaron looked at him. There was even a sprouting of hair across his chest, down his belly, spreading wide and thick above his prick.

And what a prick! It had to be eight inches already! Did Joe own that all this time and Aaron never noticed? No, that couldn't be it, it had to be the stuff, because as he watched, he could see the kid's cock growing! It was actually growing, getting longer and thicker! Shit, was that going to happen to his? Was it happening already?

He looked down and discovered that it was. He was getting bigger. His tool was swelling in his grip. He knew it was bigger than it used to be, and now the helmet started to slip out of his ample foreskin. He was drooling precum. He couldn't catch it fast enough to coat himself, he was leaking a puddle onto the floor. He looked over and saw the same thing was happening to Jesse. A clear honey of precum was drizzling off his balls.

His balls! His balls were huge! They looked freaky, like eggs, and they were churning. He could see it. "Dude," he began, but then stopped. Because his voice was different. "Jess. Jess, what is this stuff?" It was deeper, more powerful, approaching the tone he'd heard from the video tape, the same super-masculine voices from Michael and Peter.

"I don't know," his lover growled, "but I want more." Jesse had never felt so good in his life. His body was buzzing with growth, vibrating with power. He opened his eyes and looked at the other two, and in the mere seconds that had passed since he fell into a reverie of stroking himself, sinking into a flood of sexual release, his brother and his lover were changed men.

Aaron was starting to look like a middleweight bodybuilder. There was no fat on him, it looked like, and his skin was suctioned onto his still-developing muscles. His limbs were bulging masses. His torso was a relief map of power. He was muscled everywhere, his cock spitting out a slick coating that made it glisten.

And Joseph -- was that little Joe? He'd have fucked him right then and there if he didn't know that was his own brother. He looked incredible, almost like a different person entirely. No way that kid was only 16, not with those muscles, not with that face, not with... with the monster horsecock he was stroking! Holy shit, that thing was huge! It didn't even look real! And so perfect, too. Grown into a beautiful tube of sex flesh, thick and long and firm and perfect. It didn't even look like there were any veins on it! How was that... fuck, look at his face. Oh, man, that makes me want to cum. Oh man, what a gorgeous, beautiful, amazing face.

And the face matched the body. It was as if he was being forced through the last two years of puberty in the seconds he was standing there, and his body was performing above and beyond the call of duty. He looked more amazing than Peter! He could be a porn star, what with that face and that body and the monster between his legs. His muscles grew hard and smooth and round, his chest has two globes of raw brawn capped with fat, moist nipples and separated by a soft, deep darkness of curls. His shoulders bulged and swelled, his legs grew fatter still with power, power everywhere, every inch of him growing bigger and bigger as he watched.

Jesse wondered what he looked like. Looking down, all he could tell was he was big. Huge. Massive. His well-trained muscles were responding to this stuff by growing into rounded masses with deep cuts and amazing vascularity. He was a beast. And still growing.

That was when he could take it no longer. Crossing the length of the kitchen in two strides, he wrapped Aaron in his arms, pulling his new body close, flesh to flesh, muscle to muscle, cock to cock and pushed his mouth onto his lover's, his hands grasping his gorgeous face, and he plunged his tongue inside his hot, waiting mouth. He was kissed back with passion and lust, Aaron embracing his huge muscled mass back, wrestling their tongues together. Their cocks were hot, burning between them, pressed between their growing bodies and throbbing with need and desire.

They felt each other growing now. They could feel their own growth pressing on the other body, feel the other body pressing back. Hard, thick bulges of muscle mass writhing and flexing and expanding. Precum smeared their loins, dripped down their legs. The spicy scent of manhood flared and spread between them, showering the room in a sudden wanton flood of the scent of men fucking each other. It was thick in the room, warm and wet, and when it reached Joseph, he felt momentarily lost to it. He felt pulled toward the two men in the room like a magnet to steel. His hands were covered with the wealth of his own lube, they slid over his huge erection and delivered a mounting tide of pleasure within him, building toward an eruption that would crack the

world in two. He took a step toward them, a lock of silky hair falling across his gaze. He licked his lips, felt a moan leave his body, a deep feral sound that escaped from the thickness of his chest.

Aaron looked past Jesse, still engaged in a series of thick wet kisses, hands everywhere, but his eyes, his deep blue eyes, bored into Joseph. He reached out a muscled arm, expanding even now with more power, and grabbed Joe's shoulder, pulling him into the embrace. "Jess," he said, "look at Joe."

Their eyes met. Both were breathing hard. Jesse could feel Joe's monster throbbing against his hip. He reached his face toward the irresistibly beautiful vision of his brother and kissed him on the lips, kissed him full and hard and with lust. Joseph kissed him back, feeling nothing but a charge of erotic bliss. The brothers kissed until Aaron pulled Joseph's lips to his own, wanting nothing but to feel the passion and press his lust onto the young man's growing beauty, a masculine beauty so profound that no one could easily keep his hands off him.

The three stood huddled together, feeling their heat, their muscle, the essence of masculine power building and building, and suddenly they were a tangle of limbs and hands and mouths and dicks.

Aaron and Jesse went directly to work, their bodies pumped full of sex and desire. They were all over each other, but neither forgot about Joseph. He fumbled a bit at first, awkwardly trying to feed his need by kissing and sucking and humping against whatever was in reach. But his body soon found its groove, and it wasn't long before the first dick in his virgin ass was none other than his own brother's, shoving inside him over and over while he sucked on Aaron's huge and growing prick.

Jesse was kissing his lover's chest, sucking on his ample and sensitive nipples. Joseph's whole body bucked and trembled out of sheer joy and desire. His brother's cock felt huge inside him, made him feel whole and complete.

Their bodies built on the divided sample for 15 minutes and then they all came at once, fountaining their loads into and over each other until they were practically swimming in the hot, sticky cream. Their balls had built up huge loads and they came in long, unending pumps until they were spent, and they lay together wrapped up in each other coated with sweat and cum, their muscled bodies breathing hard and resting in the mutual afterglow of the best fuck session any of them had ever experienced.

"Fuck," announced Aaron, a grin on his face, "if that wasn't the best ever. Joseph, you are one hot little bottom. And for a dude who never sucked dick before, you caught on fast."

Joseph laughed softly. Aaron's head was resting on his rippled belly, and his own was on one of Jesse's mammoth thighs, his brother's limp prick resting warm and firm next to his face. "It just all sort of happened. I couldn't help it."



Jesse reached down and ruffled his brother's hair. "I know. It was like, overpowering. But so... so good. So right." He flexed his leg, the muscle bulging, to lift his brother's beautiful face and look at him. He had the face of a deity, a face not even Michelangelo could have imagined, a face of purest beauty.

Joseph smiled at his brother, his features dick-hardeningly gorgeous. "What?" he said, his voice a deep rumble of purest desire.

Jesse wiggled his eyebrows. "Ready for seconds?"

The five of them were sitting in that kitchen. Chuck and Frazz and Edward and Brian as they listened to Jesse finish the story.

“After that,” he said, “Aaron went to the place on the paper. IGE. We couldn’t afford the entrance fee for all three of us, so Aaron went because it was mostly his credit card we got the cash advance from, and he’s going to get the final treatment and come back here with it.” He shrugged his massive shoulders, only partially hidden under his tank top. He was also wearing a pair of cut-offs split up the outer seam to the waist. There was no other way his thick thighs were going to fit in those pants. And a basket that hinted at his size bulged in mute glory at his crotch. He kept adjusting himself as he told the story. “That was about a week ago, maybe two.” He glanced at Brian, who was sprawled in a kitchen chair, and smiled. “As Brian can attest, we’ve been doing nothing but fucking and being fucked ever since. Something about this stuff just humps the hell out of your libido. There’s no such thing as enough. You can get hard almost at will.”

He walked over to Chuck and Frazz, who were smiling knowingly, and tilted his head. “So I guess you two bums got the treatment, too? Have you already been to IGE? Are you fully charged, so to speak? Is this what I can expect when Aaron comes back?”

Frazz smiled as he looked over at Chuck, who was laughing silently. Chuck stood up and placed his heavy paw on Jesse’s shoulder. “Kid, you ain’t seen the half of it.”

Jesse smiled back. “And you already gave some to Brian and his friend here, I see.” He looked over at Brian. “Dude, you are so fine I’m hard just looking at you. Not that you weren’t beautiful before, but now...”

Brian looked at Frazz and then shrugged. “I don’t know how he’s doing it, but Frazz is responsible, that’s all I know.” Frazz twisted his lips into a frown. “Oh, don’t be coy. You really think I wasn’t noticing? I already knew about Jesse and Joseph’s transformation, so it wasn’t exactly a shock to me when things started to develop. Well, not a complete one. If I’m anything, I’m an egotist. Fuck, man, I look at myself in the mirror at least ten times a day. I know what I look like – looked like. You thought I wouldn’t notice that my dick was bigger? A guy and his dick are best friends. Besides, my dick is a lot bigger. And I noticed you’re bigger since we met, too.” He smiled and leaned over to kiss the chocolate giant. “At least now I can thank you properly.”

Edward was laughing. “Finally! Jesus, Brian, I thought these two would keep this up all night.” He shot a punch at Chuck’s arm. “You’re such a fucking idiot. Every time you had your two heads together, you didn’t notice us comparing our various developments? And why Brian just happened to mention coming here? Brian and I were just playing along to get everything we could out of this. Whatever the hell you were doing to us, we liked it!”

“Why, you little shit!”

“Not so little anymore, I think,” he said, twisting his forearm around and watching his newly grown muscles jump and bulge. “So, what is this Transform and how, exactly are you giving it to us? I don’t remember drinking anything you gave me, and I haven’t eaten anything all night, but I just keep getting bigger and bigger.”

Chuck was shaking his head. “Take all the fun out of my little plans, and you expect me to just spill the beans?” He looked at Jesse. “When’s this Joe getting back? Sounds like a guy I’d like to meet.”

“Any minute. Actually, he went to Wet Bar to look for this guy.” He gestured toward Brian. “I’m sure he’s already... that’s probably him, now.”

The sound of the front door opening was shortly followed by a deep, clear, almost musical baritone announcing, “He’s not there! Some dude said they saw him with some muscle freak and they did a backroom show with a guy named Ted and another black guy and... hello. You must be the muscle freak.”

Chuck stared. His mouth dropped open. Frazz was nearly drooling. Edward, who hadn’t seen Joe before, felt his cock twitch and bulge and his heart skipped a beat. Brian, who had seen Joseph before, merely smiled. Because the guy who walked into the room was not just beautiful, he was perfect.

What Transform did for Joseph was not only accelerate his maturation from boy to man, but also filled in the gaps of what wasn’t there yet. His dick hadn’t been fully developed, so Transform developed a perfect dick. His body was still growing and developing and hadn’t yet settled into its adult form, so Transform filled him out and filled in his gaps and gave him a body that, even under his T-shirt and jeans, looked amazing. Not a bulging mass of muscle, but a perfect collection of fully developed power. His exposed arms almost glowed with it, the fine hairs gleaming like silk, the skin nearly shimmering like liquid metal.

His face was angelic, smooth, sculpted, perfect. He had a shadow of a beard on his face, probably not abnormal for this late hour, and it accentuated the lines of his features. His nose was aquiline, strait as an arrow. His lips were full, moist, sensuous yet masculine. They parted slightly and he smiled, and Chuck wanted to cream right then. This kid was beyond beautiful. He was every man’s wet dream. “Hi,” he said, sticking his hand out towards Chuck, “I’m Joe. And you’re naked.”

Chuck took his hand and felt a shock pass between them. Was the kid giving off Transform? Or was it just the sensual feel of his flesh? Joseph didn’t flinch, he just shook each man’s hand in turn until he reached Brian, who he scanned up and down, said, “you look good enough to eat,” and bent down to gift him with a deep, passionate kiss on the mouth. He straightened and immediately pulled his shirt off, revealing a chiseled torso of

flawless muscularity with a hint of silken hair in all the right places. “So,” he said, his hands unbuttoning his 501’s, “who’s fucking who?”

His voice oozed sex. His movements were sensual, sexual, purely powerful with his innate sense of self and what his body could do and was doing. He looked supernatural, like someone created from the pages of a sketchbook, as if an artist of incredible talent had drawn the picture of perfect male beauty and, like magic, Joseph arose from that page in naked glory, his cock full and firm and ripe, his body bulging and flexing with muscular might, his eyes flashing with desire, his face the very countenance of gorgeous masculine beauty. Chuck could not keep his eyes off the kid.

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Jesse laughed, awaking Chuck from his reverie. “Actually, believe it or not, these naked gentlemen and myself were just about to discover the secret of Transform.”

Joe stopped just short of pushing his jeans off his hips. A wealth of shiny, soft-looking pubic hair was erupting out of his crotch and the thick root of his prick was peeking out. “Really?” He looked at Brian. “I thought you looked... even better than usual.”

Chuck said, “How old is he, again?”

Joe looked over. “ ‘He’ is 16.”

Brian smiled. “And never been kissed.”

Joe smiled back. “Just fucked in the ass a lot.” He wiggled the target in question. His jeans clung to his high, tight buns like a second skin. He left his pants undone but didn’t strip out of them as he planted his butt on the counter by the sink and said, “Please, don’t let me interrupt. Does this mean Aaron finally made it back? Did he give some to Brian? And how come no one’s telling me the names of the other three amazing guys in our kitchen?”

Brian said, “How rude of me. This is Frazz, which is probably some sort of nickname but we’ve been a little busy for pleasantries. The gentlemen with the drool on his chin is Chuck, and the young man to his right is my new best friend – sorry, Jesse – Edward, who has been receiving tutelage from Chuck while I’ve been learning under, and I do mean under, Frazz.” He grinned. “As you noticed, I have been undergoing some sort of agreeable physical makeover this evening, as has my friend Ed. Jesse was just telling our new friends, and me again, all about your transformations and Chuck, apparently, was

going to shed a little more light on the process.” He then shut up, and all eyes turned to Chuck.

He sat up a little and folded his hands together on the table. “Well,” he said, “I can either give you the long version – and I stress it’s very long – or I can just show you.”

Joe piped up. “I think you’re already showing about all there is to show.” He reached inside his jeans. “Not that I mind four naked men in my kitchen, of course.”

“No, in fact, you haven’t.” He was smiling his crooked smile now. “And we’re going to need more room if you want to see it all.”

Jesse’s brow furrowed, but he said, “the living room has a vaulted ceiling if you plan on jumping around a lot.”

“Or flying,” added Joseph. Everyone laughed. Everyone but Chuck and Frazz.

“How high?”

Walking into Jesse's living room, Chuck was struck by how typical it looked. Big screen TV and stereo equipment loaded into a huge wooden monstrosity against one wall, 12-foot couch covered in brushed twill against the opposite, beige carpet, white walls, artsy-fartsy lamps from the 50's, throw pillows thrown here and there and a coffee table with a variety of remotes littered across it. Chuck told the guys to shove the coffee table aside to give him room and then the boys, Jesse, Brian and Edward sat on the couch while Jess's awesomely beautiful brother Joe perched on an arm, straddling it so that his ample basket sat between his legs bulging with its cargo. Edward had a surprised but pleased look on his face, no doubt because Brian's muscled arm was hanging across his shoulder and pulling the guys closer. Frazz wandered next to the couch and hunched to a crouch, his elbows poised on his knees, the power of his thighs swelling and separating, the head of his dick dipping all the way to the carpet.

"Okay, you want the long story, or the shot version. I warn you the long version is pretty fucking long, but very interesting. And it's standard back at IGE that, before you receive the full treatment you get the full story."

"You've got the Transform with you? You're going to give it to us now?" Joseph was practically hopping up and down from the couch's arm.

"I have Transform, and I can give it to you. I can give it all to you, but you should be prepared for what that means." He winked at Frazz whose body was slightly shaking with silent laughter. "Because I might look pretty impressive now, but you're not seeing all that I have to offer."

"What the hell does that mean?" Brian's brow furrowed.

"Well, let's have a little show and tell." He clapped his hands together and rubbed them. "Oh, man, this is going to be something." Chuck meant he couldn't wait to see the four guys in front of him Transformed into the muscled monsters hidden inside them, but the guys just thought he liked telling a story. "Okay, first off, what it is. Transform is a substance developed in a lab to enhance male... everything. Muscle, strength, size, power – everything that defines what a man is. It was developed for the military, which I guess isn't surprising, and the goal was to shoot the stuff into the ass of a group of elite fighter dudes who'd then get big and strong and tough and go kick the shit out of someone else's elite fighter corps. So Transform alters you genetically. Down to the cell. Everything gets remade and improved. Your brain stays more or less the same. In here," he said, tapping his forehead, "I'm the Chuck I always was. But out here," he motioned down his gorgeous array of prime muscled flesh with his thick forest of dark curls and bulging masses of brawn, "I'm all new. It works from the inside out, which explains why you grow so fast."

Jesse nodded. "Yeah, it was fucking amazing!"

"But Brian and I aren't growing fast. How come?"

"Well, Ed, it's a control thing and that's my doing. I had a thing I wanted to do, but anyway what happens when you're Transformed is you're capable of transforming anyone else, in any way you choose, with as much or as little Transform as you elect to give them, or everything all at once. I was giving you constant small doses." He grinned. "Control is the key."

"But everything grows at the same rate? Like, you couldn't just make my dick get huge?"

He considered it, remembering what happened to Sam when he was first changed and how the kid had concentrated the formula on his already impressive cock creating in himself a massively hung dude with an okay but not muscle-bound body. "I guess so, but why would you only do some when you can do it all?" He squeezed his own fat cock and grinned.

"What about the sex part," asked Joe. "Does it only work on gay guys? I've only seen guys doing other guys – not that I object, of course." He grinned at Brian.

"Well now, one thing I'm sure you already know about the male animal is we're sort of oversexed. I mean, physically we need it. And when Transforms pumps up the other male drives and capabilities, it also pumps up that one. So now you have this elite group of super soldiers, all male, out there in the field for a while and they're super strong, super big, super bad and super horny. So what do you do? You need them to concentrate on the goal, not the cock. So someone made the call that in addition to everything else Transform does, it also turns you gay, assuming you weren't already.

"Yeah, I know, I know, that sounds so not military what with the Don't Ask, Don't Fuck thing, but when you think about it, it makes sense. You're already turning these guys into something else, and you have to believe these guys are dedicated to the cause or they wouldn't do it. But whatever, the point is that they thought they'd get better duty if the guy's only had eyes for each other.

"That's bullshit. How do you turn someone gay? You don't 'turn gay.' You are gay or you aren't." Brian seemed angry about this.

Chuck arched a brow and shrugged. "I'm not the cook. But I can tell you that I was straight before I was Transformed. Or maybe I was bi and never admitted it. Maybe we all are. Maybe they wouldn't turn gay but they wouldn't be turned off either. How the hell should I know? I'm just repeating what I was told."

"Shut the fuck up, Brian, and let him get on with this!" Joe was anxious, that was for sure.

Chuck smiled at Joe. “Thanks. So anyway, my friend Todd was the first human test subject. They’d never injected the shit into anyone, and they picked his ass for the first one. He was given the lowdown on what to expect and he goes home and falls asleep and the next day he wakes up and looks... a lot like you guys.

“I should probably mention that he was a 30-year-old loser who never worked out and spent most of his time watching TV with me.”

“Why did you hang out with some old dude like that?”

Chuck laughed slightly. “Because I’m an old dude like that.”

“Fuck,” concluded Edward.

“Exactly what I imagine Todd said when he woke up and looked at himself. The process took a few hours but it changed him so dramatically that he almost looked like another man, or at least a newer, better version of himself. So I show up at his door that morning, like usual, and he opens it and I see this guy with bulging muscles and long hair and smooth, tanned skin and... I mentioned I was straight, right? Well, I see this guy and get a whiff of him and I’m, like, hard as a rock. I am gone. I want nothing more than to stick my lips on his and kiss him to fucking death. He is beautiful... but he’s still Todd. Even he can’t believe what’s happened.

“The next thing I know some doctor shows up and wants to take measurements, to see how well the shit worked. Meanwhile, I’m sitting on the couch trying to contain myself as Todd whips off his towel and displays about the biggest dick I’d ever seen and an ass so high and tight you could bounce quarters off it and, well, everything just looks exactly right on this guy. So he starts posing, pumping up his new muscle, letting the doc take a look and then he goes, ‘oh, and my hard-on this morning was a yard high,’ and I’m like, ‘right, Todd,’ and he’s like, ‘no shit, I could lick the head without bending over’ and then the doctor goes, ‘prove it,’ and he just... gets a huge fucking woody in his living room. And I mean huge.”

“How big?”

“Well, it wasn’t three feet high, but it was huge, and I’m about to pop my cork over this and even I don’t know why. I’ve never been so turned on by anything, but especially another guy, but he seemed like some super sexed thing that I couldn’t deny. So huge and powerful and incredibly hot! So he starts stroking himself and I have to pull my little guy out and suddenly he’s spouting this thick stream of cream out his prick and the doctor decides to dump the shit on me!”

“What?” Jesse leaned forward disbelieving. Frazz just started laughing again.

Chuck nodded. “Swear to fucking god, the little guy scoops it up and dumps it on me because it turns out that, well, that Todd’s spunk now had the Transform in it.”



“No. Fucking. Way.”

“So I start getting really hot and... well, you’ve all felt it to some degree. And you’ve all experienced it. I started growing. I split my jeans open, my shirt was torn from my body, I grew and grew and suddenly there were two Transformed men standing there instead of one. Two huge muscle freaks naked as the day we were born but looking about 1,000 times better.”

Chuck went on to explain how they ended up at the lab, and what happened there. How the growth continued to manifest and progress, how they found out that their bodies would automatically adjust and develop to handle increasing amounts of weight and stress, how they became ultra flexible. The guys on the couch became increasingly aroused during the lecture even though Chuck was keeping the male scent in check. But dicks were stretching and hands were stroking off and on during most of the time he was talking.

“Then, something really weird happened.”

“Weirder than everything else?” Jesse couldn’t believe the story so far, how could it get weirder?

“Well, everything else was sort of planned, you know? Maybe not to the extent that it was happening, but the growth and the super sexed stuff and my body becoming more powerful and capable were all built in. But the next thing wasn’t.”

“What happened?”

“Todd accidentally discovered this thing.”

“What thing? Jesus, Chuck, quit teasing us!”

“Oh, okay. This thing. Um, Frazz could you come stand next to me?”

“Sure.” The dark-skinned man’s baritone rumbled across the room as he easily came to his full height and strode to where Chuck was. Other than the clear difference in their appearance, he was a few inches taller than his friend and a few inches broader as well. Physically, there could be no mistaking who was bigger in every way. They may both have been extraordinarily handsome and obviously powerful men, but Frazz could clearly be expected to overpower Chuck in any fight.

Then Chuck started to expand. To grow wider and taller. His dick extended and thickened. His neck bulged, his shoulders swelled, his chest expanded, his legs extended. The hair on his body began to disappear, as his skin grew darker and darker. Slowly before their astonished eyes, Chuck became Frazz. He assumed the form of his black-skinned friend, inch for inch, muscle for muscle, dick for dick. And in a matter of

moments, two Frazzes stood before them. They had the same face, the same smile, the same eyes. Then they kissed each other, and reached down their hands to stroke the mammoth cocks hanging between their legs.

“Holy fuck!”

“That’s... that’s...” Edward was lost for words.

Then Frazz started to change, even as they kissed. With his mouth pressed to Chuck’s, his body started to morph. His skin lightened. Dark waves of hair curled from his head. A sheen of shining black fur filled in the crevasses between his chest muscles, down his legs and forearms, a thick coat curling above his prick. His body condensed, his shoulders compacting, his muscles growing sleeker, tighter, harder, until Frazz was kissing Chuck again – only Chuck was Frazz and Frazz was Chuck. They broke off their kiss and looked at the boys.

When Chuck spoke again, he even sounded like Frazz. “So, how you like me now?”

“You can become each other?”

Chuck smiled. “Not precisely.” Then he started to change again, this time into a man none of them had seen before. Chuck morphed into one of his other disguises. His dark skin lightened again to a golden tan, the muscles of his body shrunk and tightened, becoming so clearly defined under his copper skin that he looked like he had almost no skin at all. A long cascade of golden blonde hair erupted from his head and hung across his thick shoulders. His eyes became an intense blue and his face altered into one of youthful beauty. He stood much shorter than Frazz now, maybe even shorter than Edward. An “average” guy with muscle to spare. A smooth, hairless body that looked like it had been training in a gym for years, and trained hard. Even his prick wasn’t abnormally huge. “I can be anyone I want to be. Look any way I want to. Be bigger or smaller. I have total control.”

Then he started morphing back to the Chuck they were more familiar with, and Frazz turned back too. “Control, guys, is the biggest advantage of Transform. You have control over your body and all its features and capabilities. Transform breaks down all your limitations and eliminates them completely. You can be anyone, do anything, be as strong as you need to be, as tall as you want to be, as big as... well, as big as me.” He looked at the ceiling and asked, “How tall did you say the room was?”

Jesse said, “Fifteen feet, I think.”

“I haven’t actually measured myself in a while. I think I’ll fit.” He glanced at Frazz. “What d’you think?” Frazz gazed upwards, and all eyes in the room followed his gaze toward the exposed-beam ceiling.

“No fucking way.”

“You say that a lot, Jesse,” observed Frazz, who was grinning.

“What are you saying?” the younger brother asked. Joseph had hopped off the couch and stood on his feet, gaping at the ceiling. “You’re... you’re that tall? How... how can anyone... how can...?”

Chuck shrugged. “I dunno,” he answered, “I just am.” And then he started to grow again, this time assuming his natural state of ultimate size and beauty.

His body started expanding upward and outward, his limbs stretching by the inch, his shoulders widening, his chest building upon its already impressive dimensions again and again. The muscle unfolded, bulged, flexed and swelled. Thick, fat cables of power that stretched long and swelled and split and swelled again. He kept his face looking up as he approached the ceiling, measuring the distance as he approached it, as he felt himself growing taller and broader and bigger by the second.

And as his power and beauty was revealed, as it became increasingly apparent that what Jesse and Joe witnessed on the tape was only a hint of what was possible, only a whisper of the true power contained in the men who were fully Transformed, they found themselves growing hard and thick, their dicks reacting to what their eyes saw. As Chuck grew, he kept a leash on everything but his size. He wasn’t releasing any male scent, he kept his twin prick hidden, all he did was allow himself to grow into the man he was now, the towering mass of super-dense and super-powered muscle.

But his face resumed its state of awesome physical perfection, and when at last he had regained his full 14-feet and 9-inches and looked down, a flood of cum shot from the boy’s pricks all at once just to see such a thing. Such a man. So much of him.

Edward and Brian were already naked, so they simply grabbed hold and let fly, simply overcome. Joe finally pulled his dick out of his pants and it shot hard and full and thick. It was a tool of such beauty and perfection that seeing it was like knowing what god meant when he designed the cock. He’d been gifted with a prick of thick and lengthy wonder that shot its load so strong that you could hear him cum. Jesse, too, had a large member, already partially augmented by Transform so it was large and fat, and when he came it stretched itself another inch all the sudden and sprayed like a fountain.

“Well,” he said softly, masking the power of his voice to make men release another flood of salty sex, “thanks!” He looked down at himself, his hands traveling over his rippled contours, the bulging masses of his chest, the tight cobblestone street on his belly, the length and girth of his monster cock and he sighed contentedly. “Sometimes I forget how good this feels.”

He squatted down to their level and smiled. “This is who I am now,” he said. “This is what you can be.”

His shoulders blocked the entertainment center from view. His chest was a striated roadmap of power, each fiber of his muscles clearly defined beneath his smooth, glowing flesh. His skin seemed to shimmer slightly as he moved. The black fur that spread across his mammoth globes of power was thick and soft, a dark forest begging to be touched. Huge nipples poked up through the curls, as wide around as a beer can, with perfect caps you needed to suck on. When he bent his arm to rub his chin, the bicep swelled so huge it was unbelievable. Larger than a football, larger than a basketball, a swollen globe of muscle that split along the head and swelled larger still.

Chuck sprawled his legs out of the room toward the hallway. His giant dick, thick as an arm and looking at least two feet long, lolled across the fat fibers of muscle on his thigh. The muscles firmed and relaxed, bunching and stretching and illustrating their power with every move of his body. His cock was so big it looked like a live thing grown from between his legs, a heavy, luscious burden of sexual capacity so voluptuous and beautiful that it seemed to give off a heat of its own.

He leaned on his side and propped his head on his hand, his elbow on the carpet. The bicep of that arm swelled outward from the bend as if it wanted to burst free of his skin completely. As he breathed, the boys watched the round, hard muscles bunched along his tight, thin waist swell and recede. He lay on the carpet stretched his full height, the width of his body towering six or seven feet high. "This," he said, "is part of what Transform will do to you."

"Fuck me," whispered Brian.

"Later," said Chuck. Frazz chuckled a deep rumble and said, "Show off."

"What's stopping you?"

"There's no more room, dumbass. Your bulk is taking up the whole fucking place!"

Chuck stroked his mammoth dick and said, "My bulk isn't that big." Frazz chuckled again.

"Jesus, Chuck. I mean, Jesus!"

He nodded. "Impressive, ain't I? And we still haven't got to all of it, yet."

"More? More than this? Than that?" Joe was pointing at the giant prick lounging across Chuck's leg.

"Well, now that you mention it." Then he allowed the twin out for air. The guys seemed to stop breathing as they watched another fat, broad, luscious prick emerge from the thick midnight curls at Chuck's groin. It swelled and lengthened and lay itself against its brother, writhing and twisting as it grew until both monsters lay exposed and perfect.

Joe came out of it first and said, simply, “Holy cow.”

Chuck grinned and moved to the next disclosure. “There’s more,” he said. And he reached his hand out toward Joseph and touched his fingers to the boy’s cheek and sent him a full dose of the Touch through their connection. Joe swooned and buckled and came again, his perfect dick instantly hard and pumping another load from his juiced up body. Jesse looked concerned and started to stop whatever Chuck was doing to his brother, but Frazz reached him first and gave him the same treatment, touching Jesse’s shoulder with his hand and he, too, was overcome and shooting his load, his whole body made a prick in that instant, coated with sexual bliss so intense that there was no escape. Brian and Edward looked at each other and both looked like they were about to complain when Frazz touched Brian and Chuck touched Edward and they got to taste paradise.

Through their haze of erotic ecstasy, Chuck said, “We call that the Touch. Just another little added extra. And when you’re sufficiently recovered from that, I’ll give you a sample of Male Scent, which I think Brian and Edward might be somewhat familiar with, but not at full potency.”

Jesse was catching his breath. “Wai... wait a sec. Just, just hold off, please. I’m not sure I can take any more.”

“But we’re just getting started, Jess. And you wouldn’t want to meet up with your pal Aaron unprepared, would you?”

“Oh, god, Aaron! I forgot about... you mean he’s... of course he is. He’s probably already Transformed! Jesus, Aaron looks like... he’s got two... Jesus!” He started trying to imagine his lover fully Transformed, his tight athletic body, those beautiful eyes of his, the blonde surfer hair. And all at once it became totally clear to him. “I want it,” he said simply.

Chuck shrugged. “Of course you do.”

They reassembled in the back yard. Chuck reduced himself to a more manageable size given their location, but he still stood well over seven feet high. It was after midnight. Jesse suggested they leave the lights off, but there was a full moon in the sky bathing the yard in ghostly blue-white light and they could see each other quite clearly – except for Frazz whose chocolate skin faded into the darkness.

The yard was very large and extended behind the house into what appeared to be a wooded area, but Joe explained that their neighbors were on the other side of those woods, probably 50 yards away. The trees would likely shield what was happening from curious eyes, but turning on the lights would certainly draw someone's attention. Brian objected to the darkness and Edward agreed, saying they "really enjoyed" watching Chuck transform and they didn't want to miss a thing.

"Look," said Chuck, his deep baritone soft but powerful in the moonlit yard, "we do this now or we don't do this. I'm not fond of lengthy explanations to members of organized military forces, and I have the feeling that we'd be of interest to more than just the National Enquirer and certain muscle growth email groups I can think of."

The four semi-transformed youths stood opposite the two fully-transformed supermen on the dewy grass. A soft, cool breeze caressed their naked bodies. "We can do this one at a time, or all at once," advised Chuck. "One at a time is more fun, because you get to watch without being overwhelmed by what's happening to you. Being Transformed is like... well, it's like..."

"It's like the best, most perfect, most powerful orgasm you've ever felt, and it lasts for minutes, and you're cumming the whole time." When Frazz finished, they could see his toothy smile in the darkness.

"Shit." It was Edward's voice. His tone was filled with awe.

Chuck said, "I believe we have a volunteer." And he held out his hand to his protégé. Edward stepped forward placing his smaller hand inside Chuck's meaty paw. The others from a semi-circle to watch the show. Chuck wrapped his heavy, muscled arms around the young man's slimmer form. He dipped his mouth to Edward's ear and whispered, "I'm going to do this slowly. Very slowly. You'll feel it all happening to the depth of your soul. I want to feel you growing, Ed. I want to feel your muscles expand and your body swelling with power. I want to pump you..."

"Are you going to give a lecture or fucking get on with this?" Frazz was grinning as he said it, but Chuck could see he was speaking for everyone.

"All right," he said aloud. "Here we go."

He pressed his hugeness to Edward's sleek body, his arms still embracing the teenager, and slowly, slightly, he started to feed him Transform. Where their skin touched, Edward felt a sudden warmth stronger than the heat their naked bodies shared. Chuck accompanied the transformation with a steady hum of the Touch, so that the heat felt very good, sensually satisfying, sexually exciting.

His mouth was at Edward's ear again, and as he transformed him, his deep, soft voice echoed in Edward's head.

"Your whole body feels good. Better than you've ever felt, better than you dreamed it could feel. My body, my muscles, are feeding yours. You can feel it spreading now, branching out from your chest into your arms, down to your fingers. Now it sinks into your belly, the tight power there swells softly, you can feel it, can't you? You can feel the power I'm giving you.

"Now it's draining into your crotch. You feel the heat of me, my strength and size flowing into your prick. You can feel yourself growing heavy there. Feel it? Just... there. All through your thick and meaty shaft. Heavier and heavier. All the way down, down and down and into the head of your dick, it fills it up, it makes you swell outward, makes you feel so good, the heat and weight of it." Edward felt Chuck's hand move across his body, move down onto his cock, resting there against him. He could feel himself growing against Chuck's hand, swelling against him, expanding and drooping. "Now it flows into your balls. You can feel your balls, both of them, you can feel each one growing distinctly warm, and so, so good. Your balls are filling up and bulging with my strength, my power, my potency. I'm filling your balls with it, with hot sweet cream, it pours into your balls and feels so good.

"It's so powerful, so full, that it flows out of your balls and down your legs, and now your thighs swell outward. You can feel them, now, growing thick with new muscle. You feel them burn with it, almost vibrating with strength, and then all the way down onto your calves, and also up and around, onto your ass. Your sweet, fine ass." Chuck pressed himself closer to Edward's body, moving the thick tubes of his marvelous pricks between Edward's ass cheeks and allowed his muscled cocks to squirm and writhe against Edward's developing ass. "Can you feel me?" Edward nodded. "Can you feel my strength? My size? My power?" Edward shuddered and gasped, hardly able to breathe against the flood of pleasure and brawn. "I give it to you, Edward.

"Now."

Then Edward began to swell. His body, his muscles, grew suddenly huge, bulging beneath his skin and growing heavy and thick and hard. "You're twice as strong as you were, Edward. Can you feel that? Can you feel your body growing, each muscle swelling, your dick lengthening, growing fat and heavy?" Edward leaned his head back against Chuck's shoulder as his chest swelled outward. The muscular cables thickened, multiplied, tightened and grew. "Your chest is huge, Edward. It weighs against you, a

heavy thickness filled with power. Your nipples swell and tingle. You can feel them wanting touch, wanting to be sucked and nibbled.”

Chuck moved the hand not on Edward’s dick onto his chest. Its growth redoubled as he flooded it with Transform, as Edward’s genetic essence altered, as his body accepted the growth and wanted more, much more, all it could get. Chuck touched his fingertip to the brown, hard nub of the nipple and a shock of intense sexual gratification ran like lightning through Edward’s growing body.

“You’re eight feet tall, Edward. Open your eyes and look, look down at your friends, watch them shrink from you as you become more and more, better and better, stronger and stronger and stronger.” Edward opened his eyes and cast his gaze across the yard. It was true! There was Brian and Jesse and Joe standing there. Standing there looking up at him. He could see his chest growing as he gazed down, see it swelling outward by the inch, feel the muscle growing, burning with it, shining with it, swelling larger and larger. He felt giddy, almost drowning in the feeling of growth and power and sexual pleasure that cascaded through him, through every cell, through his skin and bones.

Chuck squeezed Edward’s prick and said, “Now I give you another. I give you another sweet thick cock. I give you another fat prick to hang heavily between your legs. There. You can feel it begin.”

And he could. He felt it. A slight pressure at his groin as if someone was poking against his skin, a slight pressure that built upon itself to a bright, sharp pleasure and heat and then, just as suddenly, he was aware of his second dick. He could feel the cool night air on it as it swelled and lengthened and drooped. It was huge! So big, growing from nothing until it hung next to its twin and they both continued to grow.

He reached down toward it, toward himself, and he felt the second change to his sex tools happening, he felt the control manifest, felt that he wanted to touch his hand to his dicks and they responded by reaching up toward his hand and caressing themselves against his touch, his new dick and his old, huge dick both reacting to his call, doing what he asked, twisting and curling their smooth, silky skin against his hand.

“Here it comes, Edward.” He was called back from his sexual reverie by Chuck’s voice in his ear. “Here it comes,” he repeated. “All of me. I give it all to you, now. All of it. Here it comes.”

Edward gasped. He could feel the flood of power and bliss suddenly swell into something so overwhelming, so uncontrollable that he was afraid he would explode from it, that his muscles would swell outside his skin, that his body was going to grow so powerful that he couldn’t control it. Everything was bulging and flexing and growing bigger and faster and stronger than ever.

The others watched as Edward’s massive form seemed to be twice as large in seconds. Bigger and bigger, out of Chuck’s embrace, and his face became beautiful, searingly so.



He cried out with a thunderous rumble, his voice filled with strength and sensual power and the men on the lawn trembled with awe as he was unleashed, as the ultimate power of his transformed body was made real before them and he stood, at last, 16 feet tall and overwhelmed with muscular size and power and masculine beauty.

He stood there and looked down at them, Edward was fully Transformed, a gigantic mass of perfect male power.

“Well,” said Chuck, “who’s next?”

Maybe it was fate, maybe just a coincidence, but Aaron arrived at the IGE compound on the same day that David and Blake arrived with Bobby. Aaron arrived by the usual method, however, and got the usual over-friendly and slightly brazen greeting by the Greeting Squad, Justin and Reggie, who were, also as usual, quite taken by the bulky surfer.

“Dude! Welcome to IGE!” Reggie clapped him on the back and then kissed his lips, nibbling slightly before parting. “My, you are fine like wine!”

“Thanks.” Aaron scanned the two naked men and their collection of sculpted muscular power. They stood only seven and a half feet high, less than half their normal size, but they still overshadowed him. “I’m Aaron.”

“We’ve been expecting you! You’re very lucky. We aren’t sending out any more packages. You’re the last to arrive.”

“Why’s that?” He couldn’t help feeling himself getting randy. The sun shone off the naked skin before him, making it shine and shimmer like liquid copper. Their muscles bulged larger than any he’d seen, and they had a delightful scent to them that reached down to his balls and made them itch.

Justin shrugged. “Some of the guys got a little bored and left. They’ve been sending us back the most delightful visitors, but I think it has certain parties rather... upset.” He arched a brow, looking toward Aaron’s cramped shorts. “You’re looking a little over stimulated yourself.”

Aaron grinned as he reached down and rubbed his thumb along the length of his augmented tool, eyeing the colossal chests before him, each composed of fat, firm mounds of powerful muscle. “It must be the beautiful scenery. I’ve always been a sucker for a mountain view.” A shadow passed across the ground suddenly, followed by another and when Aaron looked up, the wind went out of his sails because what he saw was impossible. “Holy fuck.”

Justin followed his gaze into the sky and shaded his eyes to see what was going on. Then he made a clicking sound with his tongue and nudged Reggie, saying, “Clearly someone needs a refresher on protocol.”

Reggie nodded a silent agreement as three naked men, each one nine feet tall and broadly muscled with fat wedges of brawn glistening in the light, deftly touched down on the broad lawn leading from the dock to the compound. “Well, there’s one less secret for you Aaron. And you can thank David, Blake and, um, who is that delicious looking young man with them, Justin?”

“I don’t recognize him, but since we’re the Greeting Squad, should we introduce ourselves?”

“Mm hmm. Aaron? Are you coming?”

“He does appear to be,” observed Justin. And he was. All over his shorts.

Two of the three waved toward where Aaron and the Greeting Squad stood and were on their way over before Aaron had a chance to recover. The four old friends embraced and kissed in greeting and then Blake hung his arm across the broad shoulders of their guest and said, “Gentlemen, this is Bobby. Bobby, may I present the Greeting Squad, and who I presume is our newest inductee..?”

“Aaron,” said Aaron softly, looking up at these new and even more amazing looking guys. He thought his pumped up new body was something with his extra foot in height and extra pounds of muscle, but these guys were huge! Fantastic! And... and they flew!

And Bobby made him feel like he was cumming all over again. He was truly beautiful, almost too beautiful to look at. He reached his hand forward with a tentative nature that seemed in opposition with his overwhelming size, muscularity and physical beauty, but Aaron accepted his grip and said, “Hi.”

“Hi,” he answered, and his voice passed through Aaron’s whole body, shaking his bones and making him feel extremely good.

“Oops,” said David, a gargantuan muscle monster with platinum hair cut in a flat top. He smiled wide and bright and stifled a laugh. “Bobby, you need to tone that down until Aaron’s had a chance to get adjusted. Even I felt that one.”

Bobby looked abashed. All these weird emotions playing over his handsome face made it appear that he was younger than his shadowed face would indicate, but then Aaron suddenly noticed that they all looked the exact same age, somewhere between 19 and 21. Just like him.

“If you guys give away any more of our secrets I shall have to start issuing spankings, and don’t you give me that look David!”

“But I like spankings.”

“I know.” They both grinned rather evilly.

“Aaron,” said Reggie, “why don’t we get you somewhere a little... less overheated where you can cool down and collect yourself. I know this can be all rather overwhelming. And we try not to upset our guests so soon after arrival.” He pointed this last statement at the three taller men. Blake and David both mumbled apologies and Bobby actually blushed!

Bobby, who looked like he could fucking wrestle a speeding train to the ground with his bare hands.

“Do you know where Michael is, Reg? I need to see him about... our friend here and some new developments.”

“Really! Really?” He looked more carefully at Bobby, and waggled his eyebrows.  
“Really.” After a more careful scanning along Bobby’s impressive dimensions, he said, “I think I saw him and Carlos going into the main building with Jerry and Kevin for the formal, um, ceremonies.”

“Jerry and Kevin?”

“Oh, yes, you’ve been AWOL, haven’t you, you naughty boy? Well, Jerry is another scientist who, rumor has it, helped Carlos develop the miraculous little gift we all share and Kevin is his very delightful and, may I add, talented assistant who has also been through the initial stages.”

“Nice?”

“Beautiful.”

“Sounds like someone I need to meet.”

“Knowing you, Blake, that won’t take very long.”

Carlos had been explaining to Jerry about the Trigger Effect, as he termed it. Jerry and Kevin stood before him as he spoke, and he was just telling Kevin that his transformation shouldn’t have happened, and trying to reason out why it did.

“A fully transformed man has total control over the transforming capability, just as they have total control over every other physical aspect of their new bodies. You would not have been transformed unless, or until, someone was authorized to do so.”

“Okay, but if I was transformed by Jerry, and Jerry shouldn’t have even been able to do that...”

Carlos nodded. “Good point. It shouldn’t have mattered. Unless... Jerry, you haven’t been among our happy little group, have you? You and I have been talking the whole time Kevin was out meeting and greeting.” A light dawned. “You’re the trigger!”

“Me?”

“Your body must have been able to alter the formula, reintroducing the transforming capabilities into it. So you were able to transform Kevin with an augmented version of the serum, which he accepted and added to and gave back to you. Kevin isn’t the trigger... you are.”

Carlos was smiling as he said it, but Kevin felt a chill run through his body as he realized the significance of what had just been said. It made perfect sense to him, knowing what he knew, that what had happened to him was a happy accident and that they’d been lucky, the two of them, that they hadn’t decided to act on the strong impulses coursing through their super-masculine systems every time they so much as glanced at the next likely candidate for this process, or whatever it was.

It was starting to sound less like a mutation, an admittedly positive one but a genetic mutation nonetheless, and more like a virus. He could feel the hunger inside him even now, the drive toward fucking again and again, to finding another man to caress and kiss and plug into. It felt primal and deep, this desire, much stronger and built of a hunger more powerful than any sexual drive he’d previously felt. His skin tingled with need, his prick felt heavy, hot and hard, gaining strength and size even as he only considered this.

He realized that his hand had found its way to his burgeoning prick without his direction. His fingertips slowly caressed the sensitive skin, felt the flesh stretching to hold in all that he had down there, now. The head was blooming like a rose, drizzling a thick drop of precum that gathered upon itself and fell against his muscled thigh. Its warmth was like a kiss against his skin, and when he raised his eyes again he found Carlos’s gaze on him, and that smile still there.

The man’s silken thunder of a voice said, “Yes, it’s pretty fucking hard keeping your head on straight, isn’t it? But you’ll get the hang of it. The great thing for you – for all of us really – is that this place exists. You don’t have to hold yourself back here, Kevin. As I’m sure you’ve already discovered.”

“I still can’t believe this is happening,” he answered, the awe evident in his voice. “I even understand how it can be so, and I still can’t fucking believe it.”

Carlos nodded. “I’ve been transformed for about three months, and I’m still adjusting. I’m adjusting everyday. One time I’m sitting around musing about the way this process works, trying to figure out why it keeps morphing and how far it can go, how far we can go, and the next I find myself ass fucking Todd into next Thursday, releasing a cloud of male sex scent, passing my sensual touch to him and receiving his in return, feeling my pleasure centers pushed past the legal limit and flooding his perfect tight butt with another endless tide of cum, barely keeping my head above the flood of utter orgasmic joy my body delivers to me.”

He raised his arm, sending the bicep into paroxysms of unbelievable growth, each fiber of muscle swelling and expanding bigger and bigger until it looked like the melon of his muscle would push through his copper skin, and he rested his hand upon it feeling his

own immense and seemingly unstoppable power. “And this... the strength and power, all of that inside me just waiting for me to unleash it, rip free the chains I keep around my own muscles and allow them to swell and grow, huge masses of bulging power everywhere,” he said, pausing, and his chest began to swell to match the obscene size of his arm, then his shoulders, too, were magically developing, swelling with muscle upon muscle, tendons and fibers that grew and stretched toward his bulging neck.

His thighs became engorged, his calves flared, his whole body was growing by the inch with more and more and more muscle. The power of his body seemed to be emanating from him like a heat in the large room. Kevin felt the man’s overwhelming power, the utter masculinity his form contained, and found his balls swelling with seed as if in response. His own body was reacting to the mere presence of Carlos in the room, to the show of male power, the ultimate expression of masculine strength and beauty and he wanted it, he could feel the hunger, the desire, burning inside him.

Carlos, in his muscular glory, shifted his gaze to Lassiter. “You realize the potential of this, don’t you?”

“I’m not sure I can fully comprehend it yet, Carlos. It’s a lot to accept suddenly, even given what I’ve witnessed and felt in my own body. It’s... it’s unbelievable!”

The Latin god nodded. “I completely understand, but now it’s bigger than either of us ever imagined. Its power is overwhelming, its hunger seems limitless and its capabilities seem to be testing the very boundaries of human reality. We have become something new, something different...”

“Something better,” said Kevin.

“Possibly,” agreed Carlos, “but that’s a matter of opinion. For you and me, yes, we’re obviously better than we were and happier this way. But we have to be careful. The hunger of this is, as I said, voracious. It would be biological disaster to unleash it uncontrolled on the human race.”

Lassiter was nodding, he was still a scientist under all that perfected muscle. “Not to mention the danger we would be in if the government finds out this actually worked... and worked so fucking well.” He walked toward Carlos and placed his hand on the other man’s thick and powerful shoulder. “What’s next, old friend?”

“Next?” He smiled. Gorgeous. “Next you meet Michael, and we learn what you’re bringing to the mix.”

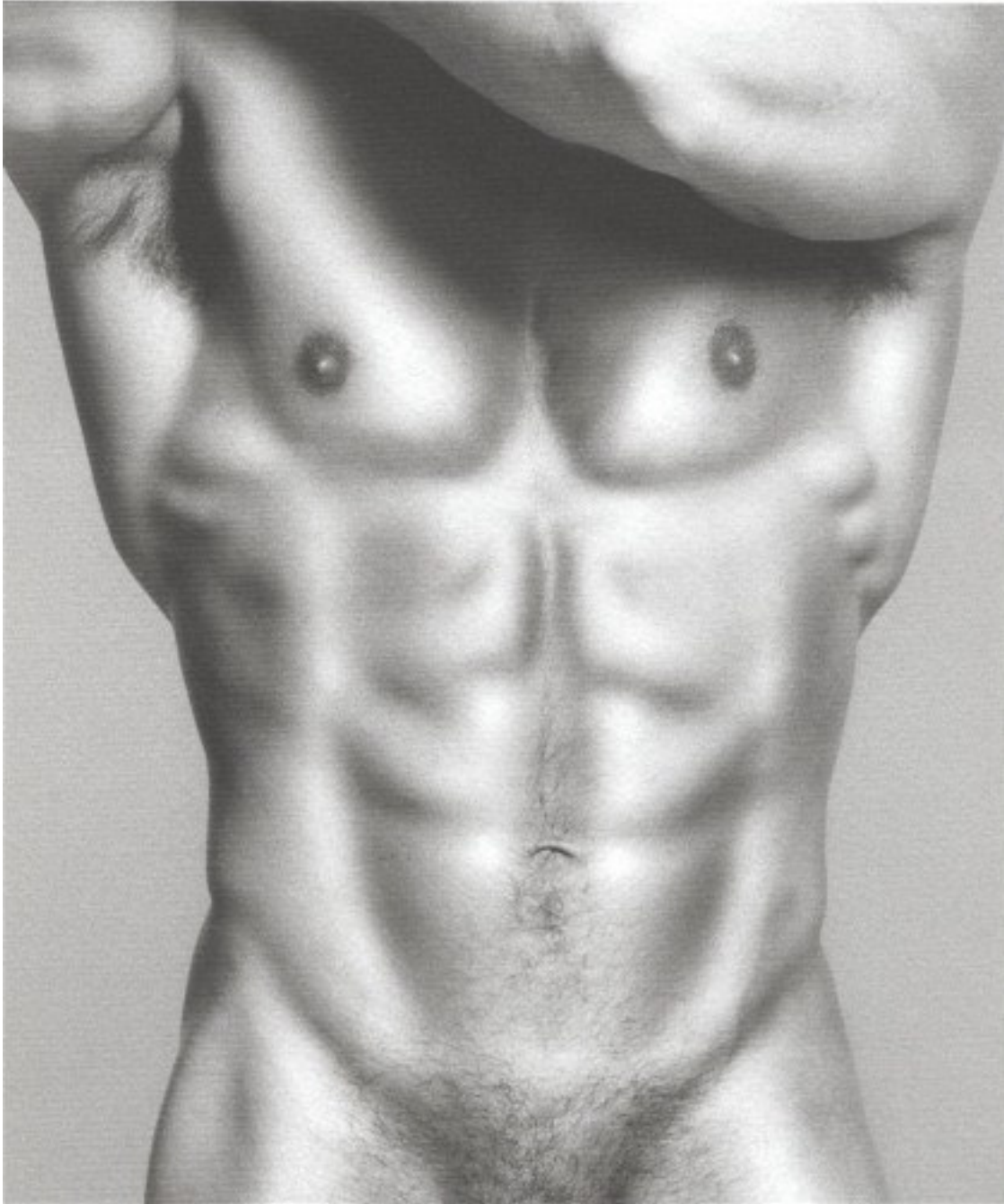
When Michael walked in the room, Kevin felt a perceptive change in the sexual atmosphere. The man was, to put it mildly, the most beautiful man that Kevin had ever seen. He walked with a surety and self-confidence that was palpable. His body moved

with innate control and a deep sensuality that seemed to flow outward from him and touch Kevin from across the room. When his eyes met yours, you started melting inside. The muscles of his perfected form were just that – perfect. Each bulging mass, each defined fiber, every inch of his massive muscular form was etched with perfection, sculpted in flawless and incredible beauty. He had a flowing mane of thick, shining hair that shimmered like spun metal. His face was breathtaking, and if this was the sort of masculine power and beauty that awaited Kevin after a full transformation, he couldn't wait.

He'd seen plenty men around the IGE campus, and he thought they were all amazing and beautiful. But there was something indefinable about Michael that set him a step above all the others. What it was, precisely, he couldn't say. But the nearer the man came, the more he wanted to start fucking everything. There was simply no one like him.

“Hello Dr. Lassiter. I'm so happy you've come to join us.” He turned his laser-sharp gaze on Kevin and smiled, his face becoming even more impossibly beautiful. “And you must be Kevin.” Michael approached and placed his hand on Kevin's cheek, pulling him into a kiss. Kevin felt like his body caught fire. “I've heard nothing but great things about you, Kev. I can't wait to get to know you much better.”

Kevin gulped at the significance of the simple statement. He was feeling performance anxiety just looking at the guy. “The sooner the better,” he managed to say, and Michael's resulting laugh filled his soul with light.



31

“How’s it feel, Ed?” Brian came forward to stand below the colossal young man. Everywhere he looked he saw muscle. Every inch was a sleek, bulging display of beautiful perfected masculine power. Transform was well named, he thought. He stood



just over six feet high, so he came up to just above Edward's knee. Looking up slightly and to his right, Ed's two mammoth pricks were hanging fat and thick and luscious.

What Edward had become was super masculine. He lived up to Chuck's expectations and then some. His body had a fine thick coat of dark shining curls. They erupted thickly above his twin monsters and spread across his gigantic chest. His armpits were thick with a dark matting of hair and it covered his legs and arms like silky fur. His face was chiseled, losing almost all of the slight boy he had been, replaced by something strongly masculine and almost angular. His eyes were a dark brown, and in the shadowed evening they looked black.

From his head hung thick masses of more dark waves. He had some Italian blood in him, that was for sure. And it erased whatever his genes had decided for him with the Transformation, making him over into about the most masculine man Brian ever saw. He was reborn as a muscled mountain of hairy beauty, but his face still showed evidence that he was Edward inside, still slightly uneasy but growing used to what he was now, learning the extent of his new powers as he looked down at himself.

Edward's next utterance made the guys instantly hard and moaning with bliss. Brian gasped and fell to his knees, fountaining a load of rich, hot cream as if he'd been sucked off for twenty minutes. "Amazing," Edward answered softly.

Chuck laughed, swelling himself to Ed's height and placing his huge hands on the younger man's shoulders. "Ed, baby, you gotta be more careful with your voice. You control a very powerful instrument," he said, glancing down, "as you can see. Your voice can make any man not fully Transformed instantly gratified. You might make them so orgasmically happy just speaking their name that they'll faint dead away with a smile on their face and their balls churning out so much cum they'll dry out. You have the control. Can you feel it?"

Ed just nodded.

"Don't be afraid of it. It's yours. Now haul it back in and tell Brian how you feel."

Edward took a breath and looked down at his friend. Brian was breathing hard, gasping in breaths, his body still partially overcome from Ed's unintentional sexual onslaught. "Sorry," he said.

Brian nodded and smiled up at him. "S'okay. I liked it!"

"You want me to do it again?"

"Not just yet, I don't think my balls are ready."

Edward smiled then, and Brian felt like he could start pumping all over again. Edward's new perfected beauty was, like Ed had said, amazing. "It feels like nothing I could have

imagined. I can feel the power, the strength of my body. And it's mine! All mine. This muscle, the size of it, the strength. I feel heavy and at the same time... not." He looked at Chuck. "Can I... do I have the power to...?"

"You have it all, Ed. You can do anything you want."

Edward looked at Brian. Then he started to shrink, closing up like a telescope, all his masses of muscle condensing thicker and firmer and harder until he stood a head taller than Brian, this time as a muscular hulk, his naked form bulging with obvious and overwhelming strength. The two broad hemispheres of his chest heaved as he breathed, rounded globes of absolute supremacy. His arms were loaded with long, thick salamis of muscle, smooth bulging masses overlaid with networks of veins keeping their hunger for strength and size fed. His tight, rippled belly displayed an 8-pack of even muscular bulges leading down past his narrow hips to a groin forested with a black softness of curls spreading thick and wide. From this glistening dark jungle hung his two colossal cocks, each one fat and long and aching to be caressed and fondled.

Ed's thighs bulged thick and hard, each wedge of power cut with cables of muscle that flexed and grew as he moved.

Brian brought his eyes up to look at Ed's face, and he felt his heart skip a beat. It was still Edward, still the guy from school, but now he was beautiful, gorgeous, a sculpted perfection of the boy he was only moments before. "Hi," he said. His new voice purred and rumbled. It wound itself around Brian's cock and squeezed.

"Holy fuck, Ed! You're... You're..."

Edward raised an arm and made the bicep swell. His shoulder joined in. His tricep grew fat. His lat flared beneath. His whole upper body was spasming with growing strength, the fibers twisting and multiplying as they fought to be released. Bigger and bigger he grew, all his power swelling up and out until he was a collection of muscle so large that it looked to be trying to burst through his silken flesh. Then Brian was struck by a deeply satisfying scent, Edward's scent, a tang of masculinity so powerful and yet so recognizable that Brian knew he would never forget it. Edward said, "I am, aren't I?" and he smiled.

He was about to reach forward and kiss Brian, passing him the power he held inside him, when someone cleared his throat. He paused, looking over, and Frazz was standing there looking not too happy.

The large black man moved between the young men standing chest to chest with Edward. He hiked his thumb over his shoulder at Brian and said, "He's mine. Go find your own toy to play with."

"Toy?" Brian sounded insulted.

Frazz turned around and placed his hand against Brian's supple skin, moving his fingers across his broad chest adding a tingle of the Touch as he moved. "I say it with love, Brian. I hand-picked you. I wanted you. I want to be the one to make you everything you ever dreamed of. I want to fulfill your fantasies." He leaned forward and kissed his lips. "This only happens once, this first time. I want to be the one, Brian."

He grinned. "Okay."

Chuck was suddenly behind Edward again. "Don't you worry, kid. Looks to me like we have two more volunteers right over there. And I'll even let you choose which one you want."

Joseph cocked his head. "Hey, how come we don't get to choose? We've been waiting for this a hell of a lot longer than Brian or Edward."

Frazz clicked his tongue. "Impetuous youth."

Jesse had to laugh. "Joe's never been one to hold back his opinion. But I tend to agree with him."

Chuck and Edward looked at each other. Ed shrugged. Chuck folded his arms across his mammoth chest. "Okay. Choose."

Joe stepped over in front of Chuck immediately. "Oh, man, I want you so bad. When you turned Edward, Transformed him, and you were talking in his ear I was so hot. Can you do that to me, too." Chuck grinned and nodded slowly. "But I want you do to it gradually. Real slow. I want to feel it all, every fucking inch of me as I get big. Can you do that?"

"If you want, I can make it take weeks."

"Holy shit."

Edward looked at Jesse. "Did you want Chuck to do you, too, or am I...?"

Jesse took two steps toward the newly muscled beauty and wrapped him in an embrace. Then he planted his lips on Edward's and kissed him deeply and passionately. Edward's two pricks were writhing like snakes and after a minute he put his bulging arms around Jesse and kissed him back. Jesse looked into Edward's eyes and whispered, "Make me grow," then kissed him again.

So he did.

Edward found it easier to do than he expected. He thought that Transforming another man would be like working out, or pushing something, or at least make him feel like he was exerting some force on something.

But it didn't work like that. Transform wasn't something that needed forcing out. On the contrary, Transform was something that needed to be kept in. Once you released it, it

became like a wild animal that had been caged too long and hadn't had enough red meat. It was a hungry, untamed beast, and Edward found that it was too easy to lose control of it.

But he remembered Chuck's words. "Control is key," he said. "You control a very powerful instrument." In fact, he didn't control anything, it was simply what he was now. He was Transform.

So when he started, it came out everywhere. He flooded Jesse's body with it, and the young man swooned in his arms, overwhelmed by the powerful force entering his body swiftly and unrestrained. Edward pulled it back, but he'd released enough that the change was evident everywhere.

Jesse started growing so quickly that he swelled in Edward's embrace as if he was being inflated with strength. Edward could feel the other boy's muscles firming and fattening, his back was growing thicker and wider, his shoulders becoming suddenly inches thicker, his chest practically pushing Edward away as it exploded with power.

Jesse moaned deeply, then raised his head and met Edward's eyes. As Edward watched, his face changed. The nose narrowed slightly, the chin squaring and firming, cheeks rising, the eyes clearing and brightening. The color of them deepened, his lashes grew thicker, his brows arched in surprise. "Whoa," he said softly.

"Sorry."

"More," was his only reply, and he wrapped himself tighter around Edward as his initial growth and metamorphosis slowed. He had gained several pounds of muscle in seconds, dozens of pounds, maybe. And he was already a foot and a half taller. He moved his lips to Edward's again, his hands coming up to pull the boy's mouth to his, and in the throes of another passionate kiss, Edward released a second powerful blast of Transform.

Jesse's whole body shuddered and he felt a deep sensual pleasure echo through him. He felt as if his entire body was a conduit for sexual bliss, as if his skin was super sensitized and his muscles tingled and throbbed with desire and delight. Transform entered him again like a flood of light, like a million kisses on his flesh, like the ultimate blow job. He could feel himself growing heavier, thicker, harder and taller. The growth was everywhere as he was made over again, another stage more powerful, another level more beautiful.

Edward achieved more control, even in only his second try. He knew how much he was giving Jesse, how much more he needed. It was as if his own body knew, as if he and Jesse were one during this exchange. He knew how much more there was to give, and how much he was giving, how much muscle and growth and strength. It was intoxicating, this power to change another man. He kissed Jesse more deeply, and shoved another injection out through his Touch, through his lips, giving Jesse more beauty and strength, still more.

And there was so much more to come.

It was suddenly clear to the watching audience that the two men were not going to stop at merely kissing and hugging when Jesse's hands crawled down Ed's broad back and cupped his ass, kneading the firm flesh and pulling them even closer if that was possible.

Then one of Edward's prehensile dicks found its way around Jesse's thickening member and probed under until he found the other man's rosy butthole and he started exploring just what his new powerful prick could do. The agile length of his improved dick started to eagerly drill and thrust itself inside Jesse's firm ass, easing the way with a flood of clear lubing precum that was pumping more Transform into his system, sending the young man's body into entirely new realms of intense sexual gratification.

Edward started fucking Jesse in earnest, and he responded by fingering Ed's ass in return since his dick wasn't yet gifted with the same dexterity. It simply grew harder and thicker and fatter, the veins pulsing and throbbing, the head blooming, the shaft enlarging, the whole beast getting hotter and harder each passing second. Edward felt it throbbing between them, so he tested his control of how he was changing the man in his arms, the man he was fucking, and he directed the Transform into his lover's bulging tool, granting him a magic prick with a mind of its own.

Or rather, with his mind inside it, directing the cock with a deft and responsive touch, a smoothly muscled tool that would stretch and swell and twist and explore in any and every way that Jesse wished.

"Oh, god." Edward heard Jesse's gasping worship and it spurred him on. He sent more Transform, pumping a thick, urgent load into the young man's developing body and felt his shoulders swell and split, his back flare like wings unfolding, his whole form enlarge with strength and size.

They were now ten feet high, Edward growing in response to Jesse's development, matching him effortlessly, intuitively, they two locked in an embrace of shared strength and growth and sex, and Jesse's flexible prick was matching Edward's urgent and powerful fucking, plunging itself over and over, deeper and deeper into Edward's silky ass. It bulged and flexed inside, it grew more sensitive and became hungrier. And as one of Edward's cocks buried itself up Jesse's butt, feeding him Transform from the inside as Edward's embrace fed him from the outside, his other cock reached toward that same goal and began to open Jesse wider to allow it entrance.

Jesse felt another prick tingling at his backdoor and found he had the control to welcome it inside, even as huge as it was, even with another monster already fucking him senseless. And then he could feel his own secondary prick being born from his loins. It shoved its way out, already hungry, already alive with his sense of touch and power, lengthening and thickening suddenly and doubling the sexual pleasure he was already experiencing through one super-sensitive cock. He could feel the tingle and tickle of

sexual prowess throbbing all along it until it swelled to full size between them, hot and firm, writhing with his need.

He grew larger still as Edward now fed him a constant stream of Transform, He could feel himself growing heavier and heavier with rock solid masculine muscle. It hung from him and bulged and grew. It swelled with power and capacity, he could feel himself getting bigger everywhere.

Then his second dick found Edward's hole and he discovered a new skill, and he began cumming, cumming because he wanted to, filling his balls with cum and letting it spill and spray and pump from his twin monsters inside Edward's warm and wet ass. He filled his lover to overflowing and it began to pour out of him harder and harder, and then he mounted the crest, his body fully Transformed, and at that moment an orgasmic blast of purified sexual bliss erupted through him and his fountain of cum doubled, now a release of perfect joy and ultimate power.

Soon Edward was cumming too, shooting from both pricks and a flood of hot, sweet cream was flooding down their legs to pool on the ground. They roared and bucked with a shared extended orgasm of strength and ecstasy that did not slow, but kept building. Then another, more powerful orgasm shook them both, their huge bodies delivering an overwhelming tide of cum, their very souls shaken from the intensity of it, their towering forms inundated with sexual release, feeling a fulfillment neither ever dreamed possible.

They held each other for a long time, caressing each other's supple silken flesh, feeling each other's mammoth and steel-hard muscles.

"Damn," announced Joe. "Maybe I picked the wrong guy."

"Beginner's luck," said Chuck.

"Am I next?"

"Not yet, beautiful. I have a feeling about you. You're something special and I think you may have something to share with all of us." Joseph smiled broadly, making his impossibly beautiful face become angelic. Chuck had to remind himself that the guy next to him was only 16. Looking at him, with his muscled body and shadowed jawline and the look of predatory sexual knowledge in his glittering eyes, the guy looked like anything but an inexperienced teenager.

He almost looked dangerous.

And Chuck liked that.

He put his arm across Joe's shoulders and turned them both around to look at Frazz and Brian. "You're up. Let's see what you can do to top that."

Frazz just smiled. "I'm not going to try, my friend." He turned to Brian. "I am here for you. All for you. No one else exists. You tell me what you want, and I'll make it real."

Brian's eyes widened. Hearing the dark man's deep baritone speak those words sent a shiver up his spine. His mind was spinning from what he'd already witnessed. First Edward's transformation, then Brian's sexually charged metamorphosis, and now he was the center of attention. "Fuck me," he said simply. "Fuck me bigger."

Frazz smiled. "As you wish," he replied.



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Frazz bent his lips to Brian's, he was already about a foot taller and as the others watched, Frazz grew fatter with muscle. It looked almost as if Brian was making the black-skinned man grow instead of the other way around, as if their shared kiss was creating a larger, thicker, broader Frazz as his muscled expanded outward, the striated cables growing vascular with branches of blood veins that swelled upward as thick as fingers and traveled over and down his developing brawn.

Frazz had only one of his magic pricks in view, but it was also experiencing some incredible improvements, drooping lower and lower as the kiss went on. Then he lifted his huge hands and grabbed Brian's upper arms, surrounding them entirely with his wide grip and he lifted Brian off his feet, pulling the teen closer to him and Brian wrapped his lags around Frazz's tight waist as they continued kissing.



Frazz's monster rose and bloomed and the helmet found Brian's rosy asshole and rubbed against it eagerly. To Brian, it felt like someone's fist was knocking at the cellar door, some hot, huge, hard knob that spread a warm slickness between his legs and then Frazz began to press himself inside him, pushing with a slow constant effort. Brian's body trembled at the thought of what he would momentarily feel shoving up his ass, the hugeness of the cock that Frazz was blessed with.

The dark man wrapped his arms around Brian, his chocolate flesh nearly covering up the boy's pale pinkness with his bulging masses of power. His dick wriggled and twisted against Brian's hole, teasing the guy mercilessly. Then he lowered Brian down as he shoved himself upwards, a sudden flood of precum erupting from his sex tool and splashing out and down as he rammed himself home with one sudden and powerful thrust.

Brian arched his back and gasped, but his legs held on. He had never felt anything so good and full and satisfying. Frazz's dick was throbbing with an overwhelming surge of the Touch, it exploded outward inside Brian's ass and spread through him as if Frazz's mammoth prick was filling him up utterly, shoved so far inside him and so fat and huge that it filled Brian's whole body. Heavy, sensuous waves of the Touch spread outward until it was in every part of him, as if he were Frazz's dick, an extension of the man who held him, saturated with orgasmic pleasure that soaked into his skin and bone and muscle.

Then Frazz began to pump him, holding him effortlessly as his hips bucked, pulling out and plunging back in almost a whole foot of thick cock, his flexible and agile body allowing him to perform this impossible standing fuck with no seeming exertion.

Someone said, "Holy fuck!" and Chuck responded, "Or something like one." Frazz chuckled in spite of himself and shot his friend a dirty look. Chuck pursed his lips and blew him a kiss.

Then Frazz turned his attention back to Brian and started to Transform the man in his fucking embrace.

He sent it inside him through the fuck, through his dick and precum, and it accompanied the Touch that throbbed and surged through Brian and he started to grow.

Brian could feel it everywhere. He was a dick being fucked. He was the ass the dick was in. He was the dick inside that ass. And he was growing, swelling like a prick, firming and bulging and growing with every pumping fuck. His legs grew heavier and harder. His arms swelled with power and size. He pulled himself tighter against Frazz's enormity and felt his chest developing, felt the flat plates of brawn suddenly rounding and separating, growing heavier, his nipples swelling and tingling from the Touch and the Transform, his whole body getting bigger and heavier.

He opened his eyes and looked down, watching himself grow. His gaze met his lover's dark eyes and he felt like he was falling inside them. His pink skin against Frazz's black

flesh was beautiful, the two of them together, and he let go of Frazz with his arms and leaned back, holding on with his legs as Frazz continued to fuck him, reaching his magical dick deeper and deeper inside.

Brian watched threads of veins begin to appear on his skin, tiny meandering rivers that swelled as he watched, their arms reaching further along his muscle, feeding him more Transform. He was changing as he watched, as he was being royally and completely ass fucked, as he became the swollen prick he now saw unfolding and swelling between them.

His dick was growing, lengthening itself and swelling with blood. It was curled between them and unfurling like a hose, like a snake escaping its home. His belly firmed and swelled with a sudden six-pack. The veins traveled out and down and across his torso, some of them swollen even bigger than Frazz's.

"More," he moaned. And Frazz complied. The growth accelerated. He watched his chest, the two globes, inflate with cables of muscle that came from nowhere. It felt so good, so fine and perfect. Like he was cumming, like he was a dick being stroked and caressed to grow bigger than ever, to swell beyond huge. Everywhere, he felt that keen and beautiful bliss.

Frazz placed his hand against Brian's growing chest and passed more Transform into it, and it swelled even more eagerly. He cupped his hands under the pecs and they filled his grip and then grew larger still, balloons of brawn with nipples hard and peaked and tingling with need. He moved his mouth to one and suck hard against it. Fat veins suddenly appeared on the pec as his kiss delivered a fresh blast of Transform.

And he kept on fucking Brian's ass. And together they grew, now eleven feet high, and Frazz unleashed his other cock and it twisted itself around the first and nuzzled against Brian's tight hole and sprayed its own fountain of lubrication and shoved itself inside, double fucking Brian and doubling the delivery of the Touch and Transform to his better body.

He gasped and started drawing in tight, sharp breaths. Chuck moved his lips to the other nipple and again the pec was overwhelmed with veins like an udder. Brian's chest was huge, massively out of proportion to the rest of him, but that didn't last long.

Frazz moved his hand across Brian's belly and the six pack became an eight pack. He moved both hands down Brian's arms and they were suddenly pulsing with fat veins everywhere, then just as suddenly his biceps and triceps bloomed and dropped and firmed like melons. They were tightly packed with rock-hard brawn that seemed to reach up his limbs to his shoulders which were suddenly swelling as well, growing and splitting and bulging higher and higher until his whole torso was a perfectly developed mass of deeply defined muscle.

Frazz moved his touch down onto Brian's legs, still wrapped tightly around his waist, and the thighs flared outward and the calves firmed and bulged and they towered above the others fifteen feet tall.

"Nearly there," Frazz whispered.

"Oh, god," Brian responded. He had never felt so good in all his life.

"Ready for the final blow?" He dropped to his knees and lowered Brian's huge frame to the ground. The earth shook with their shifted weight and Frazz stayed inside Brian's firm ass, leaning his own huge form over Brian's still growing beauty.

Brian moaned, his beautiful face achingly perfect. What he had looked like before, the boy Frazz saw on the dance floor at the Wet Bar was nothing compared to how he looked now. He had full, beautiful lips and bright blue eyes. His dark hair was now jet black and straight and cool. His amplified masculinity had begun to grow him a beard and mustache on his sleek face. His whiskers filled in like a deep, dark shadow, his facial fur on the verge of becoming full and rich and as dark as his hair. The shadow of his fur climbed high on his cheeks and brought attention to the deep azure of his eyes. The rest of his body was nearly hairless, and Frazz ached to see the guy's ass now that he was changed. When he saw him on the dance floor, that ass made him hard. Now he was still fucking it good and hard, and he was about to release a last, thick blast of Transform that would bring Brian to his ultimate form.

He leaned down close to Brian, chest to chest, planting his lips on his lover's. Then, out of everywhere, from his skin and prick and cum and scent, he saturated the boy with a final thunderous final charge of Transform.

Brian's whole huge body shuddered. His breathing slowed. His body seemed to relax. Then, under Frazz's eyes, the new Brian emerged.

Frazz felt something happen, which shocked the hell out of him. Brian's torso increased so dramatically that he was unprepared for it. The boy's muscles swelled out slightly, swallowing all but the most bulging of his network of veins, but they didn't stop. Bigger and bigger he grew, his tight muscles swelling and growing bigger even than Frazz's full enormity.

Frazz watched Brian's face changing, his beard growing thick and full, his chin and brow becoming more prominent, his whole face growing incredibly handsome and fantastically masculine.

Something deep and dark rumbled against Brian's chest. It was a moan like before, but so much more. His voice was like a purr, so full of male power Frazz felt himself cumming. He was a fully Transformed man, no other man should have been able to do that. But it was more than Frazz could help, that soft whisper shook him and scratched his balls and sucked his cum from his two dicks. Brian raised his eyes to Frazz's and he smiled. "So

good,” he said softly, and another heavy orgasm shook Frazz. The voice entered his head and cascaded his whole body with sensual bliss.

“Brian, what...?”

“I can feel it,” he said. They were still joined, Frazz’s twins still shoved tight and full inside Brian’s ass, and Brian did something. Frazz couldn’t tell what it was, but he felt it, too. Something was happening. Something inside Brian. Something between them.

“What is it?”

“Mmmm,” Brian moaned again. He felt like he was gaining still more weight, and his torso was shoving outward against the dark’s man lying atop him. Could he possibly become more muscular? The sound of his voice was drenched with power, dripping with masculine strength and ultimate sexual capacity. Frazz trembled with absolute delight. Then Brian said, softly, “It’s... it’s this.”

Frazz couldn’t believe what he felt. But he couldn’t deny it either. He could feel it, feel it strongly, feel it deeply, feel it completely.

Brian’s ass was sucking his cocks. He could feel his twin pricks being blown about the best he ever felt. Brian’s supple, wet ass felt exactly like a mouth, and he’d never been sucked so hard and so constantly in his life.

Brian’s firm and perfect ass pulled on his pricks, surrounding them with his wet warmth and sucking against them, making them bigger and harder and then he was bringing them to a new level of sexual bliss, flooding their supple length with the Touch, but it was a special Touch, something entirely new and different, something from the inside and so strong and full and physically fulfilling that Frazz’s balls started pumping before he realized he was cumming. His dicks were in a tunnel of heavenly sexual sensation. He was plugged-in to orgasmic paradise

Brian started to nuzzle his neck, he could feel the beard growing, too, becoming full and thick. Then their lips met and Frazz felt another thick jolt of Brian’s enhanced Touch sensation, something rich and full that sent his libido into overdrive and he was flooding Brian’s ass with hot pumps of his cream, and Brian sucked it all in, every drop, changing it inside, using the Transform Frazz gave him.

Frazz, deep in sexual bliss, pulled together enough strength to push himself up to look down at what Brian was becoming.

He was bigger still. Not taller, but wider and thicker. Super muscled, now, and becoming even larger. His chest bulged outward, the muscles swelling and multiplying by the inch every passing second. Bigger and bigger, his shoulders too, and his arms. His waist stayed tightly compact, but it seemed to be made up of nothing but cables of power. He was growing more heavily masculine, also. A heat was coming from him, and his

mingled scent, which was an intoxication of strength and masculinity. His face changed, the brow and chin growing strongly angular, his nose broad and hawkish. His eyebrows filled out, his beard filled in, then he smiled and Frazz was pumping harder than ever.

A forest of dark fur began to sprout across Brian's huge body. It spread across the immense globes of his chest, down his tightly muscled stomach and grew thick and glistening at his crotch. His armpits darkened with hair, long curly tufts erupting out and stretching across to meet the soft carpet atop his chest. His nipples swelled larger, the caps swelling and hardening and pushing up out of his midnight cascade of shiny curls.

Brian licked his lips and winked. "My turn," he said, and then he started feeding Transform back into Frazz through their sexual connection.

Frazz felt the changes immediately. He stretched his arms wide and his chest and shoulders and arms began to swell with renewed muscular power. They bulged huge, almost absurdly large until his upper body looked dramatically out of proportion to the rest of him. Then his body seemed to accept the growth and alter itself all over. He was becoming something from a comic book, someone so well muscled and incredibly proportioned that he looked super human. He stretched back as he swelled with more power, his entire body now drawn into the growth.

Then he felt the changed surround and saturate his buttock. It reminded him of what happened when he gained control of his dick. He was suddenly more "aware" of his asshole, of the dark tunnel of lust leading inside him. It became another tool of sexual facility. It tingled and throbbed and pulsed like an inside-out dick, a dick that lead inward.

"Oh, fuck," he said, grinning.

They traded Transform between them, Frazz feeding Brian's muscular development, Brian supplying his increased size and power back as well as enhancements to the Touch and his new augmented ass. It went on for some time as the others watched, both men growing increasingly large and lost in some mutual haze of intense sexual pleasure until they had shared all they had and Frazz leaned forward again and kissed Brian's bearded face fully and passionately, their huge bodies now overwhelmed with more muscle than any of them, even Chuck, had ever seen.

Chuck was rubbing his chin as he looked at them both, and when he cleared his throat they turned their faces to look at him. "Are you two done, yet?"

Brian squeezed another pump from Frazz through his muscular ass and then said, with a voice drenched in masculine power, "I think so."

Chuck felt himself shudder with a sexual charge that wracked his whole essence. "Well, uh, good. Because there's still one of us who'd like to join the family."

Brian's eyes were saucered as he stared at the muscular bulks lying against each other in his backward. Their lats looked feet thick. Their mighty chests pressed against each other. Chuck was bigger than ever, and Brian had become someone so solidly male that he seemed to be giving it off in waves. "Holy fuck."

Brian smiled. "Exactly."

Frazz and Brian uncoupled. Frazz felt like he'd pumped gallons of hot cum inside Brian's body, but nothing came back out when he pulled his huge cocks from Brian's talented hole. He'd absorbed it all, changing it to create the staggeringly handsome and massively muscled man he was now.

"That felt pretty good," Brian said after they'd reduced down to seven and a half feet tall. It didn't look like either man could pack all that strength into a package any smaller than that. They looked amazing, almost inhumanly powerful. Shoulders so big and high and round that they looked like bowling balls were mounted under the skin. Chests so broad and thick that the cleavage between the twin hemispheres of muscle looked two feet deep, at least. When they moved, and even when they simply stood there, their masses of muscle flexed and stretched with incredible definition, every stretched and throbbing fiber visible under their caramel and chocolate skin.

Brian bent his arm and reached his other hand atop the bicep as it swelled into a massive ball that split and grew and split and grew again. The muscles were so deeply etched that they appeared almost to separate from one another just to gain space.

Chuck put his hand on Frazz's thick shoulder and caressed the muscle beneath, moving his large paw across the wider expanse. "That's as small as you get?"

Frazz grinned. "Feels like it." To Chuck, it felt as if the man was made of iron. Even his own seemingly unlimited strength couldn't dent the man's muscle. "You want some?"

Frazz eyed Brian, then looked at Joe. "Guess I better be fully charged if I'm gonna outdo you, my dark friend." He approached Frazz and wrapped his hand around the man's broad neck. When their lips met, Frazz gave Chuck a fresh shot of Transform, and Chuck nearly staggered as it hit him fast and full, sinking into his system and enhancing his genetic structure with the new strength and sexual power that Brian brought to the recipe.

Chuck was gifted with ultimate control of his body, ultra-sensitive to its strength and capabilities so when the new powers began to manifest, he attempted to stay at the height he was when Frazz hit him with the full dose, but the augmented strength and size would not be denied. He began to swell visibly, and hundreds of thick, twisting veins popped up across his whole body as the changes took place.

Power on top of power, strength on top of strength, his muscles felt suddenly heavy and full and hard. They swelled outward as the growth proved too much for Chuck to easily control and his chest bulged thicker by the inch. His shoulders inflated and his arms

swelled. His belly tightened and then the muscled swelled like fat balls. His dicks pulsed and more fat veins covered the shafts. He was growing stronger and stronger, and it hit his legs.

His thighs and calves swelled outward, and then he became intently aware of his ass, felt it changing, becoming something he could control, something with augmented capabilities. It tingled and throbbed and... and wanted. It wanted to be filled, to pull another man inside, or to pull his own dick in and suck on it, feel its heat and size and firmness, share its sexual strength and pleasure and give it back ten-fold. He knew he could, that he could control it. It felt fantastic!

By the time Chuck was done, he was another foot taller at 7-foot 4 inches and that was the lower extent of his new body, he found that he couldn't grow smaller, there was simply no room. His muscles were now so big and powerful that anything less than he was now felt impossible.

"Mmm," he said, looking down at his improved self. "I'll never get tired of that." Although he felt, at the moment, that he could not reduce himself further, he found he could still change his appearance sufficiently that he felt satisfied. He could also feel the improved strength of the Touch, that it was stronger, too. And he knew from experience that his Voice could be so saturated with male potency that even Transformed men could feel its power. Maybe in time he would regain full control of his new body, and at the moment it hardly mattered.

He had a job to complete. "Brian, Frazz, you let the other guys in on what we've got. That is, as soon as Jesse and Edward stop fucking each other." He smiled as he turned toward Little Joe and curled his finger, beckoning the impossibly beautiful boy into his embrace.

Chuck opened his heavily muscled arms, the brawn built upon them bulging high and thick. Fat branches of veins networked the round bellies of cabled strength. A dark forest of curls grew across his wide chest, each heavy globe bulging outward like an invitation, the muscles they held so huge they pushed his fat nipples toward the ground. His whole upper body was so wide and thick with brawn that it looked like he might topple over, except that the cobblestone road across his belly made it clear that that would never happen.

His cocks hung full and thick from his groin, and his nuts were as large as tennis balls in their hairy sack. His skin, stretched tight across his mass, was dark and slightly shiny in the moonlight. His eyes and the teeth of his smile glowed brightly. “You’re up,” he rumbled, and Joe walked into his embrace and was consumed by his strength.

Joe almost disappeared inside Chuck’s arms. The man’s biceps and triceps expanding the size of his upper arms to almost 32 inches, or as wide as Joe’s entire waist. Chuck’s shoulders were five feet wide, so that even on his more than seven foot frame he looked as wide as he was tall. Joe was saturated with the strong scent of him, it was everywhere, all over him, surrounding and penetrating his senses.

But he was so hard, incredibly so. Joe knew that Chuck could crush him utterly, but he also felt the trust and affection the two shared between them. He tried to embrace the man back, but it was impossible to even encompass Chuck in his arms. His hand grabbed onto the thickness of Chuck’s lats, but even they were wider than his grip. “Oh, man,” he whispered, and he started to laugh.

“What?”

“This is just... impossible.”

Chuck looked down at the boy in his arms, struck again by his incredible beauty. “We haven’t even started, yet.” He leaned down, bringing his lips to Joe’s ear. “But that’s about to change.”

Jesse said, “Turn around, Joe. Let us all watch!”

Chuck opened his embrace and Joe turned, standing back to front with Chuck. Joe gulped hard when he got a load of the others now that they shared what Brian gave to Frazz. They were all hugely muscled and towered over him. Ed and Brian looked almost like twins, each one overwhelmingly handsome and masculine. Brian had changed his facial hair so he now sported a goatee and mustache rather than a full beard. His chest looked larger than the other guys’, so broad he looked almost like a toy top. The hair on his head



was short and well groomed, and a dark straight lock of it hung across one eye. He was smiling brightly, and nodded a quick greeting to Brian with his chin.

Ed had elected to keep all the hair across his chin and cheeks and neck, but it was now well groomed and short, a brush of bristles dark and thick. He was hairy all over, and it was thicker in the crevasses between his muscle which only served to accentuate their size. The top of his head was crowned with a stunted burr of hair, the same length as his trimmed beard and just as dark. Ed was leaning against Brian, his elbow perched high on the other boy's shoulder. To anyone looking at them, it would appear a new couple was in the making.

But Frazz didn't look too disappointed. He only had eyes for Chuck.

Joe's brother Jesse had a smooth, bulging body. His arms were folded across his fat brawny chest and the smile on his face was filled both with pride and expectation. His stance was wide as if to allow the monster dicks that arched out and down from his loins. He looked slightly larger than Ed or Brian in that department, but Frazz still owned the monster monsters, longer and thicker than any guy in the yard.

Brian could feel the warmth of Chuck's body pressing against his, the softness of his fur and the size of his muscles. Two huge pricks pressed into his lower back and the round firmness of his ass. Chuck's hands gripped his shoulders and he was massaging Brian with a strong, sensuous caress. "You're all so beautiful."

"So what are you waiting for, little brother?" Jesse brought his arm up and allowed the muscles to thicken by the inch. "Join us."

"I'm ready," he said.

Chuck smiled. "Then let's go."

"How does it start?"

Chuck moved his hands off Joe's shoulders. One went around the front of his smoothly muscled perfection, while the other moved down his back, trailing the line of his spine, until Chuck's middle finger dug between Joe's ass cheeks. "It starts inside," he growled, "so we can both enjoy this." His large grip moved over Joe's high, tight butt and the tip of his fuck finger kissed Joe's hole. "We're going to start where everyone else finished, Joe. Your first gift is this."

He pushed his finger inside accompanied by the thrumming warmth of his new, augmented Touch and a directed thread of Transform that sunk into Joe's ass and climbed inside. Joe could feel the heat of that kiss behind his balls, and feel it rise inside him, and then feel something new down below, a new awareness, a new ability. His asshole tightened and strengthened and changed, and he felt its talent take hold and grow and he was sucking on Chuck's finger with his ass, surrounding it with the wet lips of his hole.

Then Chuck withdrew the digit and replaced it with something a thousand times more powerful, and a thousand times more capable of bringing Joe to the peak of orgasmic bliss.

Chuck entered Joe's ass, slowly at first until Joe felt what was there and he hungrily pulled Chuck inside, tightening around him, sucking against him, and coating the supple skin of his agile dick in waves of the Touch. Chuck rewarded Joe's eagerness with more Transform from the hand resting on his chest and from his cock being pulled inside deeper and deeper.

Joe rested his head against Chuck's huge chest. "Give me more," he said softly. "It feels so good." Chuck rumbled a laugh. "I want another dick," he asked. Chuck was about to grant his wish, but it was the wrong one. "Put both inside me, Chuck. I need them both up my ass."

"Shit, kid," he answered, "you don't have to ask me twice." His second nimble prick pressed against Joe's rosy hole and, sensing it there, Joe welcomed it inside, sucked it in, in fact. He was giving both of Chuck's powerful dicks head with his augmented fuck shaft and Chuck realized that this kid's talents were more far-reaching than he realized.

He was taking to this naturally, almost as if his body was awakening. He had instant and complete control over his new ass, and what he was doing with it made Chuck tremble.

Chuck fed more Transform into Joe, pushing his muscular growth. "I'm going to...."

"My muscles," he interrupted. "I can feel them growing. I can feel... I feel it in my arms. My biceps. They feel heavy. Heavier. They're throbbing, now. I can feel them getting bigger. I can feel my body changing. Oh, Chuck, give me more. Give me more."

Chuck shook his head and grinned. The kid's hunger was amazing. "You said you wanted it slow."

"Oh, yes. I do. I do. But keep it coming. Don't... don't stop." Joseph's tight and talented little ass sucked harder than ever on Chuck, so he fed him another prick to keep him happily occupied as he caressed the growing young man's incredibly silken skin.

To Chuck it almost felt like he was getting feedback of the Touch already from Joe's body, but he realized that what it was instead was the feeling of the boy's skin against his own. This would be what anyone would feel holding him in an embrace, this incredible warmth and softness. Transform, even in its initial doses, had completely remade Joe's flesh into something radically sensual to the touch. How could the boy even live in that feeling all the time? It was unbearably pleasurable.

Chuck pulled in a deep breath as Joe's butt pulled him deeper inside and he leaned his lips to the boy's ear and began to tell him in the soft thunder of his deep whispers what he was going to do.

“You can feel it, can’t you? You can feel yourself growing. It’s happening everywhere. You’re expanding, swelling up with strength and muscle, growing heavy with the power I’m giving you. Can you feel it? Can you feel it... there. In your chest. Feel it growing heavier and heavier? Your chest is bulging outward from your body, each rounded globe of strength filling up with more muscle. Feel them growing, Joe. Feel your muscle expand.”

“I can feel it,” he whispered. A bright smile lit his beautiful face.

“Now it stretches outward, into your shoulders. You can feel it building inside, pulsing with hunger and need. Your strength is growing. Feel how your shoulders swell and stretch and split. They grow larger still. You can’t stop it. You don’t want to. It feels like energy pulsing through you.

“And now, there, into your arms. It’s growing down your arms. It’s inside your biceps, and they begin to swell. You can still feel your chest growing, and your shoulders, and now your whole upper body is magnifying ever more, ever larger, ever more powerful.

“Bigger and bigger, Joe. And more beautiful. You’re the most beautiful man on the planet. Your beauty and strength are one, growing and swelling and developing on and on and on. And then, deeper down, down below your belly, as your belly tightens and strengthens, as the soft curls on your groin grow and multiply, there’s another cock inside you. You’re too powerful for only one, so you have two. Two thick, long, powerful cocks to command.

“There, you can feel it now. It’s beginning to grow. Feel it, Joe. Can you feel it?”

“Yes, Oh god, yes.” His voice was deeper. And very powerful. Chuck was almost afraid of how beautiful and powerful Joe would become. He could already see it, already feel it. Joe’s body was pulling Transform into him. It hungered for it, devoured it, accepted it completely and changed him utterly. Chuck could feel it, sense it happening, something dramatic and extraordinary building inside the boy in his arms, the impossibly beautiful youth growing ever stronger and larger inside his embrace. His muscles bulged even larger than Chuck could control. They were taking his Transforming energy and building upon it naturally.

Chuck looked down past Joe’s swelling chest muscles and watched the boy’s second cock spill forth from his curly nest of pubes. The head swelled and drooped, the shaft lengthened and fattened, the whole tool coming into its own almost naturally as if he had it all the time. It wasn’t there and then it was, a smooth and glistening beauty so ripe it looked like he’d start pumping cum by the gallon from the thick, limp prick any second.

Joe sighed and moaned. “So good,” he growled. And then, deeper still, “More.”

And suddenly Chuck was no longer in control. Joe was pulling the Transformation from him, sucking it out of his skin and dick and scent. He was like a sponge, soaking it in whether Chuck wanted him to or not.

And his growth took off.

Everything swelled huge, suddenly. His arms were overwhelmed with power, his chest and shoulders swelling larger by the inch, his whole body growing taller. He was growing suddenly faster than Chuck could manage, his body welcoming the transformation and drawing it from Chuck's body. His legs bulged with fat, hard wedges of muscular power.

Chuck heard gasps, someone said, "Jesus," and someone else whistled. He looked up at the others standing around the two of them. They were all looking at Joseph's face, their eyes almost glazed, their features touched with adoration and lust. From behind, Chuck couldn't see what they saw, but he could feel what they felt.

Joseph was changing in his arms, more than Transforming, becoming something else. He could feel it, even if he couldn't precisely say what it was. Power so strong that it was overwhelming. Masculinity that poured off Joe's skin like sweat. Strength building through his bulging and perfect muscular beauty unlike anything Chuck had seen or felt before.

The others were coming closer, and suddenly Chuck could smell them all, each of them was releasing thick waves of their powerful male scent saturated with more Transform. It was all being drawn into Joe from them all. Edward reached out his thickly muscled arm and placed it against Joe's expanding chest. Brian set his touch on Joseph's hugely bulging arm. Frazz came up behind Chuck and wrapped his arms around both of them. All the men were giving Joe their Transforming strength, it was pouring into him like lava, a super-heated wealth of ultimate masculine power.

Then Jesse, Joe's brother, kneeled down, leaning his face forward and kissed Joe's mammoth pricks, holding his swelling nuts in his hands. He opened his mouth and pulled one dick inside, swallowing it down his throat. He sucked on his brother's swelling pride and swallowed the stream of salty precum that began to pour from it. The other he stroked and caressed, moving his tight grip up and down the long shaft, squeezing and playing with the knob and the ultra-sensitive lip along the flaring head.

They all began to give Joe what his body craved to grow, and within moments his body responded.

Chuck could hardly believe what was happening. This was something beyond understanding. He wished that Carlos or Todd were there to see this and tell him what was going to happen, if he should stop.

But he couldn't stop. Joe wouldn't let him. He felt like he was being drained of Transform, and at the same time he felt energized, vital, strong and powerful beyond

measure. Everything Joe took in, he gave back tenfold. They could all feel it coming from him.

The Joe turned toward Chuck and smiled, and Chuck saw what the others had seen.

Joe was beyond beautiful. He was irresistibly gorgeous. His face was perfected, amazing, and incredibly handsome. He continued to grow thicker and stronger muscle, and they were all at maximum potential, all grown as large as they could become, and Joe was growing larger than them all.

He swelled up and out, bigger and bigger, sixteen feet tall, seventeen, eighteen. Three times the size of the man he used to be, with shoulders stretching eight feet across. His dicks hung three feet long, thick as a man's arm, supple and firm and juicy.

Then Chuck felt something happening to his own body, he was feeling a sense of pleasure magnified beyond anything he'd ever felt. Then a voice came from somewhere, and it said, ::Now,:: and Chuck was cumming, spraying a thick stream of white-hot spunk from his pricks. All the men were gasping and moaning as they were thrown into the grip of orgasmic pleasure. Chuck couldn't concentrate enough to control it, what was happening was beyond his abilities. His entire mammoth body was immersed in male sexuality, a heavy, powerful form of pleasure infused with muscle and sweat and curls of soft hair and hard, bulging contours. There was nothing soft and yielding about this sensual charge, it was masculine to its core and nothing but.

He realized he'd heard the voice everywhere, because the voice was inside his head. And then a sense of wonder and amazement surrounded the deep well of sexual gratification and he heard the voice again, Joe's voice, inside his head. ::You can feel it, can't you? Feel me inside you.:: The feeling of sexual warmth altered slightly to one of humor and comfort. Chuck had control of his body and senses, but whatever Joe was doing cloaked his own sense of self in a coat of warm, strong sexuality. He was himself, and Joe was with him.

Chuck gasped out a question. A single word was all he could manage. "How?"

::I don't know how. I can do this. I can just do it. I can touch this part of you, inside your mind, were your pleasure lives, and I can rub it,:: and Chuck shuddered, ::and caress it,:: and Chuck moaned, ::and stroke it to hard strength until you feel this.:: Chuck's balls swelled with cum and his dicks were exploding. ::And deeper.:: Chuck's knees nearly buckled. His breath left his lungs, his body swelled up with the strength of Joe's sexual bliss. ::And then I can give it to you....::

Chuck could feel the change taking effect. He was suddenly more aware of the men around him, and realized they were aware of him, intimately aware, inside each other, and he could hear their voices.

::Whoa.:: It was Eddie. The voice inside sounded like the Ed he'd met on the dance floor. Not the super masculine growl that came from his throat, but the private and personal essence of him that lived inside. ::Holy shit!:: Brian's voice mingled with Edward's. Then there was Frazz, but Chuck felt him differently, not just as a voice, but as a caress, an embrace, a warmth and comfort that seemed to drape over Chuck's very core. He said nothing, but Chuck knew it was him. Finally Jesse's voice joined the chorus, and a silent conversation began in their heads as Joe's development slowed and they stopped streaming out floods of super powered cum.

::This is so cool!:: Eddie was evidently enjoying himself. ::Can everyone hear me? I can hear you. I can... feel you!::

The voice was simply there. There was no volume to it, but it was clear and concise inside Chuck's mind. He said, ::Thanks, Joe.::

A sudden cascading pleasure filled him. It was Joe. The sense of the other men in his head was almost exactly like their scent. Each felt different, each one was different, he could feel who was there without a word spoken. ::Hey,:: the boy said, ::no problem.:: His voice was amused. ::You can feel the power, what it can do? How it works?::

Chuck grinned. The only sound around the huge men in the yard was the sound of crickets and the limbs of the trees slowly moving in the warm evening breeze. ::I don't know how it works, but I know how to work it.::

Frazz chuckled. He chuckled out loud and Chuck could feel his mirth and genuine affection inside himself. "Mr, Precision," he said aloud. The voice was not inside Chuck's head, though.

Total control. It wasn't a shared consciousness; it was something you could turn on and off. Chuck shut off the connection and felt the awareness sever from the others. Then he reopened the valve and felt the... feeling of the others return. Eddie said, ::Where'd you go?::

Chuck spoke aloud. "Nowhere. When you want privacy," he said, "you can have it."

Brian smiled. "And what about this?" Chuck felt himself overwhelmed with pleasure, suddenly. When he shut off the connection, it stopped. With only a few moments of trial and error, he realized it was exactly like a valve. He could open himself fully to another, or let through only a whisper of it. Then he tried accepting Brian's gift of pleasure and feeding some back to him, and that worked just as well, if Brian's inflating dicks was any indication. The guys could tap directly into the pleasure centers of each other's minds and turn each other on – literally. When they made love, now, it would be something beyond physical. The mere thought of it was too incredible to contemplate.

"That, too."

Frazz growled, "Cool. But how come Joe gets to be bigger than us?" He glanced upward at the impossibly beautiful man standing a couple of feet taller than him.

Joe smiled. It was an incredible sight. Chuck thought that if they were not standing in a night dark yard and the man before him was standing fully exposed in the light, his beauty would be almost impossible to stand. ::All you had to do was ask.::

And with those words, folded inside them, they could all feel Joe's gift flowing into them. They began to change yet again, growing larger still, stronger and more powerfully male. The latest metamorphosis seemed to further refine Transform's power and capability to create men super saturated with sexual capacity and ability. They all felt their strength increasing yet again, feeling now as if the planet itself was not too heavy to lift onto their feet-thick shoulders. Muscles bulged thicker, rounder, more perfectly formed and overwhelmed with strength and capability.

They were all huge. Too huge. The backyard in suburbia, even at four in the morning, was no place for a half-dozen gargantuan muscle freaks to be standing around flexing their bodies. So Chuck brought himself down to a more manageable level and the others followed suit. They still managed to stand about eight feet tall, now. Their bodies were so over muscled they couldn't seem to get smaller than that.

Edward sighed contentedly and flexed his arm, watching the muscle there shred and bulge. "I like this." The other guys started laughing. It was the understatement of the century. "I can't wait to use this on a few guys I can think of." He looked at Brian. "Imagine walking up to Frank Hawkins and making him start creaming his jeans just by looking at him."

Brian was thinking ahead of him, though. "We don't know if it works on non-Transformed guys. Maybe it's just between us. Maybe the connection links only those with the seed inside."

"But if not," Ed responded, "imagine the possibilities! You're just sitting at... at McDonald's and this guy walks in. Frank walks in." He painted a picture of Frank in his mind and passed it to the others. They could all see the young man as if in a 3-D moving image. See his long, well-muscled limbs, his flat belly, the silken blonde hair that erupted in a thin trail from his navel. The hair seemed to glisten in sunlight. Frank had a sleek, well-trained body. His face was equally sleek, with an overlarge nose and very full lips. He had a ponytail of gold tied behind his head. In the image he seemed to stand there looking back at them. It was a rather weird sensation, as if someone were projecting a fully rendered man onto their thoughts. Jesse laughed aloud, he'd never seen Frank before but he knew immediately who it was.

"Frank walks in and you reach out to him and slowly, softly, nuzzle this place. You start to caress him, nudging him toward hardness, making him feel so fucking good that he springs a boner right there. Then you direct some Transform to him, just a little, just a touch. Maybe through your scent. Maybe you get up to get a straw or something and you

brush his arm with your fingertips. And you give him a taste of this strength, and you point it at his dick, and that hard-on goes into overdrive. It gets harder and harder, so hard it hurts, then it gets bigger. You give him a horse dick, a magnificent tool of male sexuality so large its starts to rip its way through his tight jeans. He's standing there at the counter and he can feel himself getting hotter and hotter, his dick pressing urgently against his button fly until, finally, the head pushes into the open.

"He's so big he can't hide it. He's huge. Thick veins wind over the emerging prick and it extends inch by inch out of his pants, now dripping with salty lube. He feels it growing, wants to start stroking himself off but he can't, he still wants to hide what he's got. It's so strong now, though, and so big that there's no way to hide it anymore.

"And you sit there and watch this happen, and bathe the guy in pleasure, and when he finally makes a dash for the men's room, his foot-high woody bobbing in the breeze like a flagpole, you follow him in and relieve his passion. You hear him in the stall. He's moaning and his body presses against the stall and he's in such a hurry he didn't lock the door, it's open an inch, and you can see him in there, leaning against the wall, his pants undone, his shorts ripped apart and he's slowly and surely stroking the glistening majesty of his red, steel-hard prick, lost in waves of ecstasy like he's never know."

"Shit, Ed, you should be writing porno." Brian's face was aglow. He could see the scene clearly. They all could.

"So you open the door, your muscled bulk magnified now, your arms and chest tearing at the fabric of your T-shirt, your dick swelling along your thigh, and you close the two of you inside the stall and sink to your knees and suck him off, suck him dry, and start to feed him Transform right there in the men's room at McDonald's."

"Wow." Brian again. "When do we get started?"

Chuck shook his head. "Hold your horses, big guy. First things first."

Jesse said, "IGE?"

Chuck nodded. "Time to go home."

Frazz wrinkled his brow. "Mind if I make a suggestion?" Chuck's eyebrows rose questioningly. "Let's fuck."

Joe raised his hand, "I second that!" He clapped his hands together and rubbed them, the muscles of his arms and chest bulging ridiculously huge. But his face was amazing. Just looking at him would make most men cum. He was incredibly beautiful, extraordinarily powerful and immensely huge everywhere. Transform had lived up to its name with Joseph perhaps more than with anyone else Chuck had seen. The ease with which he adjusted to all the changes it brought his body, his amazing beauty and effortless attraction and innate capability was almost scary. But for all of the changes the formula



created in him, he was still a sixteen-year-old boy inside that super powerful body. Chuck remember what being sixteen was like inside, all the power and enthusiasm and boundless sexual energy. He had been given all of that back with Transform, but his brain was still that of an older man. For Joe, everything was exciting and new and fun.

::All right,:: he answered inside. ::First we fuck. But why limit ourselves?:: He crouched slightly and launched himself into the dark night sky, sailing up hundreds of feet through the warm summer morning, feeling the wind whip around his naked form like water and he paused above the ground, looking down. He floated in the arms of the winds, more attuned than ever to the power of the atmosphere. He twisted and swooped back toward the ground, moving almost too fast for the eye to follow, now, unbound from the earth and its limitations. He stopped inches short of the ground and hovered there, smiling, his arms folded across his mammoth chest. Then he licked his finger, reached out and rubbed it against one of Joe's sensitive nipples. "Coming?"

"Not yet," the boy growled, then he, too, launched skyward – followed by the rest of them, and they spent the hours until sunrise in a tangle of muscle and sex and mindfucking, showering each other in cascades of pleasure as they explored their improved and super-developed bodies in every way you can floating above the earth, untied from gravity and gifted with more energy and beauty and strength than any other man in the world.

The last of the transformed men, Chuck and his lover Frazz, Jesse and his brother Joseph, and Brian and his friend Ed, arrived at IGE two days later. They'd been having a lot of fun exploring their new bodies and new capabilities so it took a little longer to get there than Chuck expected.

Not that he minded in the least, of course.

Landing in the broad, green fields near the dock, they touched down and found the place nearly deserted. They were in their 'compacted' form which, after trial and error and learning better control of their overwhelmingly powerful forms, they managed to get down to about six-and-a-half feet tall and sleekly muscled, every wedge and bulge and balloon of fat brawn etched deep and true and perfect on their naked forms. They could, in these forms, easily fit into clothing and manage to walk around among other men, although there was no way their sculpted and perfected faces and physiques would be as easily overlooked. Quite simply, they were six of the most beautiful men on the planet.

"This is it?" asked Brian, looking around. He was now sporting his usual look, with a closely cropped goatee on his jutting chin and high cheeks with an equally closely cropped burr of dark hair across his scalp. His eyes were bright turquoise with a ring of darker blue at the edge. His brow was heavy above those bright eyes, with thick dark eyebrows arching upward. His powerful body was nearly hairless, save for a dark triangle above his ample dick. His copper skin seemed suctioned onto his bulging masses of power.

Ed was also a bit disappointed. He had long, silky hair hanging past his shoulders of a dark honey color. His long neck and wide shoulders seemed to emphasize the golden main. His eyes were more blue, almost violet, and he was clean-shaven. He was absently scratching the cleavage between the heavy globes of his chest, digging his fingers into the soft forest of light brown curls erupting across the muscled expanse. That soft fur extended onto his belly and down to his groin where it spread thick and full, like his prick. His long, lean legs had a light coat of the hair, so that they almost seemed to shimmer as he stood in the sunlight. Veins, some as thick as fingers, branched along his powerful frame.

Chuck had adopted his usual look, the one he was most comfortable in. He looked almost exactly as Ed remembered him from their first meeting, a dark-skinned, hairy brute of a man with huge bulging masses everywhere. He seemed almost predatory in his look and stance, like he'd eat you alive. A combination of a prowling panther and a stalking bear, his usual sideways smile was replaced by a curious frown, which did nothing to hide the fact that his face almost defined masculine power. He had a square jaw, a prominent nose, thick sensual lips and deep-set cheeks. His head was topped with hair so dark it was almost blue-black, short on the sides and longer on top, so that locks of his raven hair fell

across his eyes. His chin and cheeks were dusted with a shadow of a growth of his heavy beard. And even on a body so overwhelmed with muscular brawn, he had a cock that would choke a horse.

Frazz had also gone back to his usual smooth skinned look. He was bald and also hairless, save for the perfect arrangement of tightly curled blackness above his hugeness at his loins. His balls drooped heavy and full behind his prick. Everything else on his chocolate-skinned body was bulging thick and firm. His almond-shaped black eyes sparkled from the perfect whiteness at the edges. He looked poised to start a fight or jump a mile high or start dancing or something, his whole body pulsing with restrained energy and inhuman muscular ability.

Jesse looked to be made up almost entirely of chest. His pecs were pumped so huge and full that they made him look top heavy. But he was also gifted with bulging shoulders a mile wide in order to bear that mammoth collection of muscle across his front, and his ass was nothing if not as round and full as the hemispheres of brawn above his tightly muscled belly. He raised his arm to wipe sweat from his brow under the hot sun and his bicep did its best to compete with his chest. He had a head of brown hair, cocoa colored and wavy, that wafted in the warm breezes. His green eyes surveyed the landscape and then looked to his right toward his brother, and he smiled.

Because Joe was the most beautiful of them all. And perhaps the most talented. His body seemed to adapt and accept what happened to it almost preternaturally. He had managed to compact his form before the others and had to show them the trick involved in packing an 18-foot frame of overwhelming muscular power into a six-foot-six-inch body. He said he could get even smaller if he wanted, but he preferred this height. His face was an amazing collection of everything that was beautiful and masculine at the same time. His nose was neither too broad nor too narrow, neither a small button nor a powerhouse slugger. It was simply perfect. His chin and cheeks were likewise sculpted to a form that seemed touched by gods. He was sex on two legs, the muscled definition of male beauty and desire. Transform seemed to sink down deeper into him than the others and recreated him from the ground up. His eyes changed color as you looked at them, sparkling with mirth and desire. His body was equally perfect, if not more so. From his muscular shoulders to his chest to his tightly packed stomach to his high, tight, round butt, the guy was incredibly built and perfectly proportioned.

What was worse was that he didn't even seem to know it. He walked with a sleek, lubricated sexuality that made you hard just to see it. When he smiled, your heart raced. When he spoke, his tone was saturated with male power. When he touched you, his skin felt magical, sensual, silken and soft. But it wasn't, it couldn't be, stretched so tight against his collection of muscles all bulging and flexing in harmony to make him look like nothing except a wet dream of a man standing right there in front of you. All that bronzed perfection walking around naked and beautiful and completely comfortable and open and happy and sexual, well, it wasn't really fair, was it?

But Jesse's mind wasn't concentrating on his beautiful little brother, he wanted to see Aaron, his own lover, to see what he had become and be with him again, now, with everything he had and everything he could do and share it all with him.

But there was no one anywhere around.

And then they heard what sounded like thunder from somewhere closer to the IGE campus. A low rumble that climbed to a rolling growl before subsiding. ::What the hell was that?:: It was Brian's voice they all heard. They had learned to remain open to each other almost all the time, now.

Of all the new talents, the mindspeech was proving to be particularly handy. They could speak to each other over great distances. So far, they hadn't found a limit, even after flying apart from each other for dozens of miles. They could signal each other if they spotted a likely target for a quick little fuck session if they ever got tired of doing each other – which hadn't happened yet, of course – and they could share much more with a direct brain link than mere speech could ever convey. Images and sounds and senses were folded into the mindspeech, so it was far more deeply personal than any conversation and conveyed much more in a shorter amount of time. There was less need to describe or explain everything. You could almost transfer your whole idea or memory or sensation in less time than it took to blink.

Leaving the link open didn't shut out one's own senses and experiences at all. If anything, it heightened them, allow the connected men to share their experiences from different viewpoints all at the same time. Fucking took on a much greater sense of pleasure when you got to see, feel, hear and touch not only what was being done to you, but also the feelings and sensations of the man or men you were doing things with. You could be fucking some guy's ass and feel yourself being fucked... by your own dick in someone else's ass. On top of that your pleasure centers were being massaged and bathed in perfect bliss so your body was being taken to a level of physical pleasure too sweet to contemplate without experiencing it firsthand.

Another deep roar sounded and they all looked at each other and started walking toward the sound.

As the six men approached, a voice could be heard, a voice of pure masculine power and authority. Chuck, of all of them, recognized that voice and knew who was speaking. Only Michael possessed an instrument of such magnitude, a man's voice so rich and deep and filled with authority and passion that it reached inside you and stroked your dick to hardness. He knew he, and the others with him, had the capability of approaching the depth of masculine essence that flowed off Michael like sweat, but it seemed that, even after all his adventures outside IGE, Michael was still firmly the man to which all other Transformed men could be measured against.

Another deep rumble shook them, and they realized that the sound was laughter, the powerful sound of huge men gathered together sharing laughter between them with voices so thunderously deep that the sound approached the magnitude of an earthquake.

“Thank you, Todd,” said Michael’s voice, “I think that’s a fine illustration of what I mean. And now I’d like to let Carlos explain what has occurred and why before I let you all go. Carlos?”

There was a shattering crackle of applause and just as Chuck and Frazz and the others came into the glen, Carlos was raising his hands over his head for quiet. The five of them, the last of the transformed men to group here, completed the gathering. Now every man who’d been gifted with what Carlos and his partner had concocted in a lab in order to create a race of super-strong, super-powerful, super-big soldiers was in one place. The others there stood a fraction of their full-blown height, all except the three men standing before them had managed to squeeze all their muscle into frames between six and seven feet tall.

It was an amazing site that greeted Chuck, seeing dozens of perfect asses and profoundly wide and heavily muscled backs and long, thick legs before him. The multitude of skin colors illustrated that men of every nationality, Asian and Italian, Latino and Native American, African and Middle Eastern, Islanders and Swedes, and on and on, were gathered here together. And, as one, they were perfect and beautiful and saturated with the essence of masculine power and strength. There appeared to be around 30 or 40 guys there. Chuck knew some, others he’d never met (although he certainly planned to) and they were all, without exception, dick-hardeningly gorgeous.

Chuck looked at his old friend Todd and found his heart skipping a beat. He didn’t realize how much he missed seeing his friend or how long they’d been apart. In the days since, it looked almost as if Todd was more beautiful than ever, as if his body pulsed with sexuality and masculine power from every inch. He practically glowed with it. He could feel Frazz nudging him mentally, and he wondered if that was jealousy or curiosity. Chuck’s mind wasn’t masked to the others, so just as he could feel their strong lust and desire filling him up, so Frazz must have felt what Chuck felt looking at Todd.

His friends looked at him and he heard their mix of voices and feelings and he merely shrugged. ::Let’s just wait and listen,:: he mindspoke to them. ::Something big is going on.::

Carlos, who stood ten feet high in order to be seen by all the others, lowered his heavily muscled arms and said, “I’ll only take a few moments, I assure you. I’m as anxious to proceed with this part of the meeting and move on as anyone else.” There was a low rumble of soft laughter and someone shouted, “Fuckin’ A!” to which the laughter grew slightly louder before subsiding. “There have been more than a few advances to our powers in the past couple of weeks, changes that lead Michael and myself to a few rather startling conclusions.

“I’m sure many of you have met, and I use the term loosely, Bobby and Adam. Would you two step up here please?” Chuck watched two men near the front approach where the three larger men stood and, when they turned around, Chuck gulped. One had the sort of innate and overwhelming beauty that Joseph possessed. In fact, they were practically twins, but the man in front of the crowd had a softer, sleeker form of beauty than Joe’s heavily masculine appearance. Joe had a dusting of hair all over him that highlighted and deepened his maleness, accenting both the appearance of his face and body as well as defining that he possessed a masculine power so profound that it was undeniable.

Joseph’s muscular form had branches of veins that bulged across his contours, and his dick was a fat, long beauty with more thick veins along its length. The man in front had a body and face the equal of Joe’s in form and beauty, but it was sculpted by another hand so that the muscles were formed without veins or hair, every one so elegantly and perfectly formed that he was a relief map of power. And his face, smooth and bronzed, was the face of an angel.

The other man did not possess the overwhelming beauty of the guy with the perfect body. Instead, there was something deeply sexual about him. He was, as every man there was, extraordinarily handsome and built like a brick shithouse, standing about seven feet high, but there was an air of authority that surrounded him and the look in his eyes clearly stated that this was not a man to be fucked with.

Or, at least, if there was fucking to be done, he would be the one doing the fucking. He stood proud and tall, seeming bigger even than the 10-foot high specimens next to him although he was only slightly taller than Chuck’s own 6 and a half foot stature. His body was a roadmap of brawn tightly pumped and highly developed, which was hardly unusual for a man exposed to Transform. But even his muscular development seemed... more than usual. Chuck couldn’t quite place the difference, but it was there, it was obvious just looking at the guy. His muscle looked like it was going to explode, and at the same time it seemed so tightly controlled that there was no doubt that his body would do nothing he would not allow it to.

Just the way the guy stood, assuming a position not of arrogance but of supreme self confidence, the look of a man so in tune with who he was and what he could do – and that he was going to do it all to you – was evident on every square inch of his frame. He had a bronzed body with deep, heavy bellies of tightly-packed power and no one else near him seemed as alive and capable as him. Were it not for the overwhelming beauty of the man named Bobby, Keith would be the only person Chuck could see standing there, even with the looming presence of Carlos’ Latino beauty, Todd’s heavily muscled body or Michael’s... well, just Michael.

Carlos spoke, pulling Chuck from his reverie of lust. “I’m sure many of you are already familiar with Bobby. He arrived here a few days ago as the guest of David and Blake. Our two wayward initiates took it upon themselves to do a little exploring on their own and this is who they brought back. Not a bad hunting trip at all, I’m sure we all agree.

“If you haven’t had the opportunity to, um, meet Bobby on a more personal level, don’t worry. One of the reasons we’re all here this morning is to get to know each other a lot better and get an opportunity to share. And Bobby is very good at sharing.” The angel smiled – he even blushed slightly! Chuck felt his balls grow heavy and a deep, satisfying tingle shook the entire length of his mammoth cock. If the guy wasn’t doing something to him he was unaware of, he swore that just the simple smile was enough to get his engines revving into overdrive. “Bobby has brought a rather unique... benefit to the process. Those of you who’ve met him, I’m sure you know what I speak of. What is unique to Bobby is that his particular talent cannot be passed on to others except by Bobby. And you’ll want to have some of what he’s got, believe me.”

Someone said, “Don’t leave us all hanging.” Chuck recognized the voice of one member of the Greeting Squad.

Todd answered, “It’s a little hard not to think of you all as hung, Reggie.” More laughs. Todd was still a smart ass, damn his handsome hide. Then he added, “Let’s just say that if you think you’ve been having orgasms until now, you really ought to meet this beautiful young man. Plus, he has the cutest Texas drawl you ever heard.”

“Ah do not,” Bobby protested, his own words betraying his denial.

Then Carlos set his large hand on the other man’s shoulder. “And Adam, here... well, he’s also very special. As most of you know, Jerry over there with Kevin – raise your hand, Jer – that’s him, that big... um, that handsome... well, shit. You’re all big and handsome. Anyway, the man with his hand up was and is my lab partner. We invented Transform together and...” There was a sudden shout of approval and thanks, with fists pumping the air and lots of posing and flexing. It was as if the crowd of men suddenly began swelling with power all around them. Chuck felt the general mood and clapped along, grinning fiendishly, thinking now of the man he had been and the man he was now, and what he could do, and how powerful he was. A rush of elation and pride washed over him and he joined in the shouts of approval. The earth seemed to shake before Carlos called for quiet, although it was also clear he was feeling the love very strongly. His own form seemed to literally swell with pride.

“Thanks. Thanks, guys. But you’ve had as much to do with bringing us all where we are today as Jerry or I. Without you, it might still be just Todd and Chuck and I goofing around in the lab without ever having realized the potential of the formula, so give yourselves a round of applause too.” In addition to the claps and shouts, this time, several of the men kissed and hugged each other. But as far as Chuck could detect, no one was releasing sex scent or the Touch. It was merely the men, the huge and beautifully muscular examples of male perfection, sharing a sense of mutual pride, satisfaction, love and desire amongst themselves.

Like a family.

“You guys are so cool,” Todd volunteered, grinning madly. He looked like a proud dad, all the sudden. And Chuck had to suppress a laugh as he wondered if that made him the motherfucker of the group, a title he would cherish if it came down to that.

“Okay, enough of the mutual admiration society. What we’re here to do today is to say that...” Carlos looked at Michael as he paused. The man who had become to de facto leader of the group nodded once, smiling. Carlos nodded back and continued, “to say that we’re disbanding IGE. We’re no longer sending out any invitations to come here. We’re not soliciting any more volunteers. Because we no longer need to.”

“What do you mean?” It was a guy to Chuck’s left who asked. Chuck recognized him as Teddy, a man Chuck had Transformed after he first left the compound. He looked fucking good, too.

Apparently, he hadn’t been wasting his time here.

It was Michael who answered. “Part of the reason we sought out new men to become part of our group was to expand and increase Transform’s potential. We wanted to see how powerful it, and we, could become. But we were afraid of the potential that unleashing this power without control would cause in the general population. Any man who was Transformed could immediately Transform other men, and that process could increase exponentially. As the ability to Transform others became easier and more pronounced, as Transform changed itself to become a hungrier and more powerful conduit, altering our very genetics to become part not only of our blood and muscle and skin but into the very senses we use, we could begin Transforming others with a mere touch, or within our scent.

“If the population began to change to dramatically, it could be the end of civilization. I know, there are only 27 of us now, but we had to think of the consequences. And I know that all of us would probably be very happy in a world where all the men looked and acted like we do, but you also have to admit that it’s rather hard to squeeze a baby out of a dick no matter how big it is. And another side effect was that not only would a transformed man become homosexual, he was also unable to reproduce.

“I know most of you are meeting Adam for the first time, and most of you also know that there have been no more men arriving since Aaron joined us.” The name perked up Jesse suddenly, his mind active and filled with desire that washed over Chuck, who could feel an echo of the deep love the men shared. Chuck smiled and focused his attention on Michael again. “Adam... did not arrive in the same way the rest of you did, nor was he ever Transformed.” A general murmur of wonder hummed through the crowd. “In a manner of speaking, Adam is Transform.”

The man called Adam smiled. His body seemed to expand slightly, as if it knew it was under scrutiny, and he became a map of muscular glory. Literally each muscle on the man’s body defined itself, becoming deeply etched and fat with power. He was blooming with strength, it radiated from him, and his dick was growing slightly thicker, longer and



heavier. Chuck could feel the man standing there as if the other men were fading. He realized that the group had grown silent and they were all staring at Adam with awe and lust.

Michael stood next to Adam, placing his hand on the man's heavily muscled shoulder. "You'll have to excuse Adam if he's a little quiet. He's still not very comfortable around others, but I've assured him we're all friends here and no one will judge him." Adam looked over and, for a moment, his face looked very young. "His vocabulary is coming along nicely, though. Amazingly well, in fact, considering that he's only three days old."

That broke the silence. Michael allowed the heavy rumble of voices to subside before he continued. "I think I'll hand it back to Carlos to tell the rest of the story."

Carlos cleared his throat. "It would be incorrect to call Adam human, and I mean no disrespect. On the contrary, Adam is superhuman." He turned to the guy and said, "Would you raise your arm please, Adam?"

"Which one?" he asked. The power of his voice rippled through the crowd. Chuck felt it strike deep inside him, tugging at his cock, caressing his chest, licking his nipple. The two words swelled and grew inside, escalating in power and passion like an echo in a bottomless cave. Looking at his face, it appeared Adam realized too late that he'd unleashed more than he intended, and that incredibly masculine face again looked very young, and slightly embarrassed.

Carlos smiled. "We still need to work on control, Adam, but don't worry. I don't think anyone will complain." Adam looked relieved. Carlos said, "either arm will do." Adam nodded and raised his right arm from his side. The muscles of his body bulged and flexed as he moved, displaying their raw, almost uncontrollable power. "Now make a muscle."

Adam's brow furrowed. "Just one?"

Carlos said, "it's a figure of speech, Adam. I mean flex the muscles of your arm. Make them bulge."

Then he did.

Chuck couldn't believe what he was looking at. The arm literally exploded with growth. Muscles Chuck never saw before appeared and shoved at each other. Fat, undulating veins appeared out of nowhere, growing thick and spreading along the muscle like rivers over boulders. Adam bent his arm slowly as if concentrating, even though his face showed no strain at all, and with every new angle of flex, more and more and more muscle came into being, accompanied by that increasing network of veins. They'd swelled and branch and recede as if he had layer upon layer of power, each level fed by a vast network of veins that would sink deep into the muscle to feed it, and another swelling growth of power would take over. It swelled and grew and bulged against itself under his sleek, shimmering skin. The bicep, every cable of it, and every fiber of every

cable, and every cell in every fiber, was growing bigger and bigger, swelling and splitting and expanding until his arm was overwhelmed with perfect muscular power.

Chuck found himself growing hard. Just seeing all that power manifest was too much to withstand. Adam smiled as he completed the flex and looked at Carlos. "Like that?" he asked.

"Perfect, Adam. Thank you. You can relax now."

"I can do more," he volunteered.

"Later. I'm sure everyone here will be anxious to see all you can do." Adam looked disappointed but he nodded and relaxed his arm. Most of that muscular power receded, folding in on itself until he stood there as before, naked and glorious, filled with power so complete and overwhelming that it was pouring off him like heat. "Could you show us your erection, please?"

Adam looked happy to comply, his strong shadowed chin jutting forward and his huge chest puffing up. Chuck found it hard to look away from the young... no, he corrected himself, the very, very young man's face until his attention was drawn by what was occurring between his muscled thighs.

Adam's heavy prick was swelling, visibly. The shaft was bulging, the whole tool lengthening, and there again were those veins of hot, stimulating blood branching down the length of his dick and across the head, which was drooping out of the turtleneck of his foreskin, swollen and engorged and growing fatter by the moment. It wasn't yet even rising, it was simply inflating and lengthening like some monstrous fleshy balloon, hot with passion and desire.

Adam simply stood there smiling, eyes glittering, his chest rising and falling with each breath as his tool continued its development. It was now well over a foot in length and very fat when suddenly the slow growth increased and his dick was lengthening by the inch and his balls began to balloon. It was as if he passed some level of growth and broke free of its constraints, and now his prick was growing so quickly that it looked as if it threatened to topple him over from its sheer size and weight.

Now it was rising, and growing, simultaneously. Already another foot long, it stuck straight out from his body and Chuck could see his thighs and calves now swelling thicker to support the tremendous weight of cock flesh still growing from his loins. His balls were as large as oranges, churning and throbbing in his hairy ball sack. A sudden rush of blood extended the length of his dick and it shot up another six inches, the head as large as a fist. A gushing bubble of clear lube erupted from the tip and streamed down the growing monster, coating the length with a thick, clear honey.

Bigger and bigger it grew, a third leg rising from his groin. His face never changed, he was simply allowing his erection to come to full fruition. The precum was pouring from

the tip, now, as if it was being squeezed out as he grew. His whole hugeness was glistening and throbbing, an amplified sexual beast of masculine power, four feet high and standing straight up.

Carlos motioned toward the fat, throbbing erection. “As you see, Adam is especially gifted. And his very existence is due to Transform.” Chuck couldn’t take his eyes off the lad’s gleaming monster hard on.

“To explain, when Jerry arrived, we discovered that he was a trigger, a man whose essential physique could accept Transform and overcome the limitations we attempted to place on it when we sent it out. When he became fully transformed, we couldn’t find that anything had changed until we tested his sperm and found that he had become fertile again – and he had become incredibly fertile with little guys swimming in his cream that were basically fighting to go make someone pregnant. That’s when I had an idea. I’m sure you’re all familiar with cloning.

“Well, both Jerry and I are very familiar with it. It essentially involves taking the cell of one creature and creating another. It’s quite simple, actually, but the success rate is very low. But we had an idea that Transform might be more... resilient than normal human tissue. And using Jerry’s overactive sperm and a genetic sample from Michael to act as host, we started growing a man.

“What we didn’t realize was that Transform had done so much more to Michael and Jerry together than either had apart. It changes a man at the genetic level, and we were only working at that level. We weren’t working with an adult male, so there was nothing to overcome, no genetic material to transform, no need to clean up any garbage, so to speak. And transform, as it is now, is a very powerful growth medium.

“Adam was born and began to grow very quickly. His development, as you can see, has been extraordinary. And in his case, everything about him has been accelerated. Including his mind.

“A human three days old would not normally even be able to roll over on his own. Adam spoke his first words when he was twelve hours old. By the end of his first day, he stood four feet tall and looked like a twelve-year-old boy. His growth and development have continued unabated for three days. We’ve been allowing him access to the computer system and the Web and he’s been devouring every piece of knowledge we can feed him. Unfortunately, adequate communication skills requires more than a computer monitor and some books, so his conversation skills are a bit lacking.

“But as you’ve just seen, he more than makes up for that in other areas.”

Chuck spoke then, asking what was on everyone’s mind. “How big will he get?”

Carlos didn’t seem to recognize the voice. He said, “His growth spurt at the beginning has slowed considerably, but he’s gaining about two feet a day. Given what we know so

far about Transform, I estimate that Adam will stand about 20 feet tall by the time he reaches maturation. He'll be as tall as a three-story building." The reaction was hushed awe. Adam blushed. "Unfortunately, like Bobby, we believe that certain aspects of Adam's improved physiology won't be transferable. Our young friend here has almost exactly twice the number of muscle groups that the rest of us, and the rest of humanity, possess. While time spent with Adam will almost certainly improve your overall size and muscular development, it probably won't increase the number of muscles, only the existing muscle mass. Not, I assume, that any of you will worry about the difference."

"Hey, Adam, how does it feel, being that strong?"

He considered the question carefully and said, his deep and quiet tone flooded with masculine power, "Pretty good." Then he smiled, and the crowd laughed at his understatement.

Carlos ran his hand along the length of Adam's prodigious erection and pulled his hand away, along with several thick strands of Adam's precum. He spread the glistening juice across his chest and as the others watched, his chest spasmed with sudden muscular growth as his body absorbed Adam's power. "Adam is, by conventional standards, a virgin. But he reached sexual maturity after a day of growth and he's been... anxiously experimenting with his own rather unusually high rate of sexual potency. He can produce copious amounts of sperm and a few of us have been, um, exposed to his capabilities and I can faithfully report that none of you will be disappointed. But we've elected to allow Adam to move at his own pace. I hope you will all respect his decisions."

Someone, it sounded like Chuck's one-time fuck buddy and bar owner, Ray, said, "That thing looks like it might hurt, anyway!" There was some general laughter, but Adam's face looked genuinely concerned.

So he said, "I won't hurt you," with his powerfully deep voice and, almost as soon as his words had died, his four-foot cock was a much more manageable eighteen inches, throbbing hard and red and hungry for some ass, dripping thick strands of lube. Adam's face looked angelic and innocent, even though his body looked like it was growing larger as he stood there.

Michael stepped forward again. "Thank you, gentlemen." Bobby, a smile on his beautiful face as he looked at the other young man with him, and Adam, whose prick was now drooping to limpness and dripping a trail of his clear, sweet lube, both returned to the audience. Both men were suddenly much more popular than they had been. "And now for the reason we are all here today."

"Not all," said Todd. "We are still missing..."

"No, we're not," announced Chuck, raising his voice to announce his presence. "We're all here, you old cocksucker, so don't start badmouthing me behind my back when I'm standing here in front of you."

Todd's face lit into an incredible smile and he bounded forward to lock Chuck in a muscled embrace. Then he locked his lips on his old friend and they kissed for a fairly long time – until Frazz cleared his throat and folded his giant arms across his mammoth chest.

Todd eyes widened as he looked past Chuck and he ended the kiss abruptly. "Someone I should know?"

Chuck said, "Obviously," and then he turned, his arm across Todd's shoulder, and said, "Todd, meet Frazz. Frazz, this is the man who started it all and one of my best friends in the world. This is Todd."

Frazz grinned. It was the sort of smile a tiger gives his meal. "How do you do?"

Todd's grin was more open and friendly, but he could feel the tension in the air between him and the black man. "Don't worry, Frazz. Chuck and I are just friends."

"Very good friends," corrected Chuck. Todd nodded agreement. Then Carlos stepped forward and said, "If we can save the homecoming for later?" The men all turned their divided attentions back toward the dais. "I'm very happy that our wanderer has returned, and it looks like he's brought us even more friends to meet. Welcome home, Chuck, and to you others, welcome to the family."

"So, what's this all about?" Chuck gestured openly toward the two dozen men standing around him.

"It's very simple," Carlos said. "We are disbanding IGE."

There was a collective murmur and some voices rose in protest, but Michael raised his hands for quiet and said, "Let me clarify before you all charge up here and start throwing your super-strong fists around. Not that any of us would, of course, given Carlos and Jerry's carefully composed formula. You'd probably try to fuck us to death instead." The laughter broke the tension. "IGE is being dismantled, but this place will always be here as a sort of home base for all of us – and all those joining us in the future."

"What are you talking about?"

Michael nodded at Chuck. "It was our friend here," then he gestured to David and Brian, "and some others who elected to leave the fold who have shown us a new plan. Instead of inviting men here, we are going to go out and find them ourselves." Now the rumble of talk was almost completely positive. "We were attempting to elicit some control over the process, but it's clear that it's grown beyond our ability – or desire – to control it any longer. As of this moment, you are all free to leave at any time. Officially, that is. If you wish to stay, you may. If you wish to leave, you may."

“As you all should know, the reason we wanted to keep this under wraps was because of the potential for discovery by the military, as well as a not unsubstantiated fear that the formula might get out there and start spreading uncontrolled, changing the population faster and faster, resulting in biological disaster.”

“And isn’t that still a worry?”

He nodded. “Of course. But... frankly, its grown beyond our capacity or desire to control it. And it’s more than a little cruel of anyone to ask someone else to curtail his freedom. So we are officially ending the policy that says once you come to IGE, here you stay. You can all come and go as you please, but we do ask two things.

“If possible, be discrete. I know it will be hard to avoid running into the first bar you come to and flooding the place with sex scent to turn every man in there into supermen, to watch them grow and swell and become much more than they ever dreamed of, but remember that, in a sense, we are wanted men. It is the entire military we have to be careful of. Who knows what lengths they’ll go to in order to control us, or destroy us.”

“They’d do that?”

“We’ll kick their ass!”

“Asses.”

“Yeah, asses!”

“Mmm, asses.”

“Gentlemen, I applaud your sense of togetherness..”

“And our love of asses!”

“Yes, yes, that goes without saying.”

“But I love saying it! Asses! Asses, asses, asses!”

“Gentlemen.”

“You have a nice ass, by the way.”

“Gentlemen?”

“Thanks! Yours ain’t too shabby, either.”

“Gentlemen, please! If you can keep your mind on the discussion and not your asses for a few minutes longer?”

“I’ll try, but I ain’t promising anything.”

“We don’t know what their reaction will be. If you want to avoid a four-year stint in the Army, I suggest discretion.”

“There are lots of men in the Army, though!”

“And they’re all so fit and... lonely.”

“But there’s all that nasty killing business. Not sure I’m for that.”

“Yeah, why kill ‘em when you can suck their dicks?”

“Gentlemen, a few minutes more is all I ask. Thank you. Now then, the second thing we ask is that we meet together here, all of us, and anyone else you happen to Transform, on this day each year here at the compound. And the reason for that, other than to celebrate and meet the new members, is to engage in what we’re calling The Sharing.”

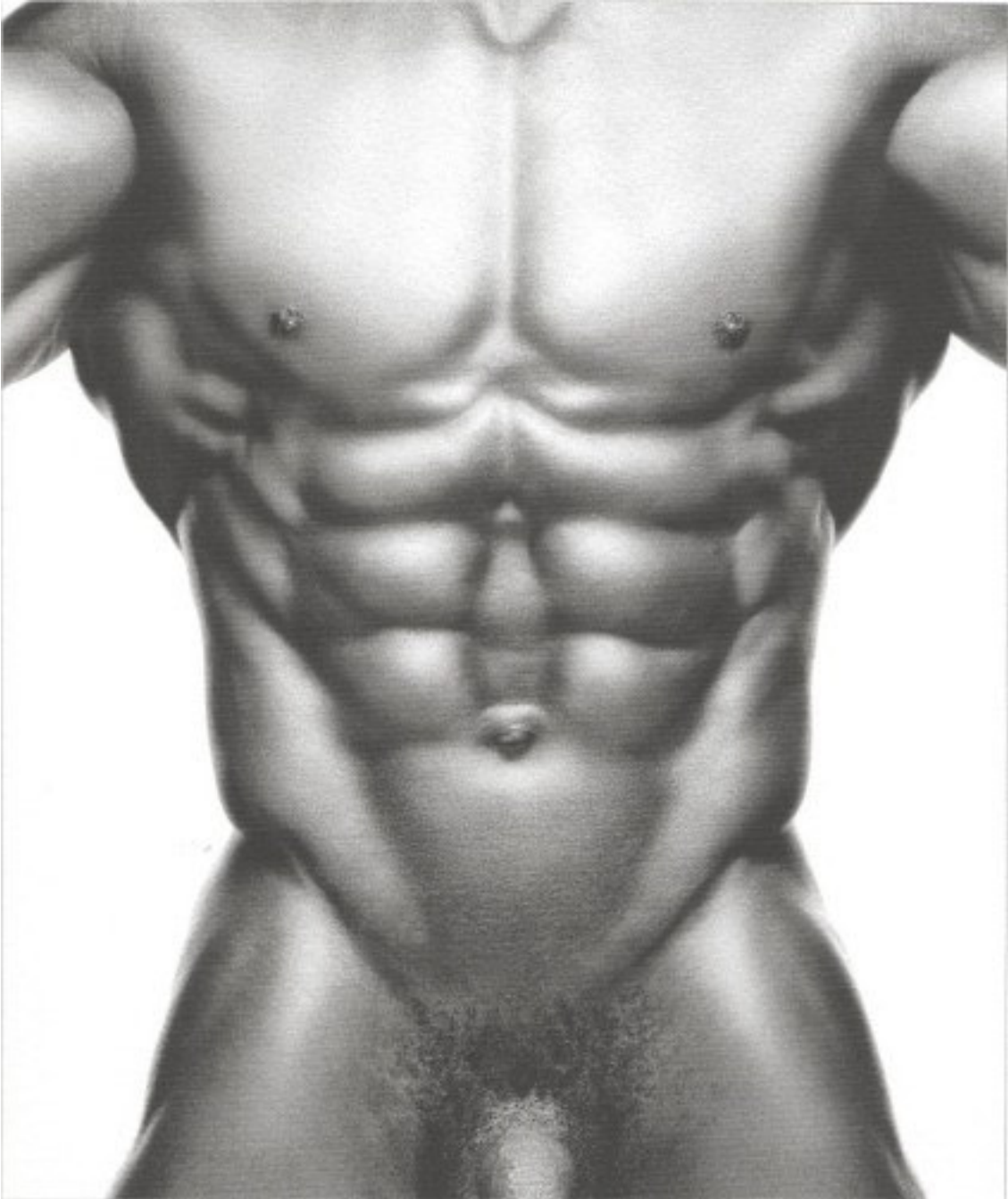
Carlos stepped forward again. “I’m sure the name is self-explanatory, but for our less thoughtful family members...”

“I resent that!” It was Chuck, of course.

“The Sharing is a time when we will all be together and... share. It’s a chance to allow our bodies to experience all the changes and growth that each of us individually may have experienced, all of us together, in one place.”

“And that’s why we’re here today.”

Todd was grinning from ear to ear as he started to swell into his ultimate size, his body expanding with size and strength as he grew taller and broader and allowed his voice to contain all the masculine power he could thrust into it. “Gentlemen,” he said, “start your engines.”



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And just like that, all bets were off. The chains were burst from the cages, the brakes weren't just lifted they were burned out altogether and the men who had become ultimate masculine sex machines turned themselves up to twelve on the dial.



Muscle and beauty exploded in the small grove. It was a wonder the trees and grass didn't burn away under the sudden onslaught of sexual power that was literally swelling and throbbing and expanding outward like a ball of flame. The men suddenly bloomed into full glory, faces changing to their ultimate and ungodly beauty, bodies unfurling like telescopes sprouting higher and higher, arms and legs bursting with muscle feet thick and hard as iron, cocks growing massive and firm and hungry, balls dropping heavy and fat with unlimited and supercharged loads of thick, hot cream.

Sex Scent was released at full strength. A funky, invisible cloud of pure animal sex enveloped the men as they all, as one, realized what was happening and they released themselves to the act of fucking and being fucked, of touching and caressing and licking and kissing, of growing bigger and badder and broader and stronger than anyone else on the face of the planet.

The men pressed against each other, suddenly occupying two or three times the space they had been only moments ago. Skin, slick with sweat and leaking masculine perfume, pressed against skin, muscle to muscle. Thick carpets of curling fur spread suddenly across gargantuan chests with plump, round nipples that dipped toward the ground. Asses, round and high and firm, with soft, red mouths awaiting those anxious dicks, spread themselves and welcomed their brothers inside, slick and tight and lush. Mouths pressed to mouths, tongues wrestling eagerly, as hands caressed and grabbed and kneaded the heavily muscled flesh that was suddenly everywhere.

At first, there was very little coupling. Everyone wanted everyone else. Everywhere you looked was someone more beautiful than the man you just saw, an arm with a bigger bicep, shoulders stretching wider and thicker, a chest so overwhelmed with brawn that it looked like it might burst under the pressure of so much fat, hard, striated muscle.

It was a moment to lose control, at last, to allow their super-powered bodies to become the ultimate expression of masculine strength and magnificence. Bodies swelled larger and larger and larger still. They pressed against each other, rubbing skin against skin, the flesh saturated with The Touch so that each man was a huge, throbbing, swelling cock being stroked and licked and sucked. Deep, brutish growls of pleasure and need and lust rolled across the tundra like thunder. Thicker forests of dark curls erupted across the vast expanses of unleashed muscular bulks, still swelling and thickening and hardening.

And then they were joining as the mindspeech integrated with those who didn't already have it, and other minds reached into the pleasure centers and tickled and caressed and stroked them to new heights of pleasure, to crests of sexual bliss never reached before. There were words spoken, whispered desires and shouted conquests and lots of deep and meaningful uses of the word 'fuck' attached to just about any body part you can name.

But they were not fucking – not yet. Cocks were engaged and asses were filled but this was not fucking, this was something purer, something more base and animal. They writhed and stretched and flexed their growing forms, watching themselves and their

friends and lovers swell with new muscular growth. Chests bloomed outward as if stretching from the deep shadowed well between the growing plates of power mounted there. Thicker, wider, fatter than ever with more and more muscle, born of the growth that Edward and Joseph and Bobby brought, then magnified by Adam's innate and overwhelming physical capabilities. Arms outstretched expanded wider, the hands stretching and growing, the biceps swelling and thickening, the triceps bulging, the forearms increasing with more and more strength and size.

Taller they grew, altogether, stretching to the sky. Thighs bulged fat with wide wedges of vascular power. Calves bloomed with wide diamonds. Asses firmed and rose and rounded into perfect sucking and fucking doorways, augmented and alive with need and lust. The overwhelming reek of sex and sweat and muscle filled the grove like a fog, and they inhaled it into their strong lungs and breathed it back out, mixing its power with their own. Any man within 100 yards would be instantly overcome and Transformed into a super being whose muscles would swell and split and grow and split again, bulging under copper glowing skin stretched tight and thin.

But these men, their bodies already stretched beyond any normal dimensions, filled almost beyond capacity with fat bellies of cabled strength, these men welcomes the growth, the swelling strength, the incredible beauty and towering, unconquerable sexuality that streamed into them and filled them up and began to spill out of them from everywhere, every inch of skin super sensitized with The Touch, an outpouring of Sex Scent flooding outward, and then their cocks, huge and hard and red and shining in the sun, began to gush the hot creamy loads that had been building in their balls, and surging fountains of hot, sweet, powerful cum shot up to the sky, spraying across their magnificent bodies, splattering thick and wet and sticky into those dark carpets of fur and dripping along their veined muscular torsos, clinging to fat nipples and swallowed down, inside, filling their mouths with the taste of men.

The development was impossible and complete and all the men present were in the throes of deep passionate sexual lust that accompanied their new growth and sudden realizations of heightened powers and capabilities. Huge men became larger, empowered by what Joseph and Bobby brought to the mix. Seventeen-foot high giants grew another foot larger, shouting and roaring with the pleasure of such power, and another foot again, cocks streaming thick jets of white hot cum, surpassing their comrades for only a moment before they, too, began to swell and expand with new muscular power.

Then, as some reached the zenith of their new power, they reached for each other, pressing their lips together, shoving their tongues inside. Others were thrown to the earth with a resounding thunder, shaking the nearby trees, and were being fucked in their perfect, muscular asses by two, four, six huge pricks already shooting heavy loads. It surged out of their asses and drenched them and their lovers, splashing and sinking into their flesh to renew their desire and hunger and power. Men dropped to their knees to swallow more streaming dicks, sucking them hard and licking their long, fat shafts and welcoming them all the way inside, deep down, hot and hard and growing.

For Carlos, Jerry and Ray, being the oldest of the men by surpassing the age of 50 before being reborn, and less so for Leo and Teddy, being a decade younger in age, the changes they felt were more dramatic. The Transformation originating from Bobby and Joseph, and especially from Adam, entered their already magnificent bodies like silver fire, erupting through their muscles and burning through their bloodstream. Their bodies had the most to regain and change, and as the overwhelming tide of Transform entered them, it was a demanding master.

Carlos nearly swooned as the waves of Transform hit him. He hardly thought it possible that he could feel such an overwhelming power, but what was happening to him was like being Transformed the first time. He felt it all over again, all the sudden and awesome strength filling his limbs, stretching across his chest, lighting a fire in his belly. All his huge muscles burned with a sudden, fierce inferno and he swelled upward and outward, stretching and growing bigger yet, even bigger, in moments. Then the mindspeech grabbed his brain and he heard and felt the other men, could feel their pleasure and strength, feel them growing as he was growing, sharing utterly every blissful inch of new muscle as it expanded.

Jerry closed his eyes and flung his head back, stretching his arms wide and pushing his chest up, feeling the growth slam into him like a tidal wave. His body inflated with power, expanding in all directions. Taller and wider and thicker, his cocks drooping as more inches were added and their weight increased. His balls churned and groaned and swelled with cream, hot and delicious, burning for release.

Their bodies, their supercharged, ultra-erotic, fantastically beautiful bodies began to grow again. They could feel it like a deep, bright tingle at first that crawled through them and burrowed down into their core and then erupted outward, an explosion of strength and size and power and sexuality. It was overwhelming, even for a Transformed man, to be able suddenly to feel his own body begin to grow even bigger and stronger, but when the mindspeech hit and sank inside, they felt each other growing as well, their own sense of growth and power magnified not by two or ten, but by every other man there. Their sense and pleasure of their own muscle growth and swelling power was suddenly thousands of times stronger. Two, multiplied by two, multiplied by five, multiplied by 10, multiplied by twenty, each man added to the sudden overwhelming growth and each man shoving it higher, stronger and faster.

The others, too, felt the jolt of The Sharing like a supernova exploding from within. It was sudden and huge and stronger than anyone could anticipate. It flooded through them and built inside and came out stronger, still.

Chuck watched his own body swelling again, and felt the strength flowing into his arms, his legs, crawling across his chest and down his belly, filling his cocks and balls, grabbing his butt, sinking into his asshole, reaching inside him and glowing and burning and growing again. He watched the muscle fiber swell and split and multiply. He was fucking someone's ass. Someone was fucking his ass. Maybe he was fucking his own ass. He couldn't tell, because everyone had the mindspeech, and everyone was flying free and

open and at full power, and everyone was fucking or being fucked. Pleasure and strength and power flowed into him. He grew some more.

Joseph was in heaven. He was in something beyond heaven. He had never allowed himself fully released since being changed only days before, and now it was like being naked for the first time, it was like strutting your dick in front of an audience and having them jump to their feet in ecstatic bliss and wonder. It was like having your muscles so fully pumped, so hard and fat and full, so sizzling with blood and power and strength that you could do fucking anything, lift the whole world on your shoulders, bench press Mars. He had no breath in his lungs, he didn't need it. And everything throbbed and tingled and pumped with such freedom and abandon that he thought he might lose himself inside such exquisite and perfect bliss. And at the moment, he had no problem with that.

For Adam, though, his body was not growing. It would do so in its own time, at its own pace. There were no genetic maps to redraw in his anatomy, for he was already Transform in its purest form. But he felt the changes enter, the talents he was not born with from Jerry and Michael's origin, and his body welcomed them and integrated them. Mindspeech helped him immediately understand so much more. He had no difficulty at all sort through the sudden storm of voices, thoughts, emotions and sensations assaulting him. He was Transform, and there was nothing to adjust to.

Adam was a super trigger, a conduit and an amplifier. He soaked in everything, every drop, every scent and touch, and released it backwards purified and stronger than ever. Opening himself up, his unlimited potential and strength and beauty, opening the valves fully and allowing everything to let go, all his muscle, all his masculinity and perfect, flawless power, suddenly amplified what was happening all around him. Something like a collective sigh or groan of absolute pleasure moved through the group when he joined them completely and without limits.

The Sharing continued all around him. He watched as the huge men fucked each other into bliss, and sucked each others' cocks, and stroked and kissed and came. They towered over him, or rolled on the grass and dirt covered with sticky spunk, or shouted to the heavens and stretched their muscled limbs wide, balling hands into fists and sending their collections of brawn into spasms of new growth.

He heard them inside, he felt them, each one, and loved them all. His brothers. They were huge and powerful and beautiful beyond compare. Glorious and perfect.

Then he could feel it inside. A change. Something different. Something else. Something new being born, manifesting inside him, the spawn of all the men around him and their combined strength and sensuality and beauty.

He stood alone and separate and he raised his arms and allowed his muscles, all of them, to swell and flex and bulge. The feeling inside him was growing along with his body, inflating inside, filled with power and energy. His arms grew to 25 inches, 28, 30, and larger still. His chest was going insane, the cables of power so fat and hard and firm that

they looked like they would explode. 72 inches, then 80. His skin stretched across the burgeoning muscle like elastic, thinner and thinner until he looked like he was made of nothing but muscle, every fiber perfectly defined, every strong ball of power swollen larger than any muscle had ever been.

He closed his eyes and his muscles expanded some more. Fat veins pulsed across his expanses of power. The raw brawn of his upper legs pressed against each other. Now his cock became fully engaged, lengthening and growing fat and firm and hard. A thick flow of clear precum pumped up the shaft and flowed fast and clean from the tip, everything throbbed and tingled and felt like it was being flooded with sexual energy. His balls were inflating, ripening like heavy fruit bursting with seed, dropping low in their skin and swelling round and fat.

The power was manifesting inside him, a spark quickly growing to a flame, a blaze, an inferno. It shot through his body and all at once he was aware of what it was, and what he could do now, and how powerful, how immensely powerful he was.

He opened his eyes and the first man he saw, the first face, was a swarthy, shadowed beauty with a squared jaw and green eyes. He had a heavy brow and a prominent nose, and his hair was short on the sides and longer on top, jet black and stingy with sweat.

Chuck's eyes met Adam's. He was on his hands and knees, his ass was being filled by David and Aaron and Jeremy. Todd's body was between his legs, and Todd's mouth was swallowing his tools and his load. And he saw something in Adam's eyes, something bright and white hot and filled with power. The boy was standing there, a few feet from him, still only six and one half feet high, but his body was overwhelmed with muscle, muscle on top of muscle, fat, hard, striations of power latticed across his frame and pulsed and throbbed and flexed. But his face, Adam's gorgeous face, looked uncommonly calm and completely serene. Chuck offered him a smile, managing somehow to concentrate on the boy even as his body was being pleased so completely and feeling so huge and powerful that he found it amazing that he was able to even breathe.

Adam smiled back, his lips parting to expose his straight white teeth. His whole face changed as he smiled. His dick was standing out from his hugely muscled body like another arm, three feet long and red as an apple and drizzling lubricant like a hose. His balls were swollen and seemed to churn and throb. And then Adam lowered his arms, his muscle collapsing perfectly to allow him this movement, and he began to walk toward Chuck.

That dick, that huge hard dick, was coming toward him. That beautiful, muscled boy was coming toward him, and he looked bigger with each step. And Chuck, huge and hard and being fucked and sucked, opened his mouth and wrapped his long tongue around it, tasting the salty sweetness of Adam, and reached forward and cupped the boy's firm, fine ass in his huge paw and pulled them together and felt the boy's fat, firm prick push between his teeth and fill his mouth.

He could hear Adam in his head, feel him there. ::I have it:: he mindspoke.

::What?::

::Here:: he said, simply, and he began to pump his silver, white hot load down Chuck's throat. He gifted this huge man before him with his power, with everything inside him, with what his purified masculine form had produced out of everything the other men gave him. The absolute and untainted essence of masculine power.

It felt like an animal had been unleashed inside Chuck. It felt like he was suddenly more than a man, more even than a 20-foot tall man covered with muscular power and beauty and a forest of dark fur and two huge dicks and a pair of balls pumping out gallons of thick, sweet, hot cum. What Adam had was something almost indefinable, almost too powerful for words alone to describe, something made out of all the men around him and purified inside him and given out like lightning that shot through Chuck and filled him up and spilled out into Todd and Aaron and Jeremy and the men close to them and the men next to them and the men fucking them and to every man in the glade. Adam kept pumping it into Chuck and Chuck kept giving it out through every pore, every follicle, every cell and every fiber.

Pure masculine power. The feeling of being a man magnified to infinity. Power and strength and size and cock and lips and ass and muscle and hair and whiskers and more muscle and more cock and balls and cumming and kissing and sucking and more muscle and more muscle and more and more.

Transform took a man and made him a superman. Adam took a superman and made him something even more. Purified, magnified, crystallized and absolute.

For Chuck, and for the others shortly thereafter, it was like seeing clearly after thinking you were all along. Adam's pure Transform wiped away anything that remained of Chuck's previous form and remade him, the power burning through him and rebuilding him. He did not realize Adam's double set of muscles, or any other new physical secrets yet to be born within his still maturing body, but what he received stripped his immense body of the last limitations his old physical nature held onto.

He emerged on the other side of Adam's gift feeling like he could bench press the whole world, like he wanted to fuck every man in the U.S. Navy, Air Force, Army and Marines at the same time. He was energized to a new level, and could feel every muscle of his body completely, feel its power and size, feel its potential and hunger.

Adam stopped pumping his purifying cum into Chuck's belly and they separated. And as Adam's gift made it through the crowd of men to its final perfection, they separated and collapsed where they were, overcome with muscular power and sexual ecstasy. Some grew larger still, chests rising like bread dough, arms swelling with balloons of bulging

power, dicks unfurling fatter and longer, balls drooping beneath their load of heavy, powerful cum.

Adam was left standing alone, his power-packed muscles at full strength. He gazed around him at his brothers, his beautiful mighty brothers and fathers, and a hunger came over him, an insatiable desire and lust and need, a powerful need that spread through his limbs and into his chest and belly, a fire that spread through his whole huge body and then zeroed in on his cock, and it was pumping high and hard and fat again.

His brother Carlos, whom he loved, told him he would probably have another dick as he matured. He accepted that as he accepted everything he was learning about himself and his brothers. He didn't know any other truth. He read about how other men grew and matured, how they worked days, weeks, months and years to be gifted with a body like his. A body less than his, actually. And he tried to understand what it must be like to live inside something you only partially controlled, to be unaware of things until your skin's millions of touch-sensitive, heat-sensitive, moisture-sensitive nerve endings passed along the feeling to your brain and then you realized what was happening, instead of knowing absolutely every cell of yourself, every fiber of power and every strand of hair. And to be locked inside that body and not allowed to change. And to be limited.

Because he was not. He was unlimited. He would keep getting bigger and stronger and better. That's what Carlos told him. And Michael, his father. And he would grow and become more than he was now, growing finally to be as huge and beautiful as all his brothers, and possibly bigger even than that. He loved them all, and wanted them all, and wanted to give them everything he had inside, all his power and strength and love.

Adam knew this feeling inside, because he had felt it before and tried to explain it to Carlos, to tell him about this heat that spread through him, this deep and powerful heat that seemed to start everywhere and nowhere and sink deep and completely into everything he was. His whole body would throb and pulse and swell with the heat. His breath would start to come in sharper intakes. The hairs on his cheeks and chest and ass tingled. His nipples grew fat and hard and plump, and when he touched them an intense shock of that heat would suddenly grow like a fire all through him, and then, finally, his dick would begin to swell.

He didn't want to control it this time. It didn't frighten him, nothing his body did ever frightened him. But it was odd, this feeling, when it came because it seemed to obey other orders, not his own, but he enjoyed it. He liked the feeling of losing a bit of control, and he wondered, now, what would happen if he surrendered to it, to this feeling that felt so good.

So he did.

And that heat suddenly swelled so large that he felt like he was drowning within it. It pumped through his blood like lava, it coated his muscles in hot honey, it swam across his skin and a sheen of slick sweat saturated with male scent dripped off his hugeness.

The veins that covered his cock suddenly inflated like hands grasping the shaft and squeezing it, and it swelled to enormity and sprayed a sudden, astonishing fountain of thick, sweet precum that didn't stop, but slowed to a constant full flow that streamed down his feet of prick and dripped from his churning balls.

His breath was hot and hard and sudden, filling his lungs with the tang of his own scent, the smell of deep masculine need so powerful and overwhelming that nothing else could withstand it. It poured from his super-strong and ultra-male body like the heat that flowed through him, boiling his blood and bending his brain. He had read about god, about this being so powerful that anything was possible, a being made of perfection and able to create the world with a word. And he suddenly felt like such a being.

So much power.

Chuck was lying on his back and was nearest to Adam when the boy's sudden sexual transformation overcame him and began to swell outward. So when the thick, hot spill of honey splattered on his chest and burned his flesh like sex itself, he opened his eyes and looked up to see the ultimate form of male perfection standing over him, his cock huge and red and hard as steel, his chest rising and falling as he pulled cooling air into his superheated form, his whole body swollen so huge and hard with muscle that it was a wonder he could move at all. "Adam?"

He heard the deep rumble speak his name. He looked down at his huge and beautiful brother and opened his mouth to speak. "I need..."

Chuck's body shook from the power in the boy's words. So much power. He was drenched with it, soaking in male power and strength and lust. Chuck turned over and climbed the slick, gleaming pole of Adam's need. It was so huge and hard that only a man of Chuck's size could accommodate it. Adam's dick was immense, so big that it looked like he would topple over except for the obvious strength of his legs and their fat, bulging muscle. The slick precum burned against Chuck's arms and chest and belly as he embraced the huge tool, and he could feel – actually physically feel Adam's need.

So Chuck released the beautiful and powerful cock and turned to offer his ass to Adam, a sacrifice to the god of male lust and power, to be fucked harder and longer than any man had ever been.

Adam thrust himself home almost immediately, fitting his huge prick inside Chuck's talented and hospitable tunnel of love that sucked against him and wanted only to make him feel as good as Chuck felt himself.

Because being fucked by Adam was like nothing Chuck had ever felt, even in the weeks since his continuing transformation. It was perfection itself. It was completion. It was the pure and absolute act of fucking and being fucked by a man. Everything Adam was, all his strength and power and beauty and love and desire and need and lust came through



the fuck. It was animal, it was hunger, it was desire, it was love. Adam loved him. He knew it without a doubt. Adam was love.

Good god it felt great. So good. So full and deep and hard and good. Each thrust magnified the pleasure. It shook his whole body, made him want to cry out and rend the earth and fly into the sun. He was being fucked like there was no tomorrow. It was all and everything.

Adam felt like he was cresting some mountain. The heat he allowed to overwhelm him pushed him higher and higher toward something, and this was it, this pleasure, this release, this completion. Being with his brother, connecting with him, this was what he was made for. It was as if the final tumbler in a lock had fallen into place and he was wide open. Nothing, ever, felt this good. He wanted to be here, in this place, doing this thing, forever. His brain was exploding, overloaded with bliss so pure and complete that he could think of nothing else. His body was acting on its own, now, taking over from his brain.

Everything fell into place. He fucked Chuck's tight, beautiful, powerful ass like he was made for this, because he was. The stroking and the hardness and the tingling that he felt in his dick before now all disappeared in the thick haze of pleasure he was feeling now. The god of fucking was in his domain at last.

And suddenly something else was building. Something other than the heat of need. Something inside him, at his core, some whisper of a stronger thing yet to be born. It tickled and tingled and blew its warm, moist breath across his skin. He could feel it everywhere, but strongest in his dick and balls.

Other men knew what this was. Other men had felt it before, but Adam never had. He could pump gallons of cum from his balls at will, but he'd never achieved orgasm, never had to, and never needed to.

But now his body was in control, and it needed this. It was how things worked, even in a being of super saturated strength and masculinity like Adam.

And that beast of pleasure growled inside him now. It raked its claws across his ass. It rattled the cage of its containment with its powerful muscles. He could feel it awaking, and it was huge.

Chuck had no idea what was happening, or for how long his prime meat had been pounded. Hours? Days? Was he still at IGE? Was he still Chuck? He felt like he'd cum a good dozen times, shooting load after load as Adam fucked him. Was it day or night? Was he inside his body or somewhere else? Then, somehow, somewhere outside himself, he could feel it too, that beast. He could feel it purr, and growl, and shove itself against the bars that surrounded it. Jesus, it wanted out! And it wanted into him! He could feel it rub itself against him, its muscular hide and slick, perfect beauty. It was coming. He could feel it.

It grew stronger and stronger, that beast of pleasure, inside Adam, and began to stretch its muscular arms out, to roar with pleasure and power. Adam wanted to keep it inside, to stay in this place of bliss, but he could not contain it. Even him, with his powerful muscles and complete control, could not contain this.

“Coming...” he whispered. His voice was tight and small, but so pumped with power that every man in the glade felt it, and turned their attention toward the two men at the center. And that’s when it happened.

The beast escaped. Adam shouted, his giant chest swelling suddenly outward, his arms overwhelmed with muscle thrown wide, his face thrown toward the heavens as he mounted the final steps of that mountain and came.

The earth seemed to shake. That’s how it felt. The mindlink delivered the full impact of Adam’s orgasm to every man there. They all came again, overwhelmed with the pure sexual bliss and awesome release of the perfected form of masculine power and capability manifested within Adam’s first true orgasm. But for Chuck, it was almost too much to bear.

He was unprepared for this. He had not even considered it. Later, he would regret that. He would regret that he could not feel the fullness of what was happening between him and Adam because the sudden white-hot flash of pleasure seemed to throw him outside himself into a place where he was suddenly nothing but sexual satisfaction. His body, all of him, every flexed and super strong muscular inch of him, was swallowed whole by what was happening. Adam’s powerful and all-consuming orgasmic blast shot out of him and through Chuck and then through the others and brought the gathered supermen to a plateau of shared and ultimate sexual release none had ever felt or even considered possible before.

Chuck may have blacked out. He may have entered a trance. He couldn’t say, even days later, exactly what happened and exactly what he felt. Other than, “That boy can fuck.”

It went on and on, bigger and fuller and stronger by the moment. Waves of intense sexual joy grew and grew as Adam’s body delivered on the promise of his birth. It started like a jolt, like a sudden quick rifle shot, but it didn’t subside. His dick fountained inside Chuck and the orgasm swelled and grew and expanded now that it was finally out. It rippled through his brothers like a supernova, expanding and growing more beautiful and perfect as it exploded.

Thus was The Sharing truly born, for now they were all joined in perfected sexual satisfaction. Feeling each other inside and out, joined together so completely inside the hot embrace of Adam’s power that, in those moments, they were truly one.

When Adam’s powerful form was done delivering its huge treasure of sexual bliss, he fell forward, resting his smaller form on Chuck’s impossibly wide back. He spread his arms

across Chuck's torso and tried to hug him, to pull all of him into an embrace that somehow could match the joy he'd just experienced and to thank him for bringing him there. Adam was filled up with a glowing sort of love for everyone and he wanted nothing more than to be with them all again, like that, locked inside the swelling power of his sexuality.

Chuck was blinking to clear his vision. Stars and planets and whole galaxies spun there. He was breathing deep and full, trying to recover from the onslaught and feeling both extremely satisfied and somewhat drained all the sudden. But he could feel Adam's warm embrace and he smiled. He could also feel Adam's huge dick still buried up his ass, and he smiled some more.

The other men were recovering as well. Some even began to recover enough to find another's mouth or body to share some of the afterglow of the intense pleasure they'd experienced, now knowing each other more intimately and feeling still some of what Adam had given them.

Adam could feel Chuck's deep growl of a voice through his whole body when the giant underneath him spoke. "Thanks," he said, in his usual understated manner. "That was great."

Adam's face lit into a smile of pure radiant happiness. "You're welcome," he said back, in his usual brief fashion.

"It's customary to take your dick out when you're done. But feel free to stay right where you are if you're happy there. Believe me when I say I wouldn't mind in the least." But he could feel Adam withdrawing from the tight embrace of his ass before he could finish the sentence.

Chuck got to his feet and shrank to a size more in line with Adam's height at the same time. Around him, the sounds of soft moans and deep grunts of manly pleasure rolled through the glade. "We haven't been formally introduced," he said grinning his lop-sided smile. He offered his hand and said, "I'm Chuck."

Adam's brow furrowed and he looked at the hand. Chuck pushed it toward him, taking Adam's hand and shaking. "Now you say, 'Glad to meet you, my name's Adam.'" Which he did, using almost the same inflection and tone as Chuck had. Chuck laughed slightly and added, "We need to get you out in the world pretty quick, beautiful. You may be one hell of a fuck and probably the best looking guy on the planet, but your personal skills could use some honing."

"Okay," agreed Adam. He smiled openly, and Chuck wanted to fuck him all over again. "When do we leave?"

Chuck's eyes widened. "You want to go with me?"

“I love you,” he answered simply.

Chuck looked like someone just stuck a Popsicle up his butt. “You what?!?”

“I love you,” he answered again. He was guileless, open, completely without pretense. He just stood there and said it.

“Do you know what love is?” Chuck himself wasn’t sure he could answer that question.

“I want to be with you. I want you to be with me. I want us to be together.”

As simple as it was, Chuck could think of no better definition. “Okay,” he said slowly. “What about Frazz?” Chuck pointed to his... well... now that he considered it, Frazz was the man that Chuck would say he loved, given Adam’s simple definition of the word. He, Chuck, loved Frazz.

“I love him,” answered Adam. “He loves you, I love you. He will love me, too. You love me.”

Chuck almost laughed. But he found he couldn’t, because much to his surprise, it was all true. He loved Adam. They had been together in a place no one else could share, and there they learned about each other to a level impossible for anyone else. “I do,” he said. And Adam smiled. “And the others?”

Adam looked around. “Some are feeling love. Some aren’t.”

“No, I mean do you love anyone else?”

“I love everyone.”

“You can’t love everyone!”

“Why?”

“Well... it doesn’t work that way.”

“Why not?”

He considered. Why not, indeed. Perhaps Adam did love them all. Maybe love was that simple. Or maybe he was also three days old and had no idea what he was talking about. But why spoil it for him, now? “Okay, you love us all.”

Again, Adam smiled. “I love you, Chuck.” He pushed his finger into Chuck’s hairy chest. Then he leaned forward and cupped Chuck’s chin in his hands and brought their lips together and kissed Chuck deeply, passionately, fully. The kiss reached down to Chuck’s

toes and would have curled the hair on his huge muscular frame if they weren't already curled. God, this kid was amazing.

And Chuck could feel his love, Adam's deep and unwavering and unshakable love flooding into him again. He embraced the boy's heavily muscled form and kissed him back. Then he felt a hand on his ass, and a familiar voice at his ear. "Is this a private party?"

Chuck's smiling mouth broke the kiss. "Hello, Frazz."

Adam looked past Chuck and up slightly into Frazz's midnight gaze. "Hello, Frazz," he said.

"Hi, kids." He squeezed Chuck's firm butt. "What up?"

Chuck pulled his arms from Adam's body reluctantly and said, "Adam, meet Frazz. Frazz, this is Adam. He loves us."

"He does?" Adam nodded vigorously. "That's nice."

"No, um, he loves us." He stressed the word meaningfully. "He loves me. And he loves you."

"That's cool," he answered. Then he arched one of his narrow, beautiful eyebrows at Chuck and asked, "And what about you?" Frazz's question seemed to hang there in silence a moment before Chuck answered.

"I love him. And I love you." It felt right to say it, so he said it again. "I love you, Frazz."

Frazz suddenly had a smile on his face that looked like a sunrise. "It's about time you said it, fucker." He kissed Chuck with a slow and easy enthusiasm, wrestling their tongues together before breaking the kiss to say, "I love you, too. I just wanted to hear you say it first."

Chuck grinned, because he knew that Frazz knew him too well. If Frazz had ever mentioned the word before now, Chuck probably would have bolted. But now it seemed natural and perfect to say it, and to feel it, and to share it. "Fucker," he whispered, before kissing him again.

By the time the others were beginning to come around from The Sharing, there was no sign of the three of them.

Michael and Carlos bid the others goodbye as, one by one or in pairs or groups, they left the IGE compound to travel back into the real world.

Most of the pairings and trios were hardly surprising. Jesse and Aaron could hardly wait to leave together, wanting badly to return to their lives as they were now, knowing that they weren't the young men they had been but eager to meet up with a few of their old friends and share the wealth. They had dreams of a mini-IGE made up of all the guys they knew – and some of the guys on campus they wished they knew.

Jeremy and Jeff were as inseparable as ever. The first two to be Transformed after Todd and Chuck, they were eager, also, to go out into the wild, as some were calling it, and sow some very wild oats indeed. Blake and David had drummed up a fairly strong friendship since their own short trip outside to bring Bobby back, but neither would have called it love, even under Adam's rather wide view of it. They enjoyed each others' company, though, and they were both pleased when Kevin, Carlos and Jerry's old lab aide, agreed to tag along for the fun. Neither was very surprised at all when Bobby declined, however. He'd found his own friend.

Bobby and Joseph seemed like a match made in heaven. The two youngest – and most beautiful – of the group found an affinity in each other's arms and Joseph's rather pronounced and unrestrained libido and hunger for sexual exploration found a willing and anxious target in Texan teen Booby's amped libido. The two of them together were almost too gorgeous to look directly at, like an eclipse or a reflection in shattered glass. 'Beautiful' was too weak a word to describe them, and the looks in their eyes as they lifted off the ground promised that many another young lad would find their charms very hard to resist.

And just as the youngest got together, so did the eldest. Leo the leatherman and Ray the bartender had hooked up some days before, and their recharged sexual batteries and the fairly substantial libraries of male sexual pleasure each held in their heads meant that more than a few other men "past their prime" would soon find themselves looking nineteen and having raging hard-ons 24 hours a day.

Todd, to be honest, was a little pissed to have been left behind by Chuck. Not surprised, certainly, but still pissed. At least he was until Edward started making eyes at him and he reciprocated in earnest. Ed told him that Chuck had said he reminded him of Todd, and he wanted to see why. After a few penetrating... hours together, they discovered they had a lot in common besides their sense of humor. After no one saw them all day, it was assumed they'd gone off to really explore their relationship in depth.

Soon, almost everyone was gone. Only Carlos and Michael, big hairy Stephen and big-dicked Sam and the Greeting Squad, Justin and Reggie, were left.

Carlos looked at the Squad, both of whom were grinning fiendishly. "What are you two looking at?"

Justin shrugged. "Nothing special." His brows wiggled as his gaze drifted down Michael's perfection.

“Oh, really?” Michael’s voice was uncharacteristically amused.

There were a few moments of silence as the men summed each other up. Finally, Carlos asked, “So, when are you guys leaving?”

“Who said anything about leaving?” Stephen echoed Sam’s question with a silent nod. Reggie and Justin were still grinning madly.

“So it’s just us, then?” Carlos sounded pleased.

“Well,” summarized Justin, “someone has to keep the home fires... burning.”

Michael smiled. “Light ‘em up, boys.”

## The End of “Transform”

But the tale of the supermen continues in *Seducers*.